**Haitian Divorce**

Words & Music by Walter Becker & Donald Fagen

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**Moderate**

**NC**

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Emaj7          Gm7          Fm7
B7               F#m7          Emaj7          Cm7

1. Babs and Clean Wil-ly were in love they said,
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Amaj7          Gm7sus        Gm7
             Cm7
so in love the preach-ers face turned red.
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Soon everyone knew the thing was dead. He shouts, she bites, they wrangle through the night, oh.

She goes crazy, got to make a getaway Papa say,
"Oh, no hesitation, no


tears and no hearts break-in', no remorse— Oh, oh,


congratulations here is your Haitian divorce."

1.
At the grotto in the greasy chair sits the
Charlie with the lotion and the kinky hair. When she
smiled she said it all. The band was hot so they
danced the famous mer - an - go now we dol - ly back now we

fade to black...
2. She takes the taxi to the good hotel,
Bon marche as far as she can tell.
She drinks the zombie from the coco shell,
She feels alright, she get it on tonight.
Mister driver, take me where the music play,
Papa say.

3. Tearful reunion in the U.S.A.
Day by day those memories fade away,
Some babies grow in a peculiar way,
It changed, it grew, and everybody knew,
Semi-mojo, who's this kinky so and so.
Papa go.