

Throw Back the Little Ones

Steely Dan

Lost in the barrio, I walk like an injun
So Carlo won't suspect that something's wrong here
I dance in place and paint my face
And act like I belong here

Throw back the little ones
And pan fry the big ones
Use tact, poise and reason
And gently squeeze them

Hot licks and rhetoric don't count much for nothing
Be glad if you can use what you borrow
So I pawn my crown for a ride uptown
And buy it back tomorrow

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And pan fry the big ones
Use tact, poise and reason
And gently squeeze them

Done like a matador, I pray for the weekend
And hope the little girls still throw roses
Else I'll change my bait and move upstate
Before the season closes

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And pan fry the big ones
Use tact, poise and reason
And gently squeeze them