

# Tom Waits, November

No shadow  
No stars  
there's no moon and  
No cars  
November  
It only believes  
In a pile of dead leaves  
And a moon  
That's the color of bone

No prayers for November  
To linger longer  
Stick your spoon in the wall  
We'll slaughter them all

November has tied me  
To an old dead tree  
Get word to April  
To rescue me  
November's cold chain

Made of wet boots and rain  
And shiny black ravens  
On chimney smoke lanes  
November seems odd  
You're my firing squad  
November

With my hair slicked back  
With carrion shellac  
With the blood from a pheasant  
And the bone from a hare

Tied to the branches  
Of a roebuck stag  
Left to wave in the timber  
Like a buck shot flag

Go away you rainsnout  
Go away blow your brains out  
November