

Tom Waits, Barcarolle

A cloud lets go of the moon
Her ribbons are all out of tune
She's skating on the ice in a glass
In the hands of a man
That she kissed on a train
And the children have all gone into town
To get candy
And we are alone in the house here
And your eyes fall down on me

I belong only to you
The water is filling my shoes
In the wine of my heart there's a stone
In a well made of bone
I will bring to the pond
And I'm here in your picket
And curled up in a dollar
And the chain from your watch
Around my neck
And I'll stay right here
Until it's time

The girls all knit in the shade
Before the baby is made
The branches bend down to the ground
Here to swing on
I'm lost in the blond summer grass
And the train whistle blows
And the carnival goes
Till there's only the tickets and crows here
But the grass will all grow back

The branches spell Alice
And I belong only to you