

Tom Waits, All The Time

You're the tree that you can't
Eat the fruit from
I heard horses came to
Ride me away - I want shade
And a good place to shoot from
If it's a clock I'd be the end of the day
You know you're not the boss of me
You can lift your skirt
You can shake your hair
But I got all the time in the world

You're the ditch in the road where the
Wheels keep spinning. You're the same dead cat
Clawing it's way back grinning. You know
You got a bad reputation and you're nine lives
Way down the line. I got a jacket to put on
And a hat to wear. I wouldn't waste a
Gallon on you out there and I got all
The time in the world
A bridge is only there for you to jump
Off of. And there ain't no rain clouds
That are blue. I do declare my
Independence baby I shot off all my
Fireworks for you. The river's burning
And the trees are on fire
there's lots of good rubber left on these tires
And I've got all the time in the world

Baby you're the light that won't change
That I got suck at
You're the fan that won't work
At the motel
They were all out of red so I got
Me a blue one
Baby you're always using mine, why you get
You one. I know you won't go very far
You left your blonde wig in the car
And I got all the time in the world