

# Tom Waits, I'll Be Gone

Written by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Tonight I'll shave the mountain  
I'll cut the hearts from pharoahs  
I pull the road off of the rise  
tear the memories from my eyes  
and in the morning I'll be gone  
I drink 1000 shipwrecks  
tonight I'll steal your paychecks  
I paint the sheets across my bed  
the birds will all fly from my head  
and in the morning I'll be gone  
take every dream that's breathing  
find every boot that's leaving  
shoot all the lights in the cafe  
and in the morning I'll be gone  
I bet 1000 dollars

I tie myself below the deck  
I pull the rope around my neck  
and in the morning I'll be gone  
it takes a life to win her  
there is a drum of bourbon  
800 pounds of nitro  
his boots are thunder as he plays  
theree is a stone inside it  
tonight his bones will ride it  
I'll need a tent to hide it  
and in the morning I'll be gone  
and in the morning I'll be gone  
and in the morning I'll be gone