

CAN'T TAKE YOU NOWHERE

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Music by TINY KAHN and AL COHEN
Words by DAVE FRISHBERG

Loose Swing

You knock back the schnapps, you talk back to cops, you walk in the room, and con-ver-
 loud and you're lewd, you tend toward the crude, my friends are dis-gust-ed with your
 sa-tion stops. — I Can't Take You No-where. No, — I Can't Take You No-where.
 at-ti-tude. — }
 You { stag-ger, you sag, you're half in the bag, one glass of beer and you're a
 mum-ble, you moan, you grum-ble, you groan, you called Hon-o-lu-lu on my
 to-tal drag. — I Can't Take You No-where. No, — I Can't Take You No-where.
 tel-e- phone. — }
 I buy three or four, you mooch plen-ty more. The check comes a-round and you are
 I hear peo-ple say you won't go a-way. You drop by for break-fast and you
 out the door. — I Can't Take You No-where. No, — I Can't Take You No-where. I don't
 stay all day. — }
 wan-na watch you fall on your face. — You're
 — Take You No-where. That's right! Try not to get up tight. —
 way. So have a real nice day. —
 But I Can't Take You No-where, — 'cause I don't know a place — where you can
 show your face, — and an-y-way, I'd just like to say, "So sad to see you
 must be on your must be on your way." — What a pit-y to say, "So long!" —