

Barcarolle

Tom Waits

A cloud lets go of the moon
Her ribbons are all out of tune
She is skating on the ice
In a glass in the hands of a man
That she kissed on a train
And the children are all gone into town
To get candy and we are alone in the house here
And your eyes fall down on me

And I belong only to you
The water is filling my shoes
In the wine of my heart there's a stone
In a well made of bone
That you bring to the pond
And I'm here in your pocket
Curled up in a dollar
And the chain from your watch around my neck
And I'll stay right here until it's time

The girls all knit in the shade
Before the baby is made
And the branches bend down
To the ground here to swing on
I'm lost in the blond summer grass
And the train whistle blows
And the carnival goes
Till there's only the tickets and crows here
And the grass will all grow back

And the branches spell 'Alice'
And I belong only to you