

# 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