

RAP SHEET

I hear your daughter's doing well,
joined a band drumming up buzz, long night drives,
pile 'em high dreams, the horn-player some kind of new Lester Young,
but you and me, we've lived so long,
so many years we can't even recall and nothing is nobody's fault,
we're in the living business, that's all.
And the rap sheet grows long

I nurse a jones for Moira with the rosebud lips,
my lust burns hot as the hinges of hell,
and autumn's light glows in the fire-grate and old-time religion starts to make sense
Moira let me unzip her, I said What glories are you sitting on?
She slapped my face, said she'd forgive me if I wrote her name in a song....
They can add that too to the rap sheet

Drink up, my friend, we go a long way back,
all the way to the scuffling days, we're just a couple of shmoos,
we're two tossed coins, mostly always coming down tails.
We may not know shit from Shinola,
never could get the hang of the rules, but man,
it don't take Einstein to see life's just a quip on the lips of a fool.
And let's not talk of the rap sheet

When I was young I thought I'd capture the moon, eat the sun, heckle the Queen,
but time catches up so suddenly exactly like it just swung in on a vine.
And now sometimes I feel almost happy,
sometimes I feel so afraid
with the wind going bang at the window like a shovel of dirt on a grave
And I try not to think of the rap sheet

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