

Tom Waits, I Beg Your Pardon

I'm just a scarecrow
With out you
Baby please don't disappear
I beg your pardon dear

I gotta a bottle full of trumpet
A hatbox full of drum
I beg your pardon dear

I got upset
I lost my head
I didn't mean
The things I said

You are the landscape
Of my dreams
Darlin' I beg your pardon

I'd give your boardwalk
And park place
And all of my hotels
I beg your pardon dear

Please don't go back to st. louis
Can't you tell that I'm sincere
I beg your pardon dear