

Fruvous Moxy

"Jockey Full Of Bourbon"

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originally by Tom Waites

Edna Million in a drop dead suit

Dutch Pink on a downtown train

Two-dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot

I'm in the corner on the pouring rain

Sixteen men on a dead man's chest

And I've been drinking from a broken cup

Two pairs of pants and a mohair vest

I'm full of bourbon, I can't stand up

Chorus:

Hey little bird, fly away home

Your house is on fire, children are alone

Hey little bird, fly away home

Your house is on fire, your children are alone

Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head

And I'm stepping on the devil's tail

Across the stripes of a full moon's head

And through the bars of a Cuban jail

Bloody fingers on a purple knife

Flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass

I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife

Admire the view from up on top of the mast

Chorus

I said, Chorus

Yellow sheets on a Hong Kong bed

Stazybo horn and a Slingerland ride

"To the carnival" is what she said

A hundred dollars makes it dark inside

Edna Million in a drop dead suit

Dutch Pink on a downtown train

Two-dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot

I'm in the corner on the pouring rain

Chorus

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