

Whistlin' Past the Graveyard

Tom Waits

Well I come in on a night train
With an arm full of box cars
On the wings of a magpie
Cross a hooligan night
And I busted up a chifforobe
Way out by the cocomo
Cooked up a mess a mulligan
And got into a fight

Whistlin past the graveyard
Steppin on a crack
Im a mean motherhubbard
Papa one eyed jack

You propably seen me sleepin
Out by the railroad tracks
Go on and ask the prince of darkness
What about all thet smoke
Come from the stack
Sometimes I kill myself a jacket
Suck out all the blood
Steal myself a stationwagon
Drivin through the mud

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I know you seen my headlights
And the honkin of my horn
Im callin out my bloodhounds
Chase the devil through the corn
Last night I chugged the mississippi
Now that suckers dry as a bone
Born in a taxi cab
Im never comin home

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My eyes have seen the glory
Of the draining of the ditch
I only come to baton rouge
To find myself a witch
Im-ona snatch me up a
Couple of em every time it rains
You see a locomotive
Probably thinkin its a train

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Papa one eyed jack

What you think is the sunshine
Is just a twinkle in my eye
That ring around my fingers
Just the 4th of july
When I get a little bit lonesome
And a tear falls from my cheek
Theres gonna be an ocean in
The middle of the week

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I rode into town on a night train
With an arm full of box cars
On the wings of a magpie
Cross a hooligan night
Im-ona tear me off a rainbow
And wear it for a tie
I never told the truth
So I can never tell a lie

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