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She 's So Lovely

By John Cassavetes

It's oh so quiet
Shh, shh
It's oh so still
Shh, shh
You're all alone
Shh, shh
And so peaceful until
You fall in love
Sing fool
The sky up above
Sing fool
Is caving in
Wow! Wow!
You've never
been so nuts about a guy
You wanna laugh
You wanna cry
You cross your heart
and hope to die
Till it's over
And then
Shh, shh
It's nice and quiet
Shh, shh
But soon again
Shh, shh
Starts another big riot
You ring the bell
Bing bong
You shout and you yell
Oh, oh
You broke the spell
Gee, this is swell
You almost have a fit
The guy is caught
and I got hit
There's no mistake
This is it
Till it's over
And then
It's nice and quiet
Shh, shh
But soon again
Shh, shh

Starts another big riot
Eddie?
Eddie?
Hey, Georgie, it's me.
Yeah. Any sign of him?
No?
I'm gonna kill the son of a bitch.
I swear to God,
it's three days again.
I know. I know.
No, I don't see him.
Not since I'm pregnant.
He thinks I have the plague.
I said he thinks I'm diseased.
Because of the baby,
for Christ's sakes.
No, I'm not... I'm not...
I'm not mad at you. I just...
I don't know.
I can't talk right now, Georgie.
I gotta go. OK.
I'll talk to you later. Sorry.
- Here. Brought this for you.
- I don't want that.
It's hot. Drink it.
Kiefer, stop aimin'
that thing at me! Go away.
Hello, police? Like to report
a missing person.
Hold? Yeah, I'll hold.
Hold that. Never heard
of a fuckin' emergency.
- Want some whisky?
- No, I don't!
Jesus, everybody's just
doin' the wrong thing.
I don't drink, OK?
And I don't smoke. Go away.
- OK? Good-bye.
- Oh, yeah.
Geez, turn off the music.
Swear to God, call the police station,
they give you music.
Shit.

- Do you want to come in?
- You gotta be kiddin'.
OK.
Open up. Come on. It's me.
Come on!
Gimme a little whisky.
OK, that's it. I'm goin'.
Screw the whole place.
Do a fast one like this.
Come on, now.
Little tasty thing.
Anybody seen my husband?
Ya lose him again?
Yeah. Don't worry about it.
Ya got one of those?
- They're not menthol.
- Yeah, go fish.
- Hey, Maureen.
- Hey, guys.
- You havin' somethin', Murph?
- Yeah, whatever's cheap.
Cheap.
- No sign yet?
- Of course there's no sign, you idiot.
- She just called here five minutes ago.
- Hey, hey.
There's no food in the house.
Nothin' to drink. Just gone.
He's unbelievable.
He's a prick bastard.
- I'd never put up with that shit.
- Stay out of it.
I would never.
Ya hungry?
Georgie can go home
and fix you somethin'.
- Yeah, I'll fix you somethin'.
- That's not the point. Ya know?
It's just that I hate bein' alone,
and he knows that, ya know?
I mean, three days!
Where the fuck could he be?
Maureen, I love you,
and I know you're bent,

but how many times
you gonna do this?
It's not like he's never
disappeared before.
You know the drill. Wait it out.
All the rest is just
blowin' smoke, baby.
Gee, Shorty, thanks.
You're a real prince, you know that?
Yeah, well, you married a grifter.
What do you expect?
Hey, where'd you go?
Here.
- Buy me a drink, will ya?
- Get her a drink.
What are you havin', Murphy?
- Whisky. Have a whisky.
- Yeah. Make it a double.
Make mine a double too.
Show me your magic trick.
Put your face here,
close your eyes and blow.
Go ahead. And every wish
you always wanted...
is gonna be right
in front of you. Look.
See? I knew you'd like that.
Here, drink up, drink up.
Come on. Let's go,
let's go, let's go.
Ho, ho, ho, ho. I got you now.
Yeah? You fell on your fat ass.
Cut it out!
OK. OK.
- Oh, shit.
- You fuck!
- I need a fuckin' drink.
- Kiefer, that's the wrong fuckin' door.
Fuck.
Yeah.
You know, I'd invite you in,
but Eddie might come home.
- I don't think he'd like that very much.
- Oh.

- You know?
- Of course.
- OK.
- No, I understand.
You want to come in?
Have a drink in my house? Huh?
Come on, have a drink.
What are we doin'?
This is ridiculous. Come on.
I got half a bottle in there.
We'll put a little music on.
We'll do a little dancin'. Come on.
Don't do that.
It's not that pretty on you.
Come on, let's go.
Mmm...
What are you worried about? Eddie?
- Mmm.
- He's gone for three days. No word.
You can't come in my house
for ten minutes and have a drink?
What are you, a fire hydrant?
You just let everybody piss on you...
- Oh, shit.
... then wonder why you're wet.
Kiefer, that's yucky.
I think you're right.
But whatever. You know.
- OK.
- Come on.
- I wanna see you do that little dance.
- Sit down.
I'll do it for ya.
I'll get the liquor.
- Put on some music. Ya got any music?
- No.
Come on
Whoo-oo-oo
Get down
Get up outta your seat
Get down
Get up on your feet
Rise, rise, rise
Shake your hips

And do your dance
Let me see
I wanna see
Let me see your typewriter
Come alive
You ain't too old
You ain't too hip
I ain't askin' for a cartwheel
No somersault
No flip
I just want you to
Whoo-oo-oo
Get down
Get up outta your seat
Where you goin'?
I can't do it any more.
Oh, come on! Come on.
- Kiefer...
- Come on, come on.
No, I'm gonna go back
to my apartment.
- Come here.
- I'm drunk.
I don't feel like dancing.
Come on. I wanna go back.
I'm tired.
Hey, come on.
Kiefer, I'm gonna
go back to my place.
Come on. Hey. Kiefer.
Come on. Come on, get off me.
You... Come on, get off.
Hey, what are you doin'? Let...
Get off of me!
Just gimme a... Get off!
You don't like nobody
bein' nice to you? Huh?
I'm sorry, but, uh,
you're the one that wanted it.
Look at me, you creep.
I'm pregnant, you bastard.
What do you think my husband's
gonna say when he sees me like this?
Hey, I'll tell 'im.

"Your wife was lonely.
She was mad at you.
"It's only human. "
Fuck Eddie. I don't give a shit
about Eddie.
He's a little punk with a gun.
And I want him to know
that you wanted me.
You liar. You tell him that, I'll kill you.
Shouldn't get so violent.
You're way too little for it.
Get outta my house.
Hello!
Hello!
Hi! Excuse me!
Excuse me! Hi! Can you help me?
I can't get out.
Can you... I guess my handle broke.
I know.
Eddie...
Quinn.
Oh, yeah. We know him.
- Always violent.
- Yeah, well, he... He got a temper.
Yeah. I got that.
So, what brings you here?
Maureen, right?
- Uh...
- You love him?
Oh, 100J%.
- He loves you?
- Yeah.
- OK. Sex is good?
- With him?
- I don't know. Anyone.
- It was good.
- What's good?
- Perfect.
Perfect.
Does he make a habit, hitting you?
- What?
- Your face.
Uh, this? Oh, no.
Eddie didn't do this.

No. Eddie wouldn't...
He'd never touch me.
- He'd never touch you?
- No!
No, and, you know, I don't
want to talk about this anyway.
'Cause, you know,
I'm not here about my face.
And I don't want
to get mad at anybody. I just, uh...
When I go home,
he's gonna want to kill...
somebody that did this to me.
He doesn't think he...
He thinks somebody else does it?
No. He doesn't do it.
He doesn't... That's what I'm sayin'.
Are you listening to me?
- I'm tryin'.
- OK. I know Eddie.
OK? And I'm gonna go home, and he's
gonna want to know who did it.
And, you know, he's gonna think...
I got raped, uh, or,
you know, beat up, whatever,
somethin' like that,
and then he's gonna think
somethin' else,
and then he's gonna want
to kill somebody.
So, if you wanna...
If you wanna sign these forms,
we'll pick him up right now.
- No, I don't wanna take him away.
- OK.
OK? I just wanted
to be able to call somebody.
In case something happened,
and then maybe I couldn't handle it.
- But forget it. That's OK.
- All right. Here's my number.
Somethin' comes up, you call me, OK?
- Yeah, yeah. OK.
- Go right to the phone, just call me up.

You got a instinct, follow it, all right?

- We'll send a wagon. We'll pick him up.

- Hey.

I love the guy. OK?

I'm playing a dollar

a ticket to listen to Augie stutter.

I don't stutter!

We were walkin' down the street...

We were walkin'

down the street the other day...

Yeah, he says, "D-D-D-D-D-D-D-D."

Hey!

Where ya been? You were supposed

to be at the doctor's at 3:00.

I been callin' all day. The phone's

just been ringin' and ringin'.

I w... I went to the doctor's.

- You did?

- Yeah, but I couldn't find the place.

- You couldn't?

- No.

I lost the address.

You know, I only had three dollars,

and then the car broke down.

- So you get some change and call.

- What?

Well, if you're gonna disappear,
let somebody know you're all right.

Call where? There's a pay phone.

Well, you call here,

leave a message.

It's pouring.

What the hell has that
got to do with it? Wh...

What the hell has that
got to do with anything?

Well, I said it's rainin'.

What are you doin'

all the way down here?

Come on next to me.

You know everybody.

- Sure.

- What?

I said I know everybody.

Lucinda, get her a drink.
What are you havin', Murph?
Don't call me that, Eddie.
I got a name.
Well, come on down here.
Let me take a look at ya.
That's the way
Uh-huh, uh-huh
I like it
Uh-huh, uh-huh
That's the way
Uh-huh, uh-huh
Jesus fuckin' Christ.
What the fuck happened to your eye?
- God sakes.
- L-I fell.
You fell?
- Where did you fall?
- Right outside the place there.
It was raining hard, and I was running
just to keep from getting wet,
and I slipped and fell,
woke up there in the rain.
I don't know how long I was out.
I went home, you weren't there,
so I came here.
Here. Nice and warm.
You're shakin' like a leaf.
Get her a towel, will ya?
Yeah, sure.
You're frozen!
Lucinda, get her another shot.
- Let me see your head.
- I'm fine.
How could you be fine?
Do you know what your face looks like?
- Yeah.
- Come on. Get her into the bathroom.
Get her out of these wet clothes.
Wrap a towel around her waist.
Get her in a coat.
I'm gettin' you to a doctor.
- No doctors!
- No doctors.

Georgie, Lucinda,
get her in the back
before her brain freezes
altogether, will ya?
Shorty, do me a favour.
Get me a drink, will ya?
Pour me a drink.
Three dollars.
She's got three dollars in her pocket.
She goes to the doctor
with a bum carburettor.
She's pregnant, and falls over.
It's all I ever get, Chinese stories.
Fables to cover foibles.
- Disgusting.
- Yeah.
- I know.
- Make good money, though.
- Yeah. I have a pair of boots like that...
- Here's one.
Excuse me. Excuse me.
- Do you have the time?
- I have no idea. Must be about 7:30.
- You have no idea, but it's 7:30?
- Yeah, I think so.
Oh, boy.
Come on. Doctor. Doctor.
Will you do me a favour? See this lady?
She could be bleedin' internally.
We have been waitin' an hour.
The only reason I'm here
is 'cause I'm pregnant,
but you say the baby is fine,
and I just want to go home.
No. No, I didn't say that.
What I said was I couldn't tell.
So lay back on the bed.
I'm gonna check
that abdomen again, OK?
- That's a doctor?
- He looks like a doctor.
Looks like a gladiator.
- Pain?
- No.

- Pain?
- Hey, the X-rays are negative.
Pain?
That tickles, right there.
OK, that's it.
Your X-rays are negative.
There's nothin' wrong with ya.
I'm takin' you out.
Just wait here!
We'll be out in a minute!
I ain't gonna wait here
all fuckin' night.
Give the girl a break.
She's had a rough night.
Anyway, the baby's OK?
- The baby's OK.
- Yeah.
I wouldn't want to be a woman.
Neither would I.
Some big Pollak sticking their fingers
inside all your private parts.
- I hate hospitals.
- Mm-hmm.
- Why don't you put the radio on?
- Why don't you shut up!
Put on somethin' nice.
You look like hell.
Gee, thanks, Eddie.
You look fine.
Just put yourself together.
It's rainin'.
Put on some heels,
and that red dress.
This is a crazy night to go dancin',
with the face
and the dress and the... Let's go eat.
Whatever you kids want.
Make up your minds.
- Yeah.
- What's everybody talkin' about?
- We're here.
- Yeah, we're here.
- Know what I mean?
- I don't know. Eddie, I'm hungry.

