

# Tom Waits, Flash Pan Hunter

The flash pan hunter sways with the wind  
His rifle is the sound of the morning  
Each sulfurous bullet way have it's own wit  
Each cartridge comes with a warning  
Beware of elaborate telescopic meats  
They will find their way back to the forest

For Wilhelm can't wait  
To be Peg Leg's crown  
As the briar is strangling  
The rose back down

His back shall be my slender new branch  
It will sway and bend in the breeze  
As the devil does his polka  
Wit ha hatchet in his hand  
As a sniper in the branches of the trees  
As the vulture flutters down  
As the snake sheds his dove  
Wilhelm's cutting off his fingers  
So they'll fit into his glove

For Wilhelm can't wait  
To be Peg Leg's crown  
As the briar is strangling  
The rose back down