

## A Good Man Is Hard to Find

Tom Waits

A good man's is hard to find  
Only strangers sleep in my bed  
My favorite words are good-bye  
And my favorite color is red

I always play Russian Roulette in my head  
It's sventeen black and twenty-nine red  
How far from the gutter  
How far from the pew  
I'll always remember to forget about you

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A long dead soldier looks out  
From the frame  
No one remembers his war; no one  
Remembers his name

Go out to the meadow;  
Scare off all the crows  
It does nothing but rain here,  
And nothing will grow

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