

Waits Tom

"Cold Cold Ground"

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Written by Tom Waits

Crest fallen sidekick in an old cafe
never slept with a dream before he had to go away
there's a bell in the tower
Uncle Ray bought a round
don't worry about the army
in the cold cold ground
now don't be a cry baby
when there's wood in the shed
there's a bird in the chimney
and a stone in my bed
when the road's washed out
they pass the bottle around
and wait in the arms
of the cold cold ground
cold cold ground
there's a ribbon in the willow
and a tire swing rope
and a briar patch of berries
taken over the slope
the cat'll sleep in the mailbox
and we'll never go to town
til we bury every dream in
the cold cold ground
cold cold ground
gimme a Winchester rifle and a whole box of shells
blow the roof off the goat barn
let it roll down the hill
the piano is firewood
times square is a dream
I find we'll lay down together in the cold cold ground
cold cold ground
cold cold ground
call the cops on the Breedloves
bring a bible and a rope
and a whole box of rebel
and a bar of soap
make a pile of trunk tires
and burn 'em all down
bring a dollar with you baby

in the cold cold ground
cold cold ground
take a weathervane rooster
throw rocks at his head
stop talking to the neighbors
til we all go dead
beware of my temper
and the dog that I've found
break all the windows in the
cold cold ground
cold cold ground

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