

Tom Waits, Purple Avenue

As I slow down on purple avenues
To march around in April's shoes
The weathervanes remind
Of summertimes that I've left behind
All the money's gone for Auld Lang Syne
I spent on Eastern Standard Time
What happened to my roll(2)
September fell right through the hole
All I've got is empty pockets now

Oh why does August try so hard
To hoist me on my own petard(3)
I've learned one thing from losing her
That an ounce of prevention's worth a pound of cure
The shadows fall, I cannot thread
The tenor of the things you've said
All that's left is flesh and bone(4)
The lights are on but no one's home
All I've got is empty pockets now

I spill myself another drink
I count the whiskers in the sink(5)
The orchestra is blind
But I've never been the worrying kind
Subsequently and furthermore
I'll sleep right here on the draining board
I will never be paroled
I like to drink them while they're cold
All I've got is empty pockets now