You know what dancin' does?
Dancin' sets up memories
for when we get older.
It keeps you in shape.
Dancin' makes your eyes alive instead
of dead. You should try it, Shorty.
- You know I don't dance.
- He don't dance.
I'm serious. Just try it.
We'll make it a thing.
It'll be fun, Georgie.
Yeah, I want to. I want to.
- See that?
- No. Not a chance.
Oh, come on, Shorty.
We never go out dancin'.
Come on. We're here.
Let's do something.
- Shut up.
- Come on. Look. He's leavin'.
What do I gotta be,
a 24-hour inspiration machine?
Come on, move it!
Last chance! No? OK.
Bye, Georgie. Thanks for the ride.
Gimme two.
- It's a lousy night.
- Yeah. Too much rain.
Hey, wait. Hey, hey.
You didn't pay for the tickets.
Oh, geez.
I forgot the money.
Oh, and look at this.
She's in her red dress and everything.
You got any?
She doesn't have any.
I mean, no purse, nothin'.
Could I write you an I.O.U.?
I didn't bring the car,
so I don't have my driver's license.
But I got a big heart,
and we gotta dance.
How could you take a lady out
with no money?

I'm stupid.

Look how sore she is.

- She's embarrassed.

- Could I sign for just a little cash?

How much?

We got a cab ride,

oh, say two drinks.

Make it three.

Make it for 20, plus the tickets.

Is that OK?

Oh, you know, you're really...

You're terrific.

You really are terrific.

Could we make it three more bucks?

- Don't push it.

- No, for you.

- You don't have to do that.

- I know.

- I want to.

- In that case, make it out to me,

- otherwise I won't get the money.

- What's your name?

- Carmen Rodriguez.

- Carmen Rodriguez? You could sing that.

Eddie Quinn.

Carmen Rodriguez.

There you go.

But I'm telling you, it's a lousy night.

There's only about

a handful of dancers up there.

Thanks.

What? I hate it when you do that.

People like to be nice.

You got a guilty conscience.

- Come on.

- I wanna go home.

- Oh, one dance.

- Come on, Eddie. No kiddin'.

- Let's go.

- One dance. One dance. One dance.

One dance. Come on.

If we don't go in, I'm gonna look

like a chump with this money.

Come on.

- OK.
- All right? One?
- All right. OK.
- Just one.

The night is long
And the skies are clear
So if we want
to have a dance in here
It's delightful
It's delicious
It's de lovely
I understand
The reason why
You're sentimental
'Cause so am I
It's delightful
It's delicious
It's de lovely
You can tell
At a glance
It's a night
For romance
You can hear
Nature's pleas
Whisper softly
On the breeze
So show me now
That you're listening
And when I kiss you
Say to me
It's delightful
It's delicious
It's delectable
It's delirious
It's dilemma
It's de limit
It's de lovely
It's de lovely
That perfume stinks!
- All right!
- I'm not kidding.
That perfume reminds me
of too many things.
Like what?

- Like a good smell to cover a bad smell.

- Oh...

Older women, sweat, my mother...

I don't know.

Some other thought, like,
something else is goin' on...

another guy or something.

Come here. Kiss me, you wacko.

Come here.

Ow! That hurts my teeth there.

Sorry.

What do you want to do?

The meter's runnin'.

Anybody home?

It's Eddie Quinn, Mr Piticelo!

I'm with Maureen,

and we're hungry.

We're broke. We're wet.

We'd like some wine and pasta.

- Who is it? Eddie?

- Eddie.

Eddie! Hi!

- What?

- Hi! Hi, guys!

- How are you?

- It's Maureen.

- Are you hungry?

- Yeah.

But were you sleepin'?

Did we wake you up?

- If you were sleepin' we can go.

- Yeah, we can go.

Come on in. I'll prepare something
for you. I'll get Mario. We'll eat.

Gimme the money.

The cab's gonna cost us a fortune.

- Come on.

- You are such a beautiful woman.

Yeah, yeah.

- Again?

- Oh, damn it!

- Are you OK? Are ya?

- Yeah, I'm OK. Yeah.

- Can you make it to the door?

- Yeah.
- Gimme the money.
- Oh.
- Is she all right?
- Yeah. We do this all the time.
- I'm gonna be sick.
- Oh!

You wanna vomit?

Vomit. Don't worry about the halls.

They stink already. Go ahead.

Come on. Everything's gonna
be fine, Murphy.

Go ahead.

- Thanks, pal. I'm gonna be OK.

- I know.

Get down

Get up outta your seat

Get up, get down, get up

and get with the beat

You hypocrite!

- Take it easy.

- Son of a bitch!

- Phony bastard pervert!

- Shut up and go to bed!

Come out here and say that!

You come out here and say that
to my face, you fuckin' lowlife!

My husband'll kick
the shit outta you!

Hey, Maureen.

Well, couldn't you?

Fuckin' fat tub of lard!

Fuckin' hit you so hard

he'd fuckin' lose his fat ass!

- Couldn't you beat him up?

- I don't wanna.

What do you wanna do?

I want you to be a tough guy!

- That's what you are, isn't it?

- No.

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Eddie! What the fuck

is the matter with you? God, no!

Not too much! Not too much!

Get off him!
You're both fuckin' nuts,
you know that?
And you're a goddamn whore.
He called you a whore!
I wanna take beer bottles
and smash 'em over people's heads.
OK.
I just wanna smash 'em.
OK.
Because I love you.
What the hell are you talkin' about?
Make some coffee, Eddie.
Hey, Maureen, we got beer.
You want a beer?
No. I'm goin' to bed.
Jesus.
When you think about it,
what an interesting thing a woman is.
Tits and ass and...
lips, and th... this kills me... hair.
Where the fuck did hair come from?
What is hair?
It's like nails. Same as nails.
Nails? Nails?
What kind of nails you got?
I don't have any hair on my nails.
Oh, boy, are you pretty.
You are so pretty.
What would you do if I kissed you?
Would you scream?
Not me.
We were meant for each other.
We're all banged up.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
We do what we feel like doin',
even if we get punched.
Yeah.
You didn't get punched. You fell.
Not only once. You fell three times.
OK.
"OK," what?
What are you doin'?

Why are you doin' this?
You know I love you.
I protect you.
I could never hurt you.
I'd cut my arms off for you.
I know that.
We'll just lay here.
We'll lay right here.
Just make me feel warm.
That's all I want.
I wanna know
what happened to you.
- What are you hiding from me?
- Nothin'.
I wanna know who did this to you.
I know you love me. That I know.
But I can't stand for this.
Gimme the guy's name
and I'll blow the shit out of his ass.
Somebody thinks they can screw
with my wife. Nobody can touch you.
Because you're Murphy.
You're queen. You're the king.
Was it that guy across the hall?
Was it that fat slob across the hall?
It wasn't?
Then who the hell was it? Who the hell
and the shit and the piss was it?
I wanna ask you a question.
Don't answer me until I ask
unless you're clairvoyant.
Which you could be,
but you haven't been up until now.
You're just pretending to understand
to be polite.
You can't see my thoughts.
You can't understand...
You can't understand my obscurity.
Unless you have infrared
vision, which... Do you?
Can you see in infrared?
Can you type 170 words a minute?
Can you sew? Can you cook?
Can you dance? What can you do?

