

Tom Waits, Altar Boy

He's an ol' altar boy
Lying out there in the street
He's an ol' altar boy
Bound up in leather and chains
That's why I'm feeling so blue
I'm an old altar boy
What about you?

Now, I can order in Latin
Make 'em au gratin, Joe
I'm an old altar boy
That's why I'm so depressed
I never got the rest of the dream
Just the ritual
Now I'm habitual
Majoring in crimes that are unspeakable
Cause I'm an old altar boy
That's what happened to me.

I'm an old altar boy
He's hoping he can meet a woman dressed like a nun
He knows there's got to be some around here
Drinking across from the church
A little Father Cribari wine
On a Sunday morn' time.

I'm an old altar boy.
Why is he winking at this time in his life?
He never took a wife, cause he's an old altar boy
Oh, yeah...
What about you?