Tom Waits, Fumblin' With The Blues / Drunk On T

FUMBLING WITH THE BLUES

Friday left me fumblin' with the blues
And it's hard to win when you always lose
Because the nightspots spend your spirit
beat your head against the wall
Two dead ends and you've still got to choose

You know the bartenders they all know my name
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my head
When I should be living clean instead

You know the ladies I've been seeing off and on
Well they spend your love and then they're gone
You can't be lovin' someone who is savage and cruel
Take your love and then they leave on out of town, no they do

Well now fallin' in love is such a breeze
But its standin' up that's so hard for me
I wanna squeeze you but I'm scared to death I'd break your back
You know your perfume well it won't let me be

And you know the bartenders all know my name
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my head
When I should be living clean instead

Well, come on baby let your love light shine
Gotta bury me inside of your fire
Because your eyes are 'nough to blind me
You're like a-looking at the sun
You gotta whisper tell me I'm the one
Come on and whisper tell me I'm the one
Gotta whisper tell me I'm the one
Come on and whisper tell me I'm the one

DRUNK ON THE MOON

Tight-slack clad girls on the graveyard shift
'Neath the cement stroll, catch the midnight drift
Cigar chewing Charlie in that newspaper nest
Grifting hot horse tips on who's running the best

And I'm blinded by the neon
Don't try and change my tune
Cause I thought I heard a saxophone
I'm drunk on the moon

And the moon's a silver slipper, it's pouring champagne stars
And Broadway's like a serpent pulling shiny top-down cars
Laramer is teeming with that undulating beat
And some Bonneville is screaming, it's way wilder down the street

And I'm blinded by the neon
Don't try and change my tune
I thought I heard a saxophone
I'm drunk on the moon

Hearts flutter and race, the moon's on the wane
Tarts mutter their dream hopes the night will ordain
Come schemers and dancers, cherry delight
As a Cleveland-bound Greyhound, and it cuts through the night

And I've hawked all my yesterdays
Don't try and change my tune
Cause I thought I heard a saxophone
I'm drunk on the moon

VIRGINIA AVENUE

Well, I'm walkin' down Virginia Avenue
I'm tryin' to find somebody to tell my troubles to
Harold's club is closin', everybody's goin' on home
What's a poor sailor to do?

I guess I'll get on back into my short, make it back to the fort
Sleepin' off the craziness that's inside of my brain
Got to be some place that's better than this
This life I'm leadin's drivin' me insane
And I'm dreamin'

And I'm dreamin' to the twilight, cause this town has got me down
I've seen all of the highlights, I've been walkin' it around
I won't make a fuss, I'll take a Greyhound bus
Carry me away from here, now what have I got to lose?

I'm just a-walkin' down Columbus Avenue
Bars are all closin', cause it's quarter to two
Every town I go to is like a lock without a key
The blues I leave behind keep catchin' up on me

Catchin' up on me
They're catchin' up on me
Catchin' up on me
Catchin' up on me
Catchin' up on me