

A Sweet Little Bullet from a Pretty Blue Gun

Tom Waits

It's raining it's pouring
And you didn't bring a sweater
Nebraska will never let you come back home
And on hollywood and vine
By the thrifty mart sign
Any night i'll be willin to bet
There's a young girl
With sweet little wishes
And pretty blue dreams
Standin there and gettin all wet

Now there's a place off the drag
Called the gilbert hotel
There's a couple letters burned out in the sign
And it's better than a bus stop
And they do good buisness
Every time it rains
For sweet little girls
With nothing in their jeans
But sweet little wishes
And pretty blue dreams

Now it's raining it's pouring
The old mam is snoring
Now i lay me down to sleep
I hear the sirens in the street
All the dreams are made of chrome
I have no way to get back home
I'd rather die before i wake
Like marilyn monroe
And throw my jeans out in
The street and the rain will make 'em grow

Now the night clerk he got a club foot
And he's heard every hard luck story
At least a hundred times or more
He says check out time is 10 am
And that's just what he means
And you go up the stairs
With sweet little wishes
And pretty blue dreams

Now it's raining it's pouring
And hollywods just fine
Swindle a little out of her dreams
Put a letter in the sign
Never trust a scarecrow
Wearin' shades after dark
Be careful of that old bow tie he wears
It takes a sweet little bullet
From a pretty blue gun
To put those scarlet ribbons in your hair
No that ain't no cherry bomb
4th of july's all done
Just some fool playin' that second line
From the barrel of a pretty blue gun

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