

Tom Waits, Fish In The Jailhouse

Peoria Johnson told Dudlow Joe
I can break out of any old jail you know
The bars are iron, the walls are stone
All I need me is an old fishbone

They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight
Oh boy
They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight
They're serving fish in the jailhouse
Fish in the jailhouse tonight

Corbina, opaleye hammer head shark
Steel head salmon or a mud bank carp
Sand me one side dull, whittle the other side sharp
By Saturday night I'll be in Central Park

They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight
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Ask Little Son Jackson, or the 44 Kid
Ask Whitfield Faraday what I did
From Yazoo city up to Rollin Fork
From Natchez to Kenosha, from New Dime to New York

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Gimme a nice totuava or a chicken of the sea
I'm gonna fashion me a fishbone skeleton key
Tell Skullion Childs I won't be late
You can bet your freedom
I'm gonna clean my plate