

# Tom Waits, Take Care Of All Of My Children

Oh, take care of all my children  
Don't let 'em wander and roam  
Oh, take care of all of my children  
For I don't know when I'm comin' back home

You can put all of my possessions here in Jesus' name  
nail a sign on the door  
Bright and early Sunday morning with my walking cane  
I'm going up to see my lord

Oh, keep them together at the sundown  
Safe from the devil's hand  
You gotta make them a pillow on the hard ground  
I'll be goin' up to Beaula Land(1)

You can put all of my possessions here in Jesus' name  
and nail a sign on the door  
Bright and early Sunday morning with my walking cane  
I'm going up to see my lord

Oh, remember you never trust the devil  
Stay clear of Lucifer's hand  
Oh, and don't let 'em wander in the meadow  
Or you'll wind up in the fryin' pan

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