

# Amos Tori, Time

Amos Tori  
Strange Little Girls  
Time  
(Waits)  
Tom Waits - from Rain Dogs (1985)

Well, the smart moneys on Harlow  
And the moon is in the street  
The shadow boys are breaking all the laws  
And youre east of East St. Louis  
And the wind is making speeches  
And the rain sounds like a round of applause  
Napoleon is weeping in the Carnival saloon  
His invisible fiance is in the mirror  
The band is going home  
Its raining hammers, its raining nails  
Yes, its true, theres nothing left for him down here

Chorus:

And its Time Time Time  
And its Time Time Time  
And its Time Time Time  
That you love  
And its Time Time Time  
And they all pretend theyre Orphans  
And their memorys like a train  
You can see it getting smaller as it pulls away  
And the things you cant remember  
Tell the things you cant forget that  
History puts a saint in every dream  
Well she said shed stick around  
Until the bandages came off  
But these mamas boys just dont know when to quit  
And Matilda asks the sailors are those dreams  
Or are those prayers  
So just close your eyes, son

And this wont hurt a bit

Chorus

Well, things are pretty lousy for a calendar girl

The boys just dive right off the cars

And splash into the streets

And when shes on a roll she pulls a razor

From her boot and a thousand

Pigeons fall around her feet

So put a candle in the window

And a kiss upon his lips

Till the dish outside the window fills with rain

Just like a stranger with the weeds in your heart

And pay the fiddler off till I come back again