

Tom Waits, Big Black Mariah

Well cutting through the cane break, rattling the till
Thunder that the rain makes when the shadow tops the hill
Big light on the back street, hill to ever more
Backing down the ladder with the hammer to the floor

Well he's all boxed up on a red bell day
Hunted Black Charlie on a blind man's cane
A yellow bullet with a rag out in the wind
An old blind tiger, got an old bell Jewel

Sent to the skies on a Benny Jag Blue
Off to bed without his supper like a Linda brides do
He got through the story with the old widow Jones

Cut through the canebrake, oh yeah

Well he's all boxed up on a red bell day
Flat Blue Charlie on a blind man's cane
A hundred yellow bullets shook a rag out in the wind
An old blind tiger, on a pair of new wings.