

by Tom Waits
"Black Market Baby"

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She lives in a house
That's way back off the road
There's a man with a lantern
And he carries her soul
A coal stove and a bed
A skillet and a hound
She drove a camel through
A needle
In this sinking board walk town

She's my Black Market Baby
She's my Black Market Baby
She's a diamond that
Wants to stay coal
Wants to stay coal

I swang out wide with her
On hell's iron gate
Anything that you wanted
You could have
My eyes say their prayers to her
Sailors ring her bell
Like a moth mistakes a light bulb
For the moon and goes to hell

She's my Black Market Baby
She's my Black Market Baby
She's a diamond that
Wants to stay coal
Wants to stay coal

There's no prayer like desire
There's amnesia in her kiss
She's a swan and a pistol
And she will follow you like this
In Moberly, Missouri at the
Iroquois Hotel
She checked in with the President
And she ran up quite a Bill
(Chorus)
She's whiskey in a teacup

She gives blondes a lousy name
She's a Bonzai Aphrodite
And a ticket back to Spain
She's a hard way to go
And there ain't no way
To stop
Every time you play the red
The black is coming up

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