

Tom Waits, A Sweet Little Bullet From A Pretty Blue

Well it's raining it's pouring
Didn't bring a sweater
Nebraska never let you come back home
And on Hollywood and Vine
By the thrifty mart sign
Any night I'll be willin' to bet
There's a young girl
With sweet little dreams
And pretty blue wishes
Standin' there just gettin' all wet

Now there's a place off the drag
Called the Gilbert Hotel
And there's a couple letters burned out the sign
And it's better than the bus stop
And they do good business
Every time it rains
For little girls
With nothing in their jeans
But pretty blue wishes
Sweet little thing
And it's raining it's pouring
Old man is snoring
Now I lay me down to sleep
I hear the sirens in the street
All my dreams are made of chrome
I have no way to get back home
I'd rather die before I wake
Like Marilyn Monroe
And throw my dreams out in
The street let the
Rain make 'em grow

Now the night clerk he got a club foot
He's heard every hard luck story
At least a hundred times or more
He says check out time is 10am
And that's just what he means
Go up the stairs
With your sweet little wishes
Your pretty blue dreams

And it's raining it's pouring
Hollywood's just fine
Swindle a little out of her dreams
Another letter in the sign
Now never trust a scarecrow
Wearin' shades after dark
Be careful of that old bow tie he wears
It takes a sweet little bullet
From a pretty blue gun
To put those scarlet ribbons in your hair

No that ain't no cherry bomb
4th of July's all done
Just some fool playin' that second line
From the barrel of a pretty blue gun

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