

Listen baby, it's been a long day and I'm tired. I'm thawing veggies on the stove so I'll call you when they're hot. I'll mix you something strong full of bourbon bubbled pop. Don't talk. And then you'll see two of me. Just try and relax. The kids are next-door-tadpoles dancing maypole, burning match. They'll be home in no time, don't worry so much. You'll only feed the ulcer.

Listen baby, I'm tired so I'll try and make this quick: I left that lousy job. I fired, I got quit. And now we're free of money - just wait, now don't get mad. I gave cathedral beggars all the coins my pocket had. Cause they're out there baby, watching cars they know by name. They know the truth about grocery stores and how much 10 cents can change. They know that we're the vultures.

Listen baby, I'm a singer now so that means I watch my weight. I've got discs to press, an adderley cornet and dreams too big to swallow. I'm here for my halo. I was born to play. I'm done with being tomorrow. Baby let's get big. Compose a few more kids. When the album comes out you'll forgive me. You'll love me when I'm culture.

