

Shame

Words & Music:
Randy Newman

Oh, how I long for the chords to this sublime song! Still workin' on 'em.

Pretty little baby, how come you never come around?
Pretty little baby, how come you never come around?
I send you all them pretty flowers; now, you're nowhere to be found.

I call you up at midnight sometimes, I must admit.
When I find you're not at home,
My head heats up like a furnace, my heart grows colder than a stone.
So, what's the good of all this money I got, girl
If every night, I'm left here all alone?
It's a gun that I need.

[Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame!]
I ain't ashamed of nothing.
[Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame!]
I don't know what you talking about.

All right, let's talk a little business. You know what I'm saying?
A man of my experience of life don't expect a beautiful young woman like yourself
To come on over here everyday & have some old dude bangin' on her
Like a gypsy on a tambourine. That's not what I'm talkin' 'bout.
That's not what I'm talkin' 'bout. That's not what I'm talkin' 'bout.

But I will say this: I've been all over the world.
I've seen some wonderful things. I haven't been well, lately.
I have no one to share my plans, my dreams, my hopes, my schemes, my...

[Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame!]
You could be right. I've sunk pretty low this time.
[Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame!]
These are truly desperate times.

Saw your little sandals, baby, out behind the wishing well.
Down here in the cool depths of the Quarter where the rich folk dwell.
They picture you in diamonds, satins and pearls.
Come on back to Daddy! Daddy miss his baby girl!

Now, my father, he was an angry man. You cross him; he made you pay.
I, myself, am no longer an angry man.
Don't make me beg you, don't make me beg!

Do you know what it feels like to wake up in the mornin'
And have every joint in your body aching, Goddamit?
You know what it feels like to have to get up in the middle of the night
And sit down, to take a piss?
You do know? So you say. I have my doubts, missy.
Do you know what it feels like to have to beg a little bum like you for love?
Goddamn you, you little bitch! I'd kill you, if I didn't love you so much!

[Shame. Shame. Shame. Shame...]
SHUT UP!

Oh, forgive me. My unfocused words...
I was flyin' blind, I, I lost my mind.
If you find it in your heart, if you got one, to forgive me.
I'd be ever so grateful.

[Shame, shame, shame...]
Would you stop that please?
[Shame, shame, shame...]
Would you stop that please? I'm trying to talk to someone.
[Shame...]
Thank you.

You know, I have a Lexus now. I don't get out much.
You know what I'm saying. Come on home.