

# Tom Waits, Bottom Of The World

My daddy told me, lookin back,  
The best friend you'll have is a railroad track  
So when I was 13 said, I'm rollin' my own,  
And I'm leaving Missouri and I'm never comin' home

And I'm lost  
And I'm lost  
I'm lost at the bottom of the world  
I'm handcuffed to the bishop and the barbershop liar  
I'm lost at the bottom of the world.

Satchel Puddin' and Lord God Mose  
Sitting by the fire with a busted nose  
That fresh egg yeller is too damn rare  
But the white part is perfect for slickin' down your hair

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Blackjack Ruby and Nimrod Cain  
The moon's the color of a coffee stain  
Jesse Frank and Birdy Joe Hoaks  
But who is the king of all these folks?

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Well I dined last night with Scarface Ron  
On Telapia fish cakes and fried black swan  
Razorweed onion and peacock squirrel  
And I dreamed all night about a beautiful girl

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Well God's green hair is where I slept last  
He balanced a diamond on a blade of grass  
Now I woke me up with a cardinal bird  
And when I wanna talk  
Hangs on every word

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