

Tom Waits, Buzz Fledderjon

I stood on the roof, of Stuart's old Dodge
to get a better look at the Fledderjohn's lodge
Bait shop, pistols and ammo too
Nothing but books about World War II
Rottweiler, Doberman, a Pinkerton guard
I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard

I ain't allowed
No, I ain't allowed
I said, I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard

I seen a python swallowing a Dobermann whole
Piranha swimming in a mixing bowl

Papers full of stabbings, the sky's full of crows
She's singing in Italian while she's hanging out her clothes
Carp in the bathtub and it's raining real hard
I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard

I said, that I ain't allowed
No, I ain't allowed
No, I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard.

Well, a sailor's ringing doorbells, the sinner's in the pew
Weather vane squeaking to the west
I seen the cliffs of Dover and the deepest ocean blue
One thing in the world I can't recommend to you

Cause I ain't allowed
I said, I ain't allowed
No, I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard

I said, I ain't allowed
No, I ain't allowed
I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard

I ain't allowed
I ain't allowed
I said, I ain't allowed in Buzz Fledderjohn's yard