

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