

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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