

Tom Waits, Everything You Can Think Of Is True

everything you can think of is true
before the ocean was blue
you were lost in a flood run red with your blood's nigerian skeleton crew
everything you can think of is true
the dish ran away with the spoon
dig deep in your heart for that little red glow
we're decomposing as we go
everything you can think of is true
and fishes make wishes on you
we're fighting our way up dreamland's spine
with black flamingos, expensive wine
everything you can think of is true
the baby's asleep in your shoe
your teeth are buildings with yellow doors
your eyes are fish on a creamy shore