After Los Angeles

Joe Firstman

I got a hair cut
A dress shirt
A St. Paulie's girl
But I don't need any of thatI got a number on a napkin
A soup can to sing through
A tune in its worst mood
I got a temper like a fistfightAnd a tab after midnight
And a right fast woman
And there'll be hell to pay
After Los AngelesAnd you won't believe
What I've seen
This town is a workshop for wordsmiths
And grifters and misters and missesAnd cheeks full of kisses
And all of you bidders
Can't wait till I'm bitter
I've got a fever like the boulevard summerAnd a right fast woman
Bury me beside you when I die
When I'm dead and gone.
Mama sing me to sleepWhile you weep
But don't weep at all
You can find me in the back
And if you don't careThen why did you ask?

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