

# Tom Waits, Empty Pockets

As I slow down on purple avenues  
To march around in April's shoes  
The weathervanes remind  
Of summertimes that I've left behind  
All the money's gone for Auld Lang Syne  
I spent on Eastern Standard Time  
What happened to my roll)  
September fell right through the hole  
All I've got is empty pockets now

Oh why does August try so hard  
To hoist me on my own petard  
I've learned one thing from losing her  
An ounce of prevention's worth a pound of cure  
The shadows fall, I cannot thread  
The tenor of the things you've said  
All that's left is flesh and bone  
The lights are on but no one's home  
All I've got is empty pockets now

I spill myself another drink  
I count the whiskers in the sink  
The orchestra is blind  
But I've never been the worrying kind  
Subsequently and furthermore  
I'll sleep right here on the draining board  
I will never be paroled  
I like to drink them while they're cold  
All I've got is empty pockets now