Nothin'.

I wanna know. It's a simple question.

- I fell.

- You're gonna play games with me?

Somebody beats you up,

and that's OK?

You come in here

with your eyes all bloody,

and I'm supposed to love you

when everything inside me

is telling me I'm bein' lied to!

I'm gonna kill the son of a bitch,

and that'll be the beginning

and the end of everything.

And then you'll know

how I really feel about you.

Not your fault. Go back inside.

Hello? I need the number for

Van Landingham City Ward, please.

- Gimme a double.

- Double what?

- A Siberian Mist.

- I don't know what that is.

It's made of vodka, scotch, vermouth

and various other poisons.

Everything. Crme de menthe,

beer, wine...

What else is there?

Bourbon, gin... Shit!

Shit. Put a lot... Shit's good.

Put a lot of shit in it.

I'm having a Siberian Mist.

Do you want one?

- Sure.

- Two Siberian Mists.

What the fuck is a Siberian Mist?

I'm in trouble.

The world's controlled

by a computer and seven women.

One has brown hair,

one has blonde hair, blue hair,

black hair, green hair,

one has no hair.

Is that seven?

What's the matter, Eddie?
Love is so difficult.
It's like horse racing.
It's like perfume.
It's like fog.
It's like kissin'.
There is no end to love.
Cigarettes, you smoke 'em,
you put 'em out.
I got invited to a luau.
What am I supposed to do at a luau?
- Who is it?
- We're from Mobile Response.
We're lookin' for Eddie Quinn.
Hi. You know,
I changed my mind. He's fine.
It's... He's all right now.
It's just a false alarm, I think.
Do you know where
your husband is, ma'am?
Not really.
Hey, look.
There's been a complaint. We got
a call he's causing a disturbance.
Now, I don't know what it is.
He's drunk, he's pissed off
or he's having an episode,
but we either gotta take a look at 'im,
or we call the police.
- That's the procedure.
- Yeah.
Jesus Christ. I had a premonition.
You know what that is?
- It has to do with the occult.
- It was all so clear.
There were seven working-class
ministers, all in miniskirts.
They were working on their computers.
- Psalm one, psalm two,
- Eddie. Eddie.
- Psalm three...
- Eddie, you know I'm Catholic.
You know I don't like that kind of talk.
I'm talking about women,

you asshole!
I'm talkin' about nuns! Priests!
I'm talkin' about bad news.
I'm talkin' about love.
But there can't be any love...
'cause there aren't any people.
It's all temporary. I know. I've seen it.
You get a cold. They turn you in.
Did you see how that guy sneezed?
Why the hell doesn't he
go home to sneeze?
What the fuck is he doing,
sneezing in public?
He's got the flu.
He's got cancer. He's got T.B.
He's got "shititis. "
His blowhole is out.
Do you know what they do
when your blowhole's out?
Nobody wants ya.
OK. I wanna buy
a drink for everybody.
Siberian Mists for everybody.
I can't do this. I can't.
You know what? I'm not goin' in.
I love my wife.
She likes to break
beer bottles over people's heads.
That's what she loves.
Give me another drink, Cooper.
Siberian Mist. Make it a double.
I'm gonna give you one more, Eddie.
Then you gotta go home.
Do you love her?
I don't think anybody
should kiss anybody they don't love.
Why are you breakin' my balls?
My balls spot.
My balls spot!
- My balls spot!
- Loser buys.
Oh, no. Now the monkeys
are in the trees.
Oh, shit.

You're in uniform.
I respect the military.
Soldiers. One, two, one, two.
I have a gun. You have guns. Fair.
To draw, we count three.
One, two...
No, no, no, no, no!
Don't you know I can fly?
I can leap tall buildings
in a single bound!
- What happened? Where is he?
- You just missed him.
You wait right here.
I'll get the car, all right?
Yeah.
Fear is a disease.
I'm waitin' for a bus.
I have no knife.
I'm just like you.
Little tiny bus stop person.
It's hot, you know.
Oh, much cooler. Much better.
I'm on a code six on the A.D.W.
Suspect at Mary and Riviera.
Requesting assistance and backup.
Get your hands up!
Drop the fuckin' gun!
Oh, no, you don't!
You don't like me 'cause
I'm from another planet!
I'm a computer!
Well, that's too bad.
One and one are two. Two and two
are four. Four and four are eight.
132, 133. 364.
Seven million times
seven million is zero.
Anything times zero is zero. You can't
control me because I know the details.
- Drop the fuckin' gun!
- No! Eddie! Oh, no!
No!
Get on the ground!
Get on the ground!

Get his arm.
I got this fuckin' asshole.
Quinn?
Right here. Hi. How is he?
I don't know what kind of shape he
was in before today, but he's not good.
We've been running tests. I'm afraid
the evaluation is not very optimistic.
- What does that mean?
- We're gonna keep him for a while.
You know what? The whole thing,
all of it, was my fault.
You know...
It was just a big fat misunderstanding.
I think if I just go get him,
he'll be fine.
How long is a while?
Listen, I don't know. It could be
three months, could be three years.
Your husband nearly killed
an employee of this institution.
The man is ill.
Five minutes.
Eddie? It's me, Mo.
Murphy.
Your sweet potato pie.
Look at you.
You got all strapped up.
Can you hear me, Eddie?
Can you hear me?
Eddie, listen to me.
I lied to you.
I didn't fall.
It was the neighbour.
That fat tub of shit across the hall.
And he did this to me, in the face.
All of it. He did everything.
And I didn't want to tell you...
because I didn't want you to kill him.
Because I didn't want to be alone.
I think we ought to start out life old.
We have all the pain,
and we're feeble,
and we look at our friends,

and they're feeble.
They're 100.
But every day we get younger and
we have something to look forward to.
You start out old
and then you get young.
You can't take care
of yourself, but...
there's hope.
And then,
when you reach 20,
nineteen, twelve, ten,
every day is really a new day...
and it's really a miracle.
Eddie, you gotta get out of here.
And then you're a baby,
and you don't know your life is endin'.
You just suck on your mother's tit
and then you die.
Goddamn it, Eddie!
I love you. Don't you leave me!
Come here. Put your face up here.
I want to touch it.
You gotta do somethin', Eddie.
You can't stay here.
You're a little sick right now,
but as soon as you get better,
you can leave.
You get better in three months.
You can leave in three months.
Three.
Put your mouth up here.
I wanna feel your breath.
OK, that's it. Time.
- Dad!
- Dad!
- Dad!
- Dad!
So, so, suck your toe.
Suck your toe to Mexico.
All right. All right.
All right, get me a cup of coffee.
Jeannie's a butt-head.
- Stop it!

