

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