

# Tom Waits, Children's Story

Once upon a time there was a poor child,  
with no father and no mother  
And everything was dead  
And no one was left in the whole world  
Everything was dead

And the child went on search, day and night  
And since nobody was left on the earth,  
he wanted to go up into the heavens  
And the moon was looking at him so friendly  
And when he finally got to the moon,  
the moon was a piece of rotten wood

And then he went to the sun  
And when he got there, the sun was a wilted sunflower  
And when he got to the stars, they were little golden flies.  
Stuck up there, like the shrike sticks 'em on a blackthorn

And when he wanted to go back, down to earth,  
the earth was an overturned piss pot  
And he was all alone, and he sat down and he cried  
And he is there till this day  
All alone:

Okay, there's your story!  
Night-night!