

Danny's All-Star Joint

Words & Music:
Rickie Lee Jones

[Basic blues in E, add 6 to the bass line like this:

E E/G# E/B E/C# - do same with A chord]

E

Downstairs at Danny's All-Star Joint, they got a jukebox that goes "doit-doit".

E

The vice is nice, it stays in the back all day; but when the nighttime comes, hey-hey!

A

There's this cat down there that makes a bad kinda soup.

E

I come around struttin' my luck in my shoop coupe.

B

Cecil gives me coffee and he won't never take my coin.

B

A

I say, "I got thirty dollars in my pocket! Whatchoo doin'?"

E

I holler, "Come on, Cecil, take a dollar! Come on, Cecil, take a ten!

E

I've finally geared up into a whole buncha big ones

E

A7

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 and he waves it at the jail.

The kid say, "I ain't got no dough, Joe, I just want some OJ!"

I said, "Don't look at me." ('Cause he was lookin' my way.)

Cecil winks 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 alive."

INSTRUMENTAL BRIDGE OVER A E

STOP CHORUS BRIDGE:

E

Eb E [etc.]

He can talk about your people in a wonderful way

He can talk about your people 'til your hair turns grey

Your sister's into mustard, she loves to walk the pup, she likes

Pickles and a relish, she never gets enough.

Hershey milkshake, steamin' on a stick.

Get a carte blanche sandwich -- oh, let us get it thick.

It's not because I'm dirty, it's not because I'm clean,

It's not because I kiss the boys behind the magazines.

Hey, boys, how 'bout a fight?

Here comes Rickie with her girdle on tight.

She don't know your name, but she knows what you got, from your

Bb7

B7

Matzoh balls to the chicken in the pot... chicken in the pot... chicken in the pot...

Chicken... D000WWWOWOWNstairs at Danny's All-Star Joint,

They got a jukebox that goes "doit-doit".

A finger snappin' deluxe make your bee bop bap, and your R&B go hep scat.

You can't break the rules 'til you know how to play the game.

But if you just want to have a little fun you can mention my name.

Keep your feet in the street, your toes in the lawn.

But keep your business in your pocket, 'cause that's where it belongs.

Come on, Cecil, take a dollar. Come on, Cecil, take a tip.

Do yourself a favor, if she offers it take it.

But, honey, don't give it away if she don't appreciate it.

E Eb E *[etc. and fade]*