

The French Inhaler

Warren Zevon

How're you going to make your way in the world
When you weren't cut out for working
When your fingers are slender and frail
How're you going to get around
In this sleazy bedroom town
If you don't put yourself up for sale

Where will you go with your scarves and your miracles
Who's gonna know who you are
Drugs and wine and flattering light
You must try it again till you get it right
Maybe you'll end up with someone different every night

All these people with no home to go home to
They'd all like to spend the night with you
Maybe I would, too

But tell me
How're you going to make your way in the world, woman
When you weren't cut out for working
And you just can't concentrate
And you always show up late

You said you were an actress
Yes, I believe you are
I thought you'd be a star
So I drank up all the money,
Yes, I drank up all the money,
With these phonies in this Hollywood bar,
These friends of mine in this Hollywood bar

Loneliness and frustration
We both came down with an acute case
And when the lights came up at two
I caught a glimpse of you
And your face looked like something
Death brought with him in his suitcase

Your pretty face
It looked so wasted
Another pretty face
Devastated
The French Inhaler
He stamped and mailed her
"So long, Norman"
She said, "So long, Norman"