

Tom Waits, Bottom Of The World

My daddy told me, lookin back,
The best friend you'll have is a railroad track
So when I was 13 said, I'm rollin' my own,
And I'm leaving Missouri and I'm never comin' home

And I'm lost
And I'm lost
I'm lost at the bottom of the world
I'm handcuffed to the bishop and the barbershop liar
I'm lost at the bottom of the world.

Satchel Puddin' and Lord God Mose
Sitting by the fire with a busted nose
That fresh egg yeller is too damn rare
But the white part is perfect for slickin' down your hair

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I'm lost at the bottom of the world.

Blackjack Ruby and Nimrod Cain
The moon's the color of a coffee stain
Jesse Frank and Birdy Joe Hoaks
But who is the king of all these folks?

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Well I dined last night with Scarface Ron
On Telapia fish cakes and fried black swan
Razorweed onion and peacock squirrel
And I dreamed all night about a beautiful girl

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Well God's green hair is where I slept last
He balanced a diamond on a blade of grass
Now I woke me up with a cardinal bird
And when I wanna talk
Hangs on every word

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