

# Gun Street Girl

Tom Waits

Falling James in the Tahoe mud  
Stick around to tell us all the tail  
He fell in love with a Gun Street Girl and  
Now he's danced in the Birmingham jail.

Took a 100 dollars off a slaughterhouse Joe  
Brought a bran' new michigan 20 gauge  
Got all liquored up on that road house corn,  
Blew a hole in the hood of a yellow corvette  
Blew a hole in the hood of a yellow corvette.  
Brought a second hand Nova from a Cuban Chinese  
Dyed his hair in the bathroom of Texaco  
With a pawnshop radio, quarter past 4  
Well, he left Waukegan at the slammin' of the door  
He left Waukegan at the slammin' of the door

[Chorus:]

I said John, John he's long gone  
Gone to Indiana  
Ain't never coming home  
I said John, John he's long gone  
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home.  
Sitting in a sycamore in St. John's Wood  
Soaking' day old bread in kerosene  
He was blue as a robin's egg brown as a hog  
Stayin' out of circulation till the dogs get tire  
Stayin' out of circulation till the dogs get tired  
Shadow fixed the toilet with an old trombone  
He never got up in the morning on a Saturday  
Sittin' by the Erie with a bull whipped dog  
Tellin' everyone he saw  
They went thatta way

Tellin' everyone he saw  
They went thatta way.  
Now the rain's like gravel on old tin roof  
And the Burlington Northern's pullin' out of the world  
With a head full of bourbon and a dream in the straw.  
And a Gun Street Girl was the cause of it all.  
Riding in the shadow by the St. Joe Ridge  
He heard the click clack tappin' of a blind man's cane  
Pullin' into Baker on New Year's Eve  
With one eye on the pistol the other on the door,  
With one eye on the pistol the other on the door.  
Miss Charlotte took her satchel down to King Row  
And the smuggled in a bran' new pair of alligator shoes.  
With her fireman's raincoat and her long yellow hair, well  
They tied her to a tree with a skinny millionaire,  
They tied her to a tree with a skinny millionaire.

[Chorus]

I said John, John he's long gone  
Gone to Indiana  
Ain't never coming home  
I said John, John he's long gone  
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home.  
Bangin' on a table with an old tin cup

Sing I'll never kiss a Gun Street Girl again,  
I'll never kiss a Gun Street Girl again.

[Repeat chorus]