

# Tom Waits, The Fall Of Troy

It's the same with men as with horses and dogs  
Nothing wants to die  
Evelyn James they killed in a game  
With guns too big for their hands  
Just off St. Charles in no man's land and  
You'll have to find your own way home, boys  
You'll have to find your own way home

The oldest was Troy  
An eighteen year old boy  
Shot dead in March in a robbery  
His brither started out  
To hell and to ruin  
Troy's killer was never caught they say  
Young Nick he just went bad that day  
Now he'll have to find his own way home, boys  
He'll have to find his own way home

Why cook dinner  
Why make my bed  
Why come home at all  
Out the door and through the woods  
There's a world where nothing grows

It's hard to say grace and to sit in the place  
Of someone missing at the table  
Mom's hair sprayed tight  
And her face in her hands  
Watching t.v. for answers  
To me  
After all she's only human  
And she's trying to find her own way home, boys  
She's trying to find her own way home

My legs ache, my heart is sore  
The well is full of pennies