

## Crossroads

Tom Waits

Now, George was a good straight boy to begin with, but there was bad blood  
In him; somehow he got into the magic bullets and that leads straight to  
Devil's work, just like marijuana leads to heroin; you think you can take  
Them bullets or leave 'em, do you?  
Just save a few for your bad days

Well, now, we all have those bad days when you can't shoot for shit.

The more of them magics you use, the more bad days you have without them  
So it comes down finally to all your days being bad without the bullets  
It's magics or nothing  
Time to stop chipping around and kidding yourself,  
Kid, you're hooked, heavy as lead

And that's where old George found himself  
Out there at the crossroads  
Molding the Devil's bullets  
Now a man figures it's his bullets, so it will  
Hit what he wants to hit  
But it don't always work that way

You see, some bullets is special for a single aim  
A certain stag, or a certain person  
And no matter where you are, that's where the bullet will end up  
And in the moment of aiming, the gun turns into a dowser's wand  
And point where the bullet wants to go

(George Schmid was moving in a series of convulsive spasms, like someone  
with an epileptic fit, with his face distorted and his eyes wild like a  
lassoed horse bracing his legs. But something kept pulling him on.  
And now he is picking up the skulls and making the circle.)

I guess old George didn't rightly know what he's getting himself into  
The fit was on him and it carried him right to the crossroads