

Face to the Highway

Tom Waits

I'm going away
I'm going away

The cradle wants a baby
Kitchen wants a pan
The heart wants a certain kind of lover if it can

Ocean wants a sailor
Gun wants a hand
money wants a spender
And the road wants a man

I turned my face to the highway
And I turn my back on you

Devil wants a sinner
Sky wants a bird
Table wants the dinner
Lips want a word

Glass wants the wine
Fist wants to hurt
Clock wants the time
And the shovel wants to work

I turned my face to the highway
And I turn my back on you

I'm going away
I'm going away

Coal wants a miner
Soldier takes a stand
The walls of the prison
Want a solitary man
The window wants a curtain
The plow wants the land
Diamond ring wants to
Fit upon the finger
Of her hand

I turned my face to the highway
And I turned my back on you

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