

# Tom Waits, Old Boyfriends

Old boyfriends,  
Lost in the pocket of your overcoat,  
Like burned out lite bulbs on a ferris wheel.

Old boy friends,  
You remember the kinds of cars they drove,  
Parking in an orange grove.  
He fell in love you see,  
With someone that I used to be.

Tho I very seldom think of him,  
Nevertheless sometimes a mannequin's  
Blue satin dress can make the window  
Like a dream  
Ah but now those dreams belong to someone else,  
Now they talk endlessly  
In a drawer where I keep  
All my

Old boyfriends  
Remember when you were burning for them?  
Why do you keep turning them into  
Old boyfriends?  
They look you up when they're in town  
To see if they can still burn you down  
You fell in love you see  
With someone that I used to be

Old boyfriends  
Turn up every time it rains,  
Fall out of the pages in a magazine  
Old boyfriends.  
Girls fill up the bars every spring,  
Not places for remembering.  
Old boyfriends  
All my old boyfriends  
Old boyfriends