

Duty Free

Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis & Sonny Stitt

No chocolate in the duty free shop
Two drops of scotch gonna end up on his crotch, tonight
All alone, sitting on the throne
Some native tongue on the TV blaring like an old peavey
He don't aim to be rude
He's fighting with his inner prude
Some pomm'es frites and you know it's gonna drip
On to his lap, yes see the man slapping it off
Travellin' will do him in
Trudging through the waves of people
Till his heart is cluttered and feeble
If you take him out of this loop
He may be very easily duped
Still he beats the stampede for the duty free
He's using up all that old currency
He's using up all that old currency
Using up all that old currency

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