Flop my galoshes down by the fire

Flip my to pay in the Whirlpool dryer

Nibble the nipple off my Swisher Sweet

And toast the wrinkles off of my feet

Forlorn but not for long

Mr. JD wouldn’t do me wrong

Way down here in white-eye town

But I’m going to take the short way round

Toss my wallet in the wishing well

Two green stamps postmarked in hell

Scribble my number in the handicapped stall

Lady calls me up she’s four foot tall

Forlorn but not for long

Boon doong doozle, wouldn’t do you wrong

Way down without even a doubt

But I’m going to take the back way out

Let my mouth get away from my head

I could barely make out what I had said

Oh well to hell with courtesy I say,

My name ain’t Curtis anyway

Forlorn but not for long

I’ll mix up this one twice as strong

Way down in two-eyed town

But I’m gonna to take the short way round

Left my past out there in the rain

I can hear it scratching at my windowpane

Go away will you now I've changed my name

It was some other man that stole your game

Forlorn but not for long

Towin’ a line and goin’ strong

Way down in her side of town

I’m gonna take the long way round