

Tom Waits, Mr. Henry

(previously unreleased)

Mr. Henry stumbles home
When the evening's done
He's as poor as a church mouse
High on the Meyer's rum
Tugging at his shirttail
Jiggling a church key
Chewing on a toothpick
On another binge
Trampling the rosebush
Whistin' to himself...
Now don't wake up the neighbours
Spitting on the hinge
Rattling the milkbottles
Tripping on a skate
Hidin' from the Newsboys
Before it's too late
The Screen door's open
Don't make no noise in the Kitchen
Got no excuse
For a cold, grey wife that starts bitchin'
That the no good bum's at it again
After she's given him
The best years of her life
He'll tell her he was celebrating
Savage's divorce
Played a hunch out at Yonkers
You can never trust a horse
And thrown in jail
Swore he'd never do these things again
He's got an alibi
But never tells her where he's been

"Henry! Henry!"