

Tom Waits, Take Care Of All My Children

Oh, take care of all of my children
Don't let them wander and roam
Oh, take care of all of my children
For I don't know when I'm coming home

You can put all of my possessions here in Jesus' name
Nail a sign on the door
Bright and early Sunday morning with my walking cane
I'm going up to see my Lord

Oh, keep them together at the sundown
Safe from the devil's hand
You got to make a pillow on the hard ground
I'll be goin' up to Beaula land

You can put all of my possessions here in Jesus' name
Nail a sign on the door
Bright and early Sunday morning with my walking cane
I'm going up to see my Lord

Remember you never trust the devil
Stay clear of Lucifer's hand
Don't let them wander in the meadow
Or you'll wind up in the frying pan

You can put all of my possessions here in Jesus' name
And nail a sign on the door
Bright and early Sunday morning with my walking cane
I'm going up to see my Lord

Put all of my possessions here in Jesus' name
Nail a sign on the door
Bright and early Sunday morning with my walking cane
I'm going up to see my Lord