

# Tom Waits, What Became Of Old Father Craft

Now he's an altar boy, bound up in leather and chains  
What became of old Father Craft  
I'll never forget the Sunday he left  
And gave me something special in the rectory  
He's an altar boy  
Corrected me in the rectory  
And that's why I'm feeling so blue  
Cause I'm an altar boy, what about you?

"Pater noster, qui es in coelis  
Sanctificetur nomen tuum  
Adveniat regnum tuum..."  
"'Pater Noster', yeah"  
"Yeah"

I can order in Latin  
Make 'em au gratin, Joe  
Cause I'm an old altar boy  
That's why I'm so depressed  
I never got the rest of the dream  
Just the ritual  
Now I'm habitual  
Majoring in crimes that are unspeakable  
I'm an altar boy  
That's what happened to me, yeah

He's just an old altar boy  
Laying out there in the street  
He's an altar boy (anyone he can meet)  
Hoping he can meet a woman dressed like a nun  
He knows there's got to be some around here  
Drinking across from the church  
Just a little Father Cribari wine  
On a Sunday morning time  
Remembering when he was busier  
Now he's getting dizzier  
Fill it up, Joe  
You know the routine, yeah  
I'm an altar boy, oh yeah

Out there in the bar, the old altar boy  
[untranscribable]  
Making the scena with a novena  
Why is he winking at this time in his life  
He never took a wife, cause he's an old altar boy  
Drinking Cribari wine  
An altar boy, down here in his prime  
What became of him  
Well, he's looking up the dress of Sister Marie  
He's rather depressed, as you can see  
He hasn't been to mass since nineteen forty-three  
Cause he's an old altar boy  
He figures he got enough religion already in him  
Now he's leafing through the dirty magazines  
He's an altar boy, what became of him  
He's an altar boy, yeah