

# Tom Waits, 16 Shells From A Thirty-Ought Six

I plugged 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six  
and a Black Crow snuck through  
a hole in the sky  
so I spent all my buttons on an  
old pack mule  
and I made me a ladder from  
a pawn shop marimba  
and I leaned it up against  
a dandelion tree

And I filled me a sachel  
full of old pig corn  
and I beat me a billy  
from an old French horn  
and I kicked that mule  
to the top of the tree  
and I blew me a hole  
'bout the size of a kickdrum  
and I cut me a switch  
from a long branch elbow

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'  
Black Crow 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six  
whittle you into kindlin'  
Black Crow 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six

Well I slept in the holler  
of a dry creek bed  
and I tore out the buckets  
from a red Corvette, tore out the buckets from a red Corvette  
Lionel and Dave and the Butcher made three  
you got to meet me by the knuckles of the skinnybone tree  
with the strings of a Washburn  
stretched like a clothes line  
you know me and that mule scrambled right through the hole

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Now I hold him prisoner  
in a Washburn jail  
that stapped on the back  
of my old kick mule  
strapped it on the back of my old kick mule  
I bang on the strings just  
to drive him crazy  
I strum it loud just to rattle his cage  
strum it loud just to rattle his cage

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