

Fumblin' with the Blues

Tom Waits

Friday left me fumblin' with the blues
And it's hard to win when you always lose
Because the nightspots spend your spirit
Beat your head against the wall
Two dead ends and you've still got to choose

You know the bartenders
They all know my name
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my head
When I should be living clean instead

You know the ladies I've been seeing off and on
Well they spend your love and then they're gone
You can't be lovin' someone who is savage and cruel
Take your love and then they leave on out of town
No they do

Well now fallin' in love is such a breeze
But its standin' up that's so hard for me
I want to squeeze you but I'm scared to death I'd break your back
You know your perfume
Well it won't let me be

You know the bartenders all know my name
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my head
When I should be living clean instead

Come on baby
Let your love light shine
Gotta bury me inside of your fire
Because your eyes are 'nough to blind me
You're like a-looking at the sun
You gotta whisper tell me I'm the one
Come on and whisper tell me I'm the one
Gotta whisper tell me I'm the one
Come on and whisper tell me I'm the one