

## Waits Tom

### "Mr Siegal"

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i spent all my money in a mexican whorehouse, across  
the street from a  
catholic church, and then i wiped off my revolver, and i  
buttoned up my  
burgundy shirt, i shot the morning in the back, with my  
red wings on, i told  
the sun he'd better go back down, and if i can find a  
book of matches, i'm  
goin' to burn this hotel down.

you got to tell me brave captain, why are the wicked so  
strong, how do the  
angels get to sleep, when the devil leaves the  
porchlight on.

well i dropped thirty grand on the nugget slots, i had to  
sell my ass on  
fremont street, and the drummer said there's  
sanctuary, over at the bagdad  
room, and now it's one for the money, two for the  
show, three to get ready,  
and go man go, i said tell me mr. siegel, how do i get  
out of here.

well willard's knocked out on a bottle of heat, drivin'  
dangerous curves  
across the dirty sheets, he said man you ought to see  
her, when her parents  
are gone, man you ought to hear her when the siren's  
on.

you got to tell me brave captain, why are the wicked so  
strong, how do the  
angels get to sleep, when the devil leaves the  
porchlight on.

don't you know that ain't no broken bottle, that i picked  
up in my  
headlights, on the other side of the nevada line, where

they live hard die  
young, and have a good lookin' corpse every time, well  
the pit-boss said i  
should keep movin', this is where you go when you die,  
and so i shot a black  
beauty, and i kissed her right between the eyes.

well willard's knocked out on a bottle of heat, drivin'  
dangerous curves  
across the dirty sheets, he said when the bitch is  
wound up, and her parents  
are gone, man you ought to hear her with the siren on.

you got to tell me brave captain, why are the wicked so  
strong, how do the  
angels get to sleep, when the devil leaves the  
porchlight on.

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