

Tom Waits, Crossroads

Now, George was a good straight boy to begin with, but there was bad blood
In him; somehow he got into the magic bullets and that leads straight to Devil's work, just like marijuana leads to heroin; you think you can take them bullets or leave 'em, do you?
Just save a few for your bad days

Well, now, we all have those bad days when you can't shoot for shit.

The more of them magics you use, the more bad days you have without them
So it comes down finally to all your days being bad without the bullets
It's magics or nothing
Time to stop chipping around and kidding yourself,
Kid, you're hooked, heavy as lead

And that's where old George found himself
Out there at the crossroads
Molding the Devil's bullets
Now a man figures it's his bullets, so it will
Hit what he wants to hit
But it don't always work that way

You see, some bullets is special for a single aim
A certain stag, or a certain person
And no matter where you are, that's where the bullet will end up
And in the moment of aiming, the gun turns into a dowser's wand
And point where the bullet wants to go

(George Schmid was moving in a series of convulsive spasms, like someone with an epileptic fit, with his face distorted and his eyes wild like a lassoed horse bracing his legs. But something kept pulling him on. And now he is picking up the skulls and making the circle.)

I guess old George didn't rightly know what he's getting himself into
The fit was on him and it carried him right to the crossroads