

The Lowly Tourist

Loudon Wainwright III

Hey, I am the lowly tourist
Though sometimes I feel so low
At the duty free they laugh at me
And they treat me like a schmo

Of course they take my money
And sometimes make me wanna smile
But at the local pub or a restaurant
I fell like I'm on trial

With my wife standing in her blue eyes
And my stupid baby suit
How I yearn for a nice brown burn
Or a sunburn substitute

If my camera is my albatross
If a sandal sure are dumb
Then the hotel clerk thinks I'm a jerk
And I drink until I'm numb

Constantly, both day and night
I am under an eight year hex

Sure as hell they cast a spell
They want my traveler's checks

'Cause the sand that's in the bathtub
'Cause the postcards burst with tips
The younger woman might so swimmin'
You can curse their swinging hips

In the aeroport, I'm a-happy when
I know I'm going home
New Jersey is the place for me
You can't know how old I look

'Cause I am the lowly tourist
Though sometimes I feel so low
At the duty free they laugh at me
And they treat me like a schmo
At the duty free they laugh at me
And they treat me like a schmo