

## Tombstone Blues

Sheryl Crow

The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course  
The city fathers they're trying to endorse  
The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse  
But the town has no need to be nervous

The ghost of Belle Starr, she hands down her wits  
To Jezebel the nun who violently knits  
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits  
At the head of the chamber of commerce

Mama's in the fact'ry, she ain't got no shoes  
Daddy's in the alley, he's lookin' for the fuse  
I'm in the streets with the tombstone blues

The hysterical bride in the penny arcade  
Screaming she moans, "I've just been made"  
Then she sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade  
Says, "My advice is to not let the boys in"

Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside  
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride  
"Stop all this weeping and swallow your pride  
You will not die, it's not poison"

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Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief  
Looks up to his hero the Commander-in-Chief  
"Tell me great hero, but please make it brief  
Is there a hole for me to get sick in?"

The Commander-in-Chief answers him, chasing a fly  
Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and cry"  
And dropping a bar bell he points to the sky  
Saying, "The sun is not yellow it's chicken"

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