

Jus' Like Brigitte Bardot

Joshua Kadison

Neffertiti came out west
In a stolen limousine.
Twenty dollars to her name
And a walk like you ain't never seen.
She moved into number eight
With just a bottle in her hand,
An old radio wrapped up in it's cord
And no particular plan.
I watched her in the hallway.
She blew me a little kiss and said,
"Hey, baby, what's a boy like you,
Doin' in a place like this?"

Then she said, "Well, I hate to be
The one to have to give you the news,
But this world ain't nothin' but
A one way ticket to the blues."

Then she said, Baby, she said, Baby...
Baby, can you help me find
A soul station on this old radio?
And we can steal us a little salvation
If you got no place else to go.
Oh, baby, can you help me find
A soul station...I'm feeling kinda low
aAnd if you use your...use your 'magination,
Baby, I dance jus' like Brigitte Bardot.

I was sweepin' a warehouse floor
'Cross town midnight to eight.
If my ship was ever comin' in,
It sure was dockin' late.
Neffertiti was dancin' six nights
At a club just off the strip.
After work we'd meet for breakfast,
I'd help her count up all her tips.
She'd stuff some money in my pocket
And say, "Baby, go back home.
Now what you tryin' to prove, boy,
In this city all alone?"

Then she said, "Well, I hate to be
The one to have to give you the news,
But this world ain't nothin' but
A one way ticket to the blues."

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She'd say, Mamma must be worried sick about you.

She'd make me send home letters
Every...'bout every month or so.
So I'd be there writing
At her kitchen table
And Neffertiti'd be dancin' to
The sweet soul music playin' on her radio.

Mamma wants to rock you, rock you slow,
To the sweet soul music on the radio.

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