

*Something interesting's happened here: I ran into an old friend and we're sort of doing something together. He's here somewhere, where is he? (Laughter) John? (Laughter) Come on, John, I know you're hiding here somewhere. I can't see without my glasses. John. What are you doing down there, bro? You think you're still in tune, what do you think? It's been a while. (I guess we're too old to get jobs, huh?). Whatever you feel like getting into, that's alright. Whatever you want. I met a gal in a cabaret. She said, "Papa are you goin' my way?" I was mad to know what it was all about. She took me home just to put me out. She broke my nose and she split my chin. Don't let me catch you round here again. Whipping through the kitchen and out through the door. She hit me with a chair 'til my head got sore. That'll never happen no more. That'll never happen no more. Live in Chicago in the winter and fall. Cause me to wear my overalls. I got drunk, and it was my fault. I was drinking tequila and leaving the salt. I met a girl in a big mink coat. Fancy car and a forty-foot boat. She pulled out a gun and she took my dough. But I didn't holler and I didn't get sore. That'll never happen... I went to a party the other night. Got to drinking, I was feeling alright. I lit up a reefer, I was drinking some gin. Just sitting back waiting for some fun to begin. A pretty little gal comes up to me. Says "Come on, Daddy, let's make whoopee." I woke up in an empty bed. My pockets was empty, had a pain in my head. But that'll never happen no more. That'll never happen no more.*