

# Tom Waits, Just The Right Bullets

There is a light in the forest  
There is a face in the tree  
I'll pull you out of the chorus  
And the first one's always free

You can never go hunting  
With just a flintlock and a hound  
You won't go home with a bunting  
If you blow a hundred rounds

It takes much more than wild courage  
Or you'll hit just the tattered clouds  
You must have just the right bullets  
And the first one's always free

You must be careful in the forest  
Broken glass and rusty nails  
If you're to bring back something for us  
I have bullets for sale

Why be a fool when you can chase away  
Your blind and your gloom  
I have blessed each one of these bullets  
And they shine just like a spoon

To have sixty silver wishes  
Is a small price to pay  
They'll be your private little fishes  
And they'll never swim away

I just want you to be happy  
That's my only wish  
I'll fix your wagon and your musket  
And the spoon will have his dish

And I shudder at the thought of your  
Poor empty hunter's pouch  
So I'll keep the wind from your barrel  
And bless the roof of your house