

Red Shoes by the Drugstore

Tom Waits

She wore red shoes by the news-stand
As the rain splashed the nickel
Spilled like chablis along the midway
There's a little blue jay In a red dress, on a sad night
One straw in a root-beer
A compact with a cracked mirror
And a bottle of Evening in Paris perfume, was this sad tune Told her to wait in by the magazines
Take care of some business it seems
Bring a raincoat, bring a suitcase
And bring your dark eyes and wear those red shoes There's a dark huddle at the bus stop
Umbrellas arranged in a sad bouquet
Lil' Ceaser got caught, he was going down to second
He was cooled, changing stations on the chamber
To steal a diamond ring from a jewelry store for his baby
He loved the way she looked in those red shoes She waited by the drugstore
Ceaser had never been this late before
And the dogs bayed the moon
And rattled their chains
And the cold jingle of taps in a puddle
Was the burglar alarm snitchin' on Ceaser Now the rain washes memories from the sidewalks
And the hounds splash down the nickel full of soldiers
Santa Claus is drunk in the ski room
Christmas eve in a sad cafe when the moon gets this way There's a little blue jay by the new-stand
Red shoes, red shoes
So meet me tonight by the drugstore
Meet me tonight by the drugstore
Meet me tonight by the drugstore
Goin' out tonight, we're goin' out tonight
Goin' out tonight, wear your red shoes
Red shoes, wear your red shoes
Red shoes, red shoes

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