- No, wait.
I got you.
Girls!
Will you leave me alone? You're driving
me nuts. Go in the other room, OK?
Hello. Miss Green.
I'm sorry. I didn't get that.
You miss green,
or you are Miss Green?
No. L-I am Miss Green.
- Jane Green.
- You don't like your name?
No, I don't. Bad enough Jane
without being followed by Green.
I remember you.
I haven't seen you for a long time.
It's been three months.
- You haven't seen me for three months?
- Yes, ma'am.
Three months?
Not longer?
I was told it would
take three months
for me to get better
from the sickness I had.
Now, I've been good.
I done everything everyone told me.
Well,
to get well,
sometimes it takes longer.
Sometimes it takes a lot of time.
It was a promise.
She said three months.
Oh, I see.
How have you been feeling, Eddie?
Well,
first of all, I'd like to say...
you're a very beautiful woman.
And I haven't...
been around the kindness
of a woman for...
some time.
And I appreciate
you lookin' at me with soft eyes.

But it's hard to answer how I feel...

'cause good or bad

doesn't describe anything.

OK.

I have your file here,

and the evaluation is quite optimistic.

No outward signs of aggression.

You've been very cooperative

with your counsellors.

Though you seem to have some difficulty

with your time and spatial equation,

your rehabilitation is going very well.

We've lowered

your level of medication.

Seem to be handling that quite well.

Everything seems to be right on track.

So, if I could just ask you

a few questions,

I don't see why we

couldn't wrap this up.

OK.

I want you to be perfectly at ease.

That would be a little hard,

'cause I know I'm on approval.

What does that mean?

It means I know I'm bein' judged,

and I wanna say the right thing,

'cause I think I've changed...

and I wanna go home.

Good.

You shot one of the attendants

who came to pick you up.

Why do you think you did that?

I think I was frightened,

and when I got frightened, I got angry.

I used to want to kill everybody.

I used to want to break beer bottles

over people's heads.

But you don't anymore?

No. I just want to be normal.

I don't want any trouble.

And your wife?

How do you feel about her?

I love her.

Even though she was
the one to turn you in?

Yeah.

She hasn't visited you.

- No.

- She hasn't written?

No.

If your wife were
to have divorced you,
how would that make you feel?

Eddie?

Well, I don't know how I'd feel.

I haven't seen my wife
for a long time,
and I don't know what she's doing.
The reason I'm asking you this is
it's very important
for us to know you won't leave here
with any active hostility
towards your wife.

- No.

- No enmity whatsoever?

No, what you...

None of what you said.

And if your wife
were to have stopped loving you,
what would you do?

- What's the matter?

- What? Drink your coffee.

Good fuckin' morning to you too.

Hey, Pop, kiss her.

That's what she wants.

Is that what you want, a kiss?

Come here.

Yeah!

Well, do it if you're gonna do it,
and get it over with.

Oh, nice. Really nice.

- Morning.

- Hi.

- Hi. You OK?

- Yeah.

Yeah, I'm just frazzled right now.
My nerves are shot.

Too much coffee and too many kids.

- I'll get it.

- No, I'll get it.

You expectin' something?

The institution. They said he was gonna be out today.

- So?

- So, I just...

I wanna know if he was OK.

You have reached the home of Giamonti Construction.

- Joey Giamonti, wife Maureen...

- Hello.

Yeah. Who wants her?

Yeah, I'm him.

No, not Quinn, Giamonti.

That's her name.

Not "Guh-monti," Giamonti.

- Joey, give me the phone.

- That's right.

Hello. Is he out?

When?

Well, where is he?

Hang on. I don't have a pencil.

Hang on one sec.

Jeannie, give me a pen.

Give me a pen.

Thanks.

OK. 3855. Yeah.

The Ford?

Hotel. OK.

Yeah. Is he OK?

OK. Thank you.

OK. Thanks.

Yeah. Thank you. OK. Bye-bye.

What the fuck you keep saying "thank you" for?

Stop usin' that language around the kids!

What? I'm sorry, guys.

It's all right. We hear worse than that all the time.

- Yeah? What do you know?

- Like shit and bitch...

...and cock twister.

- What?

And ass muncher.

- That's a good one.

- Yeah.

- And shut up.

- All right, fine.

Take your sisters outside.

I want to talk to your mother
in private.

OK, Dad. Come on, guys.

Fire

Fire

I'm Eddie Quinn. I was incarcerated
three months in the loony bin.

- Who am I speaking to?

- You were in an institution?

Went through the plate glass window
three months ago.

I don't know if it was
a lack of vitamins, or the bad food,
or the darkness, or maybe the drugs
they put in you,
but my hair is gettin' thin
and it looks terrible.

Oh, I understand.

You wanna be how old?

Twenty-five.

All right. Give me the number.

I'll call him.

No!

Well, I'm not gonna let you call him.

Joey, don't fuck around.

I'm not gonna call him, OK?

I'm not gonna go see him. Just knowin'
he's out there's bad enough.

What is that supposed to mean?

It means that... it took me
a long time to forget about him.

- Yeah, I never went to visit him.

- So?

But it means that

I think about him every day.

It means... I can't see him again,

anyway, 'cause it'll kill me.
What do you want from me?
Turned him in, divorced him,
married you...
Why are you washing
the same fuckin' cup over and over?
So stop acting like an asshole.
Let's just get through this.
I'm the asshole, right?
Not him? Not you? I am?
Gimme his number. I'm gonna talk
to this fuckin' guy.
Just a little bit. I'm just going to talk
to him a little bit.
Joey, I love this guy, OK?
I love you too, but I love him more,
and I told you that.
Come on. I'm happy with you now.
Don't rock the boat.
Don't rock the boat?
Oh-ho,
that's too uptown for me, honey.
I can't live like that.
What are you sayin'?
"I love you. Thank you for takin' me
out of the fuckin' gutter,
"but I love my first husband more"
"So please don't call him
because you might rock the boat!"
What the fuck is that?
Rock wha... Rock whose boat?
I don't see any fuckin' boat.
This is a house!
Hey! I'm the guy you married,
remember?
You had a smile, you wore a veil,
you said the vows.
We didn't have those babies
by osmosis. Somethin' happened.
I didn't rock the boat then, I got in!
You are such a crude asshole!
I hate you!
What's going on?
Your mother keeps talking

about a boat.

