

Tom Waits, We're All Mad Here

You can hang me in a bottle like a cat
Let the crows pick me clean but for my hat
Where the wailing of a baby
Meets the footsteps of the dead
We're all mad here

As the devil sticks his flag into the mud
Mrs Carol has run off with Reverend Judd
Hell is such a lonely place
And your big expensive face will never last

And you'll die with the rose still on your lips
And in time the heart-shaped bone that was your hips
And the worms, they will climb the rugged ladder of your spine
We're all mad here

And my eyeballs roll this terrible terrain
And we're all inside a decomposing train
And your eyes will die like fish
And the shore of your face will turn to bone