

# Tom Waits, 16 Shells From A 30.6 (Live In Paris)

I plugged 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six  
And a black crow snuck through a hole in the sky  
So I spent all my buttons on an old pack mule  
And I made me a ladder from a pawn shop marimba  
And I leaned it up against a dandelion tree  
Leaned it up against a dandelion tree  
Leaned it up against a dandelion tree

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'  
16 shells from a thirty-ought-six  
Whittle you into kindlin'  
16 shells from a thirty-ought-six

Well I slept in the holler of a dry creek bed  
And I tore out the buckets from a red Corvette  
Tore out the buckets from a red Corvette  
Lionel and Dave and the Butcher made three  
You got to meet me by the knuckles of the skinnybone tree  
With the strings of a Washburn stretched like a clothes line  
You know me and that mule scrambled right through the hole  
Me and that mule scrambled right through the hole

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'  
16 shells from a thirty-ought-six  
Whittle you into kindlin'  
16 shells from a thirty-ought-six

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'  
16 shells from a thirty-ought-six  
Whittle you into kindlin'  
16 shells from a thirty-ought-six

Now I hold him prisoner in a Washburn jail  
That I strapped on the back of my old kick mule  
Strapped it on the back of my old kick mule  
Bang on the strings driving them all crazy  
I'm gonna strum it loud, gonna strum it loud  
I'm gonna strum it loud baby, yeah gotta strum it loud  
Strum it loud, strum it loud, strum it loud

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'  
16 shells from a thirty-ought-six  
Whittle you into kindlin'  
16 shells from a thirty-ought-six  
16 shells, 16 shells, 16 shells