## **Spare Parts I (A Nocturnal Emission)**

## **Tom Waits**

Well the dawn cracked hard just like a bull whip Cause it wasn't takin' no lip from the night before As it shook out the street, the stew bums showed up Just like bounced checks, rubbin' their necks And the sky turned the color of Pepto-Bismol And the parking lots growled And my old sports coat full of promissory notes And a receipt from a late night motel And the hawk had his whole family out There in the wind, and he's got a message For you to beware cause he be kickin' your Ass in, in a cold blooded fashion Dishin' out more than a good man can bear I got shoes untied, shirt tail's out, ain't got a Ghost of a chance with this old romance Just an apartment for rent down the block Ivar Theater with live burlesque And the manager's scowlin', feet on his desk Boom boom against the curtain You're still hurtin' And then push came to shove, shove came to biff Girls like that just lay you out stiff Maybe I'll go to Cleveland or Get me a tattoo or somethin', my brother In law's there Skid mark tattoo on the asphalt blue Was that a Malibu Liz Taylor and Montgomery Clift Cumming on to the broads with the Same ol' riff. Hey baby come up to My place, we'll listen to some Smooth music on the stereo, no thank you Got any Stan Getz records No I got Smothers Brothers So I combed back my Detroit Jack up my pegs, wiped my Stacy Adams Jacknifed my legs, yea I got designs On a moving violation Hey baby, you put me on hold and I'm Out in the wind and it's getting Mighty cold Colder than a gut shot bitch wolf dog With nine sucking pups pullin' a four trap Up a hill in the dead of winter In the middle of a snowstorm With a mouth full of porcupine quills (scat) yea well I don't need you baby It's a well known fact I'm four sheets to the wind I'm glad you're gone I'm glad you're gone I'm finally alone Glad you're gone, but I Wish you'd come home And I struggled out of bed Cause the dawn was crackin' hard like a bullwhip Cause it wasn't takin' no lip from the night before

As it shook out the streets the stew bums Showed up just like bounced checks Rubbin' their necks, and the sky turned the Color of Pepto-Bismol

And my old sports coat full of promissory notes And the hawk had his whole family out there In the wind, he got a message for you to beware Kickin' your ass in, in a cold blooded fashion He be dishin' out more than a good man can bear Well hey baby let's take it to Bakersfield Get a little apartment somewhere