Shut up!

Jeannie, wanna meet your daddy?

- You mean my real daddy?

- Yeah.

The one that your mother's...

was in love with.

The one that she married first,

and out of those two came you.

- That OK, Mom?

- Of course it's OK.

You should meet your daddy.

You're makin'

a big mistake here, buddy.

Jeannie, go get the girls, make sure

their hair is combed. We're goin'.

OK, Dad. Rosie, Dolly!

You're a jerk!

- You want something to drink?

- You got a Siberian Mist?

A bottle of white wine

I was just about to open...

I don't give a damn

what time it is. Wine?

Good. Dash, pour it for us, and make

sure the glasses are clean, please.

I got a beautiful wife.

She's all blonde, and... You know?

I don't think it'd be good to come back

from the nuthouse lookin' all beat up.

It's too much of a sad homecoming.

No, darling, too depressing.

Don't worry! Your face...

Ooh, it's gonna spank!

I don't have much money.

- You have a cheque?

- I have no cheque.

Oh, I have an Alaskan cheque.

- Wanna see my identification?

- I don't want to see that!

I'm Saul Sunday.

These are my babies,

and we're gonna

make you look beautiful.

All right, where is he? We're goin'.
You love him? That's the way it is.
That's your business.
But I'm takin' care of this.
Where is he?
- The Ford Hotel.
- Ford Hotel.
- I'll find him.
- Right, you find him.
Don't forget to pick the kids up at 4:30.
Or do you want Willa to?
- I don't care.
- Fine. Willa. Do that.
- Fine.
- Fine!
Figures.
I don't believe you.
All the... All the times you held me.
All the fuckin' laughs we had...
All the things we did together. Come on!
You can't tell me you was passin' time.
You can't tell me that.
'Cause I won't believe it.
Believe it.
- Come on, Dad.
- Come on, Dad. We're ready!
I'm gonna do this.
And you don't get mad!
Hey, Joey.
I had a good life with you, OK?
You want to bust it, go ahead. Go!
Are you ready? Don't be surprised
at how beautiful you are.
Get ready for the new...
Eddie... Quinn!
Whaddya think?
Well?
It's... very nice.
That's a very good job.
Could I do one thing?
- Whaddya wanna do?
- Could I have a scissors?
What...?
That... That's much better.

That looks absolutely awful.
I think it's good!
It's fine.
OK, then. I'm gonna go.
Thank you, Saul.
You're very sweet. I love you.
Can I kiss you?
- Hello?
- Eddie Quinn, please?
Hold on.
Eddie!
Telephone call for Eddie!
Hello?
Is that you?
I'm really depressed.
You are?
I can't find ya.
- Jeannie's on her way to see you.
- Who's Jeannie?
She's our daughter.
Daughter?
She was born,
the one that was in the oven.
How long was I in?
You said three months.
Was it longer?
Yeah, a little longer.
Am I gonna see ya?
You're not sick, are ya?
No, I'm not sick.
- I wasn't gonna call you.
- You wasn't?
Joey insisted that he take
Jeannie down to see you.
Joey? Who is he? Should I know?
He'll tell ya.
Oh, shit.
You ready?
I don't know what
I'm supposed to do.
You just be you.
You can say anything you want.
Or, if you... don't want to talk,
you don't have to.

I mean, you know, we can be nice.
Remember, he's your father, and it's important that you meet your father.
- But you're my father.
- You got that right!
I have you and you have me, period.
Just because you didn't come from me doesn't mean that I don't love you as much as if you did.
I love you just as much as your sisters.
Probably more.
You feel that, though, don't you?
I mean, you... you know it.
I mean, you can feel it?
Yeah, I do.
All right. All right, let's do this.
Don't tell your sisters what I told you, 'cause I'll deny it.
I know you kids.
You like to torture each other.
- OK, Dad.
- Look at this place, it's a fleabag.
Jesus Christ, I'm surprised anybody lives here.
I'm makin' toys.
This is your daughter Jeannie.
I'm Joey Giamonti.
Hi.
Hi.
That's a very pretty dress.
Thank you.
Do you recognize me?
Almost.
I mean, I practically do.
Except, I was sick, and I lost something up here, I think.
Are you very big for your age?
Maureen must feed you well.
Amazing, really.
You been away a long time.
Come here.
All right, look. You've been

on the inside for ten years.

- Where?

- In the institution.

The kid is nine.

Nine years old?

Yeah, while you were on the inside.

- You're nine?

- Nine.

- And who are you?

- Who am I?

I been Jeannie's father for nine years.

Maureen divorced you.

They said you was never
going to get well.

- Who said that?

- Maureen and the hospital.

Yeah. So I married Maureen
and I adopted Jeannie.

And let me tell you something else.

When I found Maureen, she was dead.

Depressed, pregnant.

Really at the fuckin' bottom.

Thinkin' all sorts of weird shit.

And I helped get her off
the drugs and the booze.

We even quit smokin' together.

You know, forget about that.

That's not important.

The thing is she thinks
she loves you.

She doesn't, but she thinks she does.

OK. I see.

Do you have a cold?

Because you act like you do.

I don't know if you really do or not,
but you act like you're all choked up
on phlegm or something.

Fuck did you say to me?

You puttin' me on?

Daddy, remember what you said?

Take it easy on him.

Be quiet and sit down.

You fuckin' around with me?

'Cause believe me, I'm not playin'.

- I love Maureen.
- No! I love her!
You don't love anybody!
She's my wife. We got a family.
You just forget about her.
She's not even
the same person anymore.
You don't even think
about her, understand?
Look, I know all about you.
Maureen told me everything. OK?
I don't give a goddamn who you are!
You're not going to come in
and take a shit on my life!
You got that?
Do you wanna hit me? Because...
you act like you do, and I accept that,
but I can't get contaminated again.
So you just have to tell me
what you want.
What I want? What the fuck...
What the fuck you mean, what do I...
All right, look. We're havin' dinner
at the house. Why don't you be there?
- Why?
- Why?
To settle it!
Why the fuck you think, "Why?"
You got a problem, I got a problem.
Daddy, that's not the way
you ask people to dinner!
Shut up and sit down!
- Now, can you read?
- Yeah.
- You know where Chestnut is?
- Yeah.
- There it is. Be there, bring a friend.
- I can't.
Well, then don't.
I don't understand why you
want me to bring a friend.
Do what you want. Just show up.
We'll straighten this fucking thing out.
I love Maureen.

