

Tom Waits, Paradise Alley

When the hawk's in the kitchen and the sirens in bloom
And the losers have been swept from the gin mills
Hello sucker, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
34th Street good tidings to you

And will you meet me in Paradise Alley tonight
We'll leave town in a bottle of whiskey
And come on, you old scarecrow, and be a wheel, not a lamppost
Just put a saddle on a wishbone, and you're halfway there

You know, the heroes will wait where their dreams used to be
Go on and ask the hooligans as they sweep down the midway
I'm going waltzing tonight with the Statue of Liberty
And come on, you old lazy-bones, let's get out of this place

Will you meet me in Paradise Alley tonight
We'll leave town in a bottle of whiskey
And come on, you old scarecrow, and be a wheel, not a lamppost
Just put a saddle on a wishbone, and you're halfway there

Now there's a counterfeit moon, and I'm seeing right through it
Cause the dawn spent it all in one place
And we'll rise to the top of the morning tonight
You can ride on my shoulders, and I'll show you the way

If you meet me in Paradise Alley tonight
We'll leave town in a bottle of whiskey
So come on, you old scarecrow, and be a wheel, not a lamppost
Just put a saddle on a wishbone, and you're halfway there