

## Trouble's Braids

Tom Waits

Well I pulled on trouble's braids  
and I hid in the briars  
out by the quick mud  
stayin' away from the main roads  
passin' out wolf tickets  
downwind from the blood hounds  
and I pulled on trouble's braids  
and I lay by a cypress  
as quiet as a stone  
'til the bleeding stopped  
I blew the weather vane  
off some old road house  
I build a fire in the  
skeleton back seat of an old Tucker  
and I pulled on trouble's braids  
I spanked cold red mud  
where the hornet stung deep  
and I tossed in the ditch  
in a restless sleep  
and I pulled on trouble's braids  
I hung my rain-soaked jacket  
on some old barbed wire  
poured cold rusty water  
on a miserable fire  
I pulled on trouble's braids  
the creek was swollen by daybreak and I could just  
barely see  
and I floated downstream  
on an old dead tree  
and I pulled on trouble's braids  
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