And I don't give a damn
if you're married to her or not.
If I come to your house
for dinner, I'm takin' her with me.
Here.
Let's drink it.
You can't walk in there
with a half a bottle of wine.
I can't go in there by myself, Shorty.
You gotta come with.
Inside? Forget about it.
We'll be waitin' right here.
Come on, Shorty.
He said I could bring someone.
Can't ya see he's nervous?
Let's walk him in.
You shut up!
I'll go in with him.
Am I supposed to sit
in the car all fuckin' night?
Yeah, you talk too much.
Forget about it.
Fuck you, Shorty.
- Shut up.
- I gotta have a drink.
Why the fuck
did they ever let you out?
Come on, buddy. You're fuckin' up.
We'll have a drink inside!
- I broke!
- You didn't break.
Oh, Jesus. I wanna go back.
- Come on!
- Go ahead!
- How do I look?
- Oh, honey, you look great.
That haircut I gave you, this beautiful
new outfit. Makes ME sweat.
Go get her, Tiger. Come on.
- Come on, come on!
- Come on, ya gonna be fine.
Don't leave me out here
all fuckin' night, Shorty!
Shut up.

- How long was I in?
- Ten years, I told you.
- Come on.
- She said three months.
Shorty, this is Joey.
Joey, this is Shorty.
Yeah, good to see ya.
You told me to bring a friend,
I brought a friend.
Brought a bottle of wine,
too, but I drank it.
- Have a seat.
- Fine.
Where's my ex-wife?
She's not feeling very well.
But, uh, she'll be down.
We have two girls. That's Rosie
and Dolly. You already know Jeannie.
- Hello.
- Hi.
If you'll excuse me for a minute...
I'll see if she's ready to come down.
Certainly.
Your haircut's nice.
Thanks. This is Shorty.
- Hi.
- Hi.
What's his real name?
I dunno. Shorty,
that's what we call him.
Tony Russo.
I'm your father's best friend.
Maureen.
Maureen. Wake up.
Time to go.
Time to come downstairs.
Joey! Can you sit down
for a minute?
- I never lied to you.
- I know that.
Well, I lied to him.
I lied to him a lot.
Anyway, I swear to God.
You know how you love me?

This guy goes right off
the bridge for me.
I think he went nuts for me.
Anyway, I just want you
to know it's not you.
- It's just, I owe this guy.
- Bullshit!
You don't owe anybody
except your kids.
Now, you do what you think
is right, baby.
I'm going downstairs.
I'll see you there.
The problem isn't
you and it isn't me, OK?
It's the kids. I mean, Jeannie, she's big.
She's almost grown.
But she still needs her mother.
OK? And the other two,
forget about it.
I can't do anything to hurt them.
You see, we're a family, OK?
And the key to that family
is your ex-wife.
She's... the spit that holds it
all together, you understand?
So what you're saying is kids
are more important than you and me?
They are to me.
What are you telling him that for?
Your fight with him is about Mom!
It has nothing to do with me.
- Hey!
- Don't be so harsh.
I understand what
your father's sayin'. It's very clear.
Kid shouldn't talk up like that.
Shows disrespect.
- Gotta be polite to your parents.
- He's not my father.
Eddie's my real father.
But I don't want you.
You're not the one I married.
Yeah, that's right, and when she gets

older she's gonna realize...
that anybody can be your father.
It just don't matter.
Jesus Christ, what have I got here?
Shorty, come here, will ya?
Rub the back of my neck, will ya?
Harder.
Harder.
Jesus!
You want it soft, you want it hard?
Make up your mind.
I don't do this professionally.
- Let me do it!
- Yeah, let her do it.
See, I can feel the knot.
How's that? Is that too hard?
- Knock it off. Jeannie!
- It's fine.
- It's good.
- OK, that's enough.
- No, he's still tight.
- Take your hands off his fuckin' back!
I asked you nice, and he told you.
Now, take a fuckin' hint and sit down!
What?
Jesus Christ. Baby.
Jesus, I...
I'm an idiot, OK?
I love you. You're my angel. You...
It's... I'm jumpy tonight, OK?
It's a peculiar night. Peculiar.
- Can I get a beer?
- You wanna beer? OK.
Where is she?
Drink that, and that's all.
And don't tell your mother.
- Is she coming?
- She'll be here.
Wait a minute.
How do I know you told her?
Who is this guy?
What do you think of him, Shorty?
What do you think of this?
Hey, Joey.

What the hell are you doin'?

We came here for dinner.

Nobody brought a piece.

What are you pullin' a piece for?

It's not that kind of an evening.

Have a drink, relax, calm down a little.

We got a little girl here.

- Where the fuck you going?

- Daddy, don't!

- Shut up and drink your beer!

- I can't believe it, Daddy!

This is bullshit! I can't believe
you brought out a gun!

I don't want to talk to you right now.

You haven't lived long enough
to argue with you.

You're just a glorified piece of blue sky.

Leave me alone. I'm gettin' mad!

No! Don't! Don't!

Don't!

Sit down.

Oh, Eddie.

I'm sorry, Eddie. I'm sorry.

I did it.

I'm scared. I'm scared.

I'm sorry.

I told him I love you,
and I told him that from day one.

I swear to God I did. I did.

No, let go. Let go. Let go. Let go.

Baby, I've been in an institution.

You told me three months.

I come out, I got a grown daughter.

You never wrote me a card,
never sent me a picture.

You divorced me. You left me.

Now, go downstairs and give that joker
the news. I can't take any more.

What he do to you?

He hit you?

What'd he do? Maureen?

- Speak up. Come on.

- Hi, Mo.

Remember me?

- Hiya, boy.
- Long time.
How's it going?
Not so good, Shorty.
- How ya doin'?
- I'm OK.
Must be pretty confusing having
two daddies in one house, huh?
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
I know I'm supposed to be the
long-lost daddy you always wanted...
and I wish I could be.
But it's too late.
Too much time's gone away.
We missed it, you know?
We missed it.
Joey's your daddy now.
You know, yeah, he had the time.
And maybe that's a good thing.
I mean, he loves you.
He does all the daddy things with you.
He's doin' all right, right?
Well, that's good. That's very good.
So m-maybe we could be friends?
I guess. Like best friends?
No.
I don't want to be your best friend.
You're gonna have
a lot of best friends in your life.
But I tell you what.
Could we be second-best friends?
You only ever have one
second-best friend.
OK.
OK.
- You all right?
- Yeah.
You better get downstairs, man.
It's time.
What the fuck are you doing?
I'm talking to my friend here.
Can't you give me a minute?
Fine. But I gotta tell ya,

it's gettin' fuckin' weird down there.

