

# Tom Waits, On The Road

I left New York in 1949  
To go across the country without a bad blame dime  
Montana in the cold cold fall  
Found my father in the gambling hall

Father, Father where you been?  
I've been out in the world and I'm only ten  
Father, Father where you been?  
I've been out in the world and I'm only ten

Don't worry about me if I should die of pleurisy

Across to Mississippi, across to Tennessee  
Across the Niagara, home I'll never be  
Home in ol' Medora, home in Ol' Truckee  
Apalachicola, home I'll never be

Better or for worse, thick and thin  
Like being married to the Little poor man  
God he loves me (God he loves me)  
Just like I love him (just like I love him)  
I want you to do (I want you to do)  
Just the same for him (just the same for him, yeah)

Well the worms eat away but don't worry watch the wind  
So I left Monatana on an old freight train (on an old freight train)  
The night my father died in the cold cold rain (in the cold cold rain)

Road to Opelousas, road to Wounded Knee  
Road to Ogallala home I'll never be  
Road to Oklahoma, road to El Cahon  
Road to Tahachapi, road to San Antone

Hey, hey

Road to Opelousas, road to Wounded Knee  
Road to Ogallala, home I'll never be  
Road to Oklahoma, road to El Cahon  
Road to Tahachapi, road to San Antone

Home I'll never be, home I'll never be  
Home I'll never be, home I'll never be  
Home I'll never be, home I'll never be