

# Tom Waits, Lowside Of The Road

I'm on a black elevator  
Goin down  
Little Joe from Kokomo  
It rattles to the ground  
The dice is laughin at the  
man that he throwed  
Your rollin over to the  
Lowside of the road.  
The moon is red and your  
Dancin real slow  
29 miles left to go  
The chain momkeys  
Help you with your load  
You're rollin over to the  
Lowside of the road  
Jezebel is naked  
With an axe  
The prosecution tell you  
To relax  
Your head feels like it's ready  
To explode  
You're rollin over, you're rollin over  
Well the clapper has been ripped  
Out of the bell  
The flapper has been kicked right  
Out of hell  
When the horse whips the  
Man that he rode  
You're rollin over to the Lowside of the road  
The dog won't bite if you beat  
Him with a bone  
She's so shy when she's  
Talkin on the phone  
The round rises up and starts to groan  
You're rollin over to the  
Lowside of the road