You know I'm taking
your mother with me?

I know.

OK. I'll go, then.

Come on, Shorty. Let's do this.

Tough situation. Lot of pressure.

I haven't got the foggiest idea of
how this is gonna come out, do you?

Do you know how many times

I dreamed this?

Get your coat, Maureen,
and we're gettin' outta here.

All you need
is a coat and some good shoes.

Do what I tell you.

- Joey, can I talk to you for a minute?

- Talk.

Never mind.

- Jeannie, come here for a sec.

- You leave, you leave alone.

- The kids stay.

- I'm staying.

I'll get my coat.

- Looks like a lot of bullshit!

- Don't blame her!

What difference does it make what she
says, what she feels, what she thinks?

For whatever reason,
she belongs to me.

- Yeah, you pricks belong together.

- What, I'm a prick?

Not you. Her.

What, are you calling
your wife a prick?

All right, you two
get out of my fuckin' house.

Guys. Come here. Come here.

Come here for me. Come here.

Come here, I wanna tell you somethin'.

OK? I just wanna...

- What's the matter, Mommy?

- Come here.

Mom!

Mom, you're hurting me!
OK, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
- It's just... I love you, OK?
- I love you too, Mama.
I know. And you.
Even though I'm not here,
I'm with you, all right?
Jeannie.
I love you.
And don't you forget it. I love you.
You take care of your sisters.
I love you more than anything
in the world, you know that?
You're the greatest kids
in the whole world.
The greatest.
Ah, you'll... Don't worry about it.
We'll be fine.
Hey, cut it out, Joey, OK?
L- I-I don't need guilt trip.
I got one already.
It's all settled,
and I talked to the kids...
and I'll be in touch, OK?
You coming back, Mo?
I don't know, Joey.
All I know right now is I'm leavin'.
Tell the... That I'm sorry, OK?
Oh, my fuckin' Jesus Christ!
There she is!
Oh, my God, Maureen,
you look so different!
Maureen, you feel all right?
Where are the fuckin' keys?
I got 'em.
- Get the fuckin' keys!
- He's fast.
See? Now! Now! Come on,
Maureen. Out! Out!
Shorty!
Hang on, Eddie!
Hold him. I'm coming.
- I'll get him.
- Stop! Oh, just don't...

- Drop the gun, Joey!
- Dad! Get him off!
- Got him?
- Got him.
I can always count on you, Shorty.
Don't hit him! Watch his face!
Stop! Oh, stop! I told you to stop!
Maureen!
- Don't! Don't!
- Dad! Dad!
- No, I want my daddy!
- Get over to the side. Get over.
Just stay! Right there.
Get the fuckin' gun!
Get the fuckin' gun!
- Fuck!
- Oh, Jesus Christ!
That gun's gonna go off!
The girl's out here!
Will you stop?
Stop it! You're biting him!
Get off of him!
Stop! Stop! It's over! It's over!
She doesn't love you!
She doesn't love me!
She's de lovely.
OK. He's all right.
He understands. Get in the car.
Everybody get in the car!
Start looking for the fuckin' keys
in your purse.
I told you, I have
the keys in my pocketbook!
Why are they in your pocketbook?
- Why did you take them out?
- You were in there for hours.
Yeah, but you didn't have
to put the keys in there.
What's that got do with the radio?
- Give me the fuckin' keys.
- Don't talk to me like that!
- Here's the goddamn keys.
- Well, give me the fuckin' keys.
Jesus Christ!

Nice house. Big.

Hey, I robbed

this from the house. Wanna swig?

Why not? It's good for you.

Come on!

She don't want any.

Can we just be quiet for a minute?

- I don't wanna talk right now.

- What's the matter?

Can't you see she's upset?

Leave her alone.

But I see everything, all right?

This is supposed to be a good time.

- What's done is done. Jesus.

- Oh, please.

Please.

I'm not deaf.

I heard you the first time.

- I was talking to Mo.

- Why don't you put the radio on?

I wanna hear some music.

I wanna dance.

I'm gonna start singin'

if you don't shut up.

I don't wanna talk to you, all right?

- I wanna talk to you.

- Shut up.

- You shut up.

- Shut the fuck...

- You shut the fuck up.

- I was talking to her anyway.

What the fuck

are you talking about?

You shut up.

She's a tough girl. She's as tough

as tough girls come

Lounging like a panther

in the smoggy city sun

She's been fighting

all her life

Tooth and nail

and sometimes knife

In the hopes

that she'll become someone

She can make you wanna
take her by the throat
She can break you like you
was nothing but a joke
She's got nothing
she doesn't need
Now that she's
given up on hope
'Cause she's the toughest whore
in Babylon
Yes, she's the toughest whore
in Babylon
But I love her
just the same
I get drunk and I babble on
But I know it's just me to blame
The toughest whore in Babylon
Some stories never change
I'm in love with
the toughest whore in Babylon
In the city is the only place
for her to be
Other places she could not
meet her destiny
She'd be wasted on some
beer-drinking bourgeoisie
She's the toughest whore
in Babylon
In her bedroom
Well, she got pictures of herself
All her poses
lining every shelf
Ask about them
She'll just cuss you with her belt
She's the toughest whore
in Babylon
Well, she's the toughest whore
in Babylon
But I love her
just the same
I get drunk and I babble on
But I've only myself to blame
The toughest whore in Babylon
Some stories never change

I belong to the toughest whore
in Babylon
Oh, it's so hard
And when she talked
it's only to get her way
And when she walks
it's only to walk away
And when she loves you
you've always got to pay
She's the toughest whore
in Babylon
Well, she's the toughest whore
in Babylon
But I love her
just the same
I get drunk and I babble on
But I've only myself to blame
The toughest whore in Babylon
Some stories never change
I'm in love with the toughest whore
in Babylon
Oh, baby
I could never let you go
Especially not to Joe
Geesh, what a fool
He could never love you
like I could love you, baby
The carnivals
The vodka and rum
Aww, baby
Just come back to me, sugar
She's the toughest whore
in Babylon
But I love her
just the same
I get drunk and I babble on
but I've only myself to blame
The toughest whore in Babylon
Some stories never change
I belong to the toughest whore
in Babylon
Come a little closer, honey
Ooh