

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