

Tom Waits, Diamonds & Gold

Broken glass, rusty nails where the wild violets grow
Say goodbye to the railroad, the mad dogs of summer
And everything that I know

What some men will do here for diamonds
What some men will do here for gold
They're wounded but they just keep on climbing
And sleep by the side of the road

There's a hole in the ladder, a fence we can climb
Mad as a hatter, you're thin as a dime
Go out to the meadow, the hills are a-green
Sing me a rainbow, steal me a dream

Small-time Napoleon's shattered his knees
But he stays in the saddle for Rose
And all his disciples, they shave in the gutter
And they gather what's left of his clothes

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