

Waits Tom

"Gun Street Girl"

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Falling James in the Tahoe mud
Stick around to tell us all the tale
Well he fell in love with a Gun Street girl
And now he's dancing in the Birmingham jail
Dancing in the Birmingham jail

He took a hundred dollars off a slaughterhouse Joe
Brought a brand new Michigan twenty-gauge
He got all liquored up on that road house corn
Blew a hole in the hood of a yellow Corvette
A hole in the hood of a yellow Corvette

He bought a second-hand Nova from a Cuban Chinese
And dyed his hair in the bathroom of a Texaco
With a pawnshop radio, quarter past four
He left for Waukegan at the slamming of the door
Left for Waukegan at the slamming of the door

I said John, John, he's long gone
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home
I said John, John, he's long gone
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home

He's sitting in a sycamore in St. John's wood
Soaking day-old bread in kerosene
Well he was blue as a robin's egg and brown as a hog
He's staying out of circulation 'til the dogs get tired
Out of circulation 'til the dogs get tired

Shadow fixed the toilet with an old trombone
He never get up in the morning on a Saturday
Sitting by the Erie with a bull-whipped dog
Telling everyone he saw, "They went that-a-way, boys"
Telling everyone he saw, "They went that-a-way"

Now the rain's like gravel on an old tin roof
And the Burlington Northern pulling out of the world
Now a head full of bourbon and a dream in the straw
And a Gun Street girl was the cause of it all
A Gun Street girl was the cause of it all

Well he's riding in the shadow by the St. Joe ridge
Hearing the click-clack tapping of a blind man's cane
He was pulling into Baker on a New Year's Eve
One eye on a pistol and the other on the door
One eye on a pistol and the other on the door

Miss Charlotte took her satchel down to King Fish Row
Smuggled in a brand new pair of alligator shoes
With her fireman's raincoat and her long yellow hair
Well they tied her to a tree with a skinny millionaire
They tied her to a tree with a skinny millionaire

I said John, John, he's long gone
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home
I said John, John, he's long gone
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home

Banging on the table with an old tin cup
Sing I'll never kiss a Gun Street girl again
Never kiss a Gun Street girl again
I'll never kiss a Gun Street girl again

I said John, John, he's long gone
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home
I said John, John, he's long gone
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home

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