

# Tom Waits, Buzz Fledderjon

I stood on the roof, of Stuart's old Dodge  
to get a better look at the Fledderjohn's lodge  
Bait shop, pistols and ammo too  
Nothing but books about World War II  
Rottweiler, Doberman, a Pinkerton guard  
I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard

I ain't allowed  
No, I ain't allowed  
I said, I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard

I seen a python swallowing a Dobermann whole  
Piranha swimming in a mixing bowl

Papers full of stabbings, the sky's full of crows  
She's singing in Italian while she's hanging out her clothes  
Carp in the bathtub and it's raining real hard  
I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard

I said, that I ain't allowed  
No, I ain't allowed  
No, I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard.

Well, a sailor's ringing doorbells, the sinner's in the pew  
Weather vane squeaking to the west  
I seen the cliffs of Dover and the deepest ocean blue  
One thing in the world I can't recommend to you

Cause I ain't allowed  
I said, I ain't allowed  
No, I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard

I said, I ain't allowed  
No, I ain't allowed  
I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard

I ain't allowed  
I ain't allowed  
I said, I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard