

Juliette
By Owen Danoff

Saturday night, east side of town
The city's a circus of sidewalk clowns
The bottomless cup is drinking them up
The barstool hounds and prep school pups, they fight
Juliette like a threat of the best kind of trouble tonight
She's corvette fast in a pin-up dress
She won't talk, but she will confess
Her cigarette's lit, her momma says quit,
But her momma don't know, she don't live this shit like us
Juliette come closer, it's too late for the bus

Juliette, we've got a good thing going,
Don't you go home yet
Juliette, lipstick glitter like stardust,
Little loose zipper and the bust of a black corset

A brass band blasts the room next door
The sax man spits on the dance floor
The bar sells juice, the women get loose,
The men move their feet if they need an excuse to touch
Juliette, do you want to dance, do I ask too much
Let's lose all the jock stars in skinny jeans
Chasing backless dresses and acting mean
Let's go for a walk, we don't need to talk
I'll take you up to my room, we can listen to rock and roll
Maybe move in the dark to the groove of the stereo

Juliette, we've got a good thing going
Don't you go home yet
Juliette, holding me hostage for ransom
With a whisper of "Baby, you're handsome" I'm in the net

Now the sun threatens to rise above the partied out, one night lovers
Juliette the burlesque dancer fades into the night
She renewed my life in fire, she was my only desire
And now she's gone, but I guess it's all right
Juliette, if I see you again I swear I'll hold on tight

Juliette, we've got a good thing going
Don't you go home yet
Juliette, one kiss on the cheek and you owned me
You are my angel, my weakness, my only regret

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