In the Neighborhood

Tom Waits

Well, the eggs chase the bacon round the fryin' pan
And the whinin' dog pigeons by the steeple bell rope
And the dogs tipped the garbage pails over last night
And there's always construction work bothering you
In the neighborhood
In the neighborhood
In the neighborhoodWell, Friday's a funeral and Saturday's a bride
Sey's got a pistol on the register side
And the goddamn delivery trucks, they make too much noise
And we don't get our butter delivered no more
In the neighborhood
In the neighborhood
In the neighborhoodWell, Big Mambo's kicking his old greyhound
And the kids can't get ice cream 'cause the market burned down
And the newspaper sleeping bags blow down the lane
And that goddamn flatbed's got me pinned in again
In the neighborhood
In the neighborhood
In the neighborhoodThere's a couple Filipino girls gigglin' by the church
And the window is busted and the landlord ain't home
And Butch joined the army, yeah, that's where he's been
And the jackhammer's diggin' up the sidewalks again
In the neighborhood
In the neighborhood
In the neighborhood

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