

Tom Waits, Such A Scream

Well pale face said
To the eyeball Kid
She just goes clank and boom and steam
A halo, wings, horns and a tail
Shoveling coal inside my dreams
There are no laws
She's made of cream
She's such a scream

Qui bon tres bien, nails in cement
A Donnie gal from mortal clay
The plow is red
The well is full inside
The dollhouse of her skull
A cheetah coat fills up with steam
She's such a scream

All crooked lines
Her fireplace
A milktrain so clean
Machine gun haste
You'll ride the only wall of shame
And drag that chain across the state
Her lips are red
She is the queen
She's such a scream