

Danny's All-star Joint

Rickie Lee Jones

Downstairs at danny's all-star joint
They got a juke box that goes doyt-doyt
The vice is nice, they stay in the back all day
But when the nighttime comes, hey-hey
There's this cat down there that makes a bad kinda soup
I come around struttin' my luck in my shoop coupe
Cecil gives me coffee
And he won't never take my coin
I say, "I got thirty dollars in my pocket!
Whatchoo doin'?"

I holler, "Come on, Cecil, take a dollar!
Come on, Cecil, take a ten!
I've finally geared up into a whole buncha big ones
And you're actin' like I'm down-shiftin'"

He knows all the under-riders on the boulevard
They got to barefoot cruise when it's forty-weight hard
They look particularly dead-beat
Permanently pale
Cecil picks up his butcher knife
Waves it at the jail
The kid say, "I ain't got no dough, Joe, I just want some o.j."
I said, "Don't look at me" (Cuz he was lookin' my way)
Cecil wink upon him some juice and some green
And the kid walks over and puts the quarter in the pinball machine
And he says, "Come on, Cec, gimme a dollar
Come on Cecil gimme five
I'm in a half-way house on a one-way street
And I'm a quarter past left alive"
He can talk about your people in a wonderful way
He can talk about your people 'til your hair turns grey