

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