

Picking Up After You

Tom Waits & Crystal Gayle

Tom:

Here comes the bride, and there goes the groom
Looks like a hurricane went through this room

Crystal:

Smells like a pool hall, where's my other shoe
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after youTom:

Looks like you spent the night in a trench
And tell me, how long have you been combin' your hair with a wrench

Crystal:

The roses are dead and the violets are too
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after youTom:

Well, I've told you before, I won't tell you again
You don't defrost the icebox with a ball point pen
This railroad apartment is held together with glue
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after youTom:
Because I know I've been swindled, I never bargained for this
What's more, you never cared about me

Crystal:

Why don't you get your own place so you can live like you do
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after youTom:

Take all your relatives and all of your shoes
Believe me, I'll really swing when you're gone
I'll be living on chicken and wine after we're through
With someone I pick up after you

Crystal:

With someone I pick up after you

Tom:

With someone I pick up after you

Crystal & Tom:

With someone I pick up after you

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