

Tom Waits, Coattails Of A Dead Man

One... two... three... one

Well, he wasn't looking for fanfare or fame
But it all came around just the same
He then met a girl with desire in her eye
He gave her love, she took his name

The times they were good, the times they were bad
Most times it was just in-between
The hard pill he swallowed was the times that they had
She put on display for all to be seen

Some find their solace in work or the Lord
She was quite content in her dream
When his eyes they burned from the bright lime light
He found comfort in the bottle of the old Jimmy Beam

One day from the depths of his deep darkened hole
He reached out for something to feel
She offered back nothin' but lack of respect
So he let himself out with two barrels of steel

She cried in the day, she cried in the night
She cried loudest when someone was near
Whether crying for him or she cried for herself
The bigger the camera the bigger the tear

Most folks agree she was living a hell
And publicly she showed her pain
And never once was there a thought for herself
And the ever growing slices of fortune and fame

Now on the coattails of a dead man she'll ride (she'll ride)
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride, she'll ride
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride, she'll ride high

On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride (she'll ride)
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride, she'll ride
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride, she'll ride high

On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride (she'll ride)
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride, she'll ride
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride, she'll ride high

On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride (she'll ride)
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride, she'll ride
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride, she'll ride high

On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride (she'll ride)
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