

# Downtown

## Tom Waits

Red Pants and the Sugarman in the Temple Street gloom  
    Drinkin' Chivas Regal in a four dollar room  
    Just another dead soldier in a powder blue night  
Sugarman says, "Baby, everything's alright" Goin' downtown, downtown, town  
    Goin' down, downtown Montclair de Havelin doin' the St. Vitus dance  
    Lookin' for someone to chop the lumber in his pants  
    How am I gonna unload all this ice and all this mink?  
    All the traffic in the streets but it's so hard to think  
    Goin' downtown, downtown, town  
Goin' down, downtown Frankie wearin' lipstick, Pierre Cardin  
    I swear to God, I seen him holdin' hands with Jimmy Bond  
    Sally's high on crank and hungry for some sweets  
Fem in the sheets but she butch in the streets Goin' downtown, downtown, town  
    Goin' down, downtown It's cool of the evening, the sun's goin' down  
    Want to hold you in my arms, I want to push you around  
    I want to break your bottle and spill out all your charms  
Come on baby, we'll set off all the burglar alarms Goin' downtown, downtown, town  
    Goin' down, downtown  
Red Pants and the Sugarman in the temple street gloom  
    Are drinkin' Chivas Regal in a four dollar room  
    Just another dead soldier in a powder blue night  
Red Pants turn to Sugarman and says, "Everything's alright" Goin' downtown, downtown, town  
    Goin' down, downtown

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>