

Tom Waits, The Black Rider

Come on along with the Black Rider
We'll have a gay old time
Lay down in the web of the black spider
I'll drink your blood like wine
So come on in
It ain't no sin
Take off your skin
And dance around in your bones

So come on along with the Black Rider
We'll have a gay old time

Anchors away with the Black Rider
I'll drink your blood like wine
I'll drop you off in Harlem with the Black Rider
Out where the bullets shine
And when you're done
You cock your gun
The blood will run
Like ribbons in your hair

So come on along with the Black Rider
We'll have a gay old time

Come on along with the Black Rider
I've got just the thing for thee
Come on along with the Black Rider
I want your company
I'll have the veal
A Lovely meal
That's how I feel
May I use your skull for a bowl

Come on along with the Black Rider
We'll have a gay old time