Tom Waits, Hoist That Rag

Well I learned the trade
From Piggy Knowles
Sing Sing Tommy Shay Boys
God used me as hammer boys
To beat his weary drum today

Hoist that rag [2x]

The sun is up the world is flat
Damn good address for a rat
The smell of blood
The Drone of flies
You know what to do if
The baby cries

Hoist that rag [2x]

Well we stick our fingers in
The ground, heave and
Turn the world around
Smoke is blacking out the sun
At night I pray and clean my gun
The cracked bell rings as
The ghost bird sings and the gods
Go beggin here
So just open fire
As you hit the shore
All is fair in love
And war

Hoist that rag [4x]