

# Los Lobos, Jockey Full Of Bourbon

(Tom Waits)

Edna million in a drop dead suit  
Dutch pink on a downtown train  
Two-dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot  
I'm in the corner on the pouring rain  
Sixteen men on a dead man's chest  
And I've been drinking from a broken cup  
Two pairs of pants and a mohair vest  
I'm full of bourbon, I can't stand up

Hey little bird, fly away home  
Your house is on fire, children are alone  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
Your house is on fire, your children are alone

Schiffer broke a bottle on morgan's head  
And I'm stepping on the devil's tail  
Across the stripes of a full moon's head  
And through the bars of a cuban jail  
Bloody fingers on a purple knife  
Flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass  
I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife  
Admire the view from up on top of the mast

Hey little bird, fly away home  
House is on fire, children are alone  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
House is on fire, your children are alone

I said hey little bird, fly away home  
Your house is on fire, your children are alone  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
House is on fire, your children are alone

Yellow sheets on a hong kong bed  
Stazybo horn and a slingerland ride  
To the carnival is what she said  
A hundred dollars makes it dark inside  
Edna million in a drop dead suit  
Dutch pink on a downtown train  
Two-dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot  
I'm in the corner on the pouring rain

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