

# Tom Waits, Spidey's Wild Ride

The smoke from the battle fish and the rain soaked through  
and the wheelman left the shore  
and barns tumbled and silos flew across fifteen miles bad road tar  
And big Bull Trometer hung on to the side  
and the pig dogs trembled on Spidey's wild ride

And big John Jizom from downtown Chizom  
flew away with old mrs. Storm  
And they found Bird Lundy neath a keg of nails crooked as a dog's hind leg  
Keeping warm after twenty-nine days on hard assed bread  
he drilled to the big outside and clung like a tick to his waterfront  
life mooned and clouded, blued and skied  
And all the clocks blew up on Spidey's wild ride

And the hills stood up in a great big 3  
and left me whipped by the forces that were inside me  
Loud as the ocean, cold as a desk, red as the water on the river of flesh  
And he was sewing up his pants while he was shoeing a mule  
And he was bucking a head wind gale  
But the crooked ass beauty was trapped to the side  
and he shook on Spidey's wild ride

And all the statue ass makers, and the uprooted trees  
And I shouted way up to where the rabbit digs his hole  
and the wheelman, the jockeys the landlords and thee  
were bucking a head wind south

and I never did see another day outside  
cause I'd had enough travel on Spidey's wild ride