

Til the Money Runs Out

Tom Waits

Check this strange beverage that falls out from the sky, splash
in' Bagdad on
The Hudson in panther Martin's eyes, he's high and outside wear
in' candy apple
Red, scarlet gave him twenty seven stitches in his head, with a
pint of green
Chartreuse ain't nothin' seems right, you buy the Sunday paper
on a Saturday
Night.

Can't you hear the thunder someone stole my watch, I sold a qua
rt of blood
And bought a half a pint of scotch, some one tell those Chiname
n on telegraph
Canyon road, when there ain't no time to
Unload, so bye bye baby baby bye bye.

Droopy stranger lonely dreamer toy puppy and the Prado, we're l
aughin' as
They piled into Olmos' El Dorado, Jesus whispered eni meany min
ey moe, they're
Too proud to duck their heads that's why they bring it down so
low, so bye
Bye baby baby bye bye.

The pointed man is smack dab in the middle of July, swingin' fr
om the
Rafters in his brand new tie, he said I can't go back to that h
otel room all
They do is shout, but I'll stay wichee baby till the money runs
out, so bye
Bye baby baby bye bye.