

On the Nickel

Tom Waits

Sticks and stones will break my bones,
But I always will be true,
And when your mama is dead and gone,
I'll sing this lullaby just for you.
What becomes for the little boys,
Who never comb their hair?
They're lined up all around the block,
On The Nickel over there.

So you better bring a bucket,
There is a hole in the pail.
If you don't get my letter,
Then you'll know that I'm in jail.
What becomes for the little boys,
Who never say their prayers?
They're sleepin' like a baby,
On The Nickel over there.

If you chew tobacco, and wish upon a star,
You'll find out where the scarecrows sit,
Just like punchlines between the cars.
I know a place where a royal flush,
Can never beat a pair,
And even Thomas Jefferson,
Is On The Nickel over there.

So ring around the rosie, you're sleepin' in the rain,
And you're always late for supper,
And man you let me down, let me down again.
I thought I heard a mockingbird, Roosevelt knows where.
You can skip the light with grady tuck,
On the Nickel over there.

So what become for the little boys,
Who run away from home?
The world just keeps gettin' bigger,
Once you get out on your own.
So here's to all the little boys,
The sandman takes you where
You'll be sleepin' with a pillowman,
On the Nickel over there.

So let's climb up through that button hole,
And fall right up the stairs:
I'll show you where the short dogs grow,
On the Nickel over there.