

# Tom Waits, Mr. Siegal

I spent all my money in a mexican whorehouse  
Across the street from a catholic church  
And then I wiped off my revolver  
And I buttoned up my burgundy shirt

I shot the morning in the back, with my red wings on  
I told the sun he'd better go back down  
And if i can find a book of matches  
I'm goin' to burn this hotel down.

You got to tell me brave captain  
Why are the wicked so strong  
How do the angels get to sleep  
When the devil leaves the porchlight on

Well I dropped thirty grand on the nugget slots  
I had to sell my ass on Fremont street  
And the drummer said there's sanctuary  
Over at the Bagdad room

And now it's one for the money  
Two for the show  
Three to get ready  
And go man go, I said  
Tell me Mr. Siegal  
How do I get out of here

Well Willard's knocked out on a bottle of heat  
Drivin' dangerous curves across the dirty sheets  
He said man you ought to see her  
When her parents are gone  
Man, you ought to hear her when the siren's on

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Don't you know that ain't no broken bottle  
That i picked up in my headlights  
On the other side of the Nevada line  
Where they live hard die young  
And have a good lookin' corpse every time  
Well the pit-boss said I should keep movin'  
This is where you go when you die  
And so I shot a black beauty  
And I kissed her right between the eyes.

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