

16 Shells from a Thirty-Ought-Six

Tom Waits

I plugged 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six
and a Black Crow snuck through
a hole in the sky
so I spent all my buttons on an
old pack mule
and I made me a ladder from
a pawn shop marimba
and I leaned it up against
a dandelion tree

And I filled me a sachel
full of old pig corn
and I beat me a billy
from an old French horn
and I kicked that mule
to the top of the tree
and I blew me a hole
'bout the size of a kickdrum
and I cut me a switch
from a long branch elbow

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'
Black Crow 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six
whittle you into kindlin'
Black Crow 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six

Well I slept in the holler
of a dry creek bed
and I tore out the buckets
from a red Corvette, tore out the buckets from a red
Corvette
Lionel and Dave and the Butcher made three
you got to meet me by the knuckles of the skinnybone
tree
with the strings of a Washburn
stretched like a clothes line
you know me and that mule scrambled right through the
hole

I'm gonna whittle...

Now I hold him prisoner
in a Washburn jail
that stapped on the back
of my old kick mule
strapped it on the back of my old kick mule
I bang on the strings just
to drive him crazy
I strum it loud just to rattle his cage
strum it loud just to rattle his cage

I'm gonna whittle...