

Tom Waits, Good Night Loving Trail

Well, you're too old to wrangle or ride in the swing
You beat the triangle and you curse everything
Now if dirt were a kingdom, well you would be king

On the Goodnight trail, on the Loving trail
Our old woman's lonesome tonight
And your French harp is crying just like a lone bawling calf
Well, it's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light

Now the cook fire's out, the coffee's all gone
Now the old boys are up and they're raising the dawn
You're sitting there, you are lost in a song

On the Goodnight trail, on the Loving trail
Our old woman is lonesome tonight
Now your French harp is crying just like a lone bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light

Ah, with your snake oils, your herbs and your liniment too
You can do anything that a doctor can do
Well, except find a cure for your own goddam stew

On the Goodnight trail, on the loving trail
Our old woman is lonesome tonight
And your French harp is crying like a lone bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light

Some day I know that I'll be just the same
I'll be wearing an apron instead of a name
Now no one can change it, no one's to blame
Cause the desert's a book writ in lizards and sage
You know, it's easy to look just like an old torn out page
You're all faded and cracked with the colors of age

On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail
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And your French harp is crying like a lone bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Go in there and blow out the light