## Tom Waits, The Wages Of Love

Down thru the ages All the sages Said don't spend your wages on love

Graft and collusion the intrusion And proceeding foreclosures There's overexposures

Down at the crossroads The question is posed Bridge is washed out And the highway's closed

reason Firmly believe Love was designed To exploit and deceive

There's a \_\_\_\_\_ Wherever you send 'em Every ball \_\_\_\_ in your chest You will see Simple addition Keeps with tradition Don't spend your wages on love

Taking any burgh any city or town Just get on main street and Drive all the way down

You see love has a graveyard

And paid thru the nose

Your shovel's a shot glass Dig your own hole Bury what's left of your miserable soul

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