Tom Waits "A Sweet Little Bullet From A Pretty Blue"

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it's raining it's pouring and you didn't bring a sweater

nebraska will never let you come back home

and on hollywood and wine

by the thrifty mart sign

any night i'll be willin to bet

there's a young girl

Gun

with sweet little wishes

and pretty blue dreams

standin there and gettin all wet

now there's a place off the drag called the gilbert hotel there's a couple letters burned out in the sign and it's better than a bus stop and they do good buisness every time it rains for sweet little girls with nothing in their jeans but sweet little wishes and pretty blue jeans

now it's raining it's pouring the old mam is snoring now i lay me down to sleep i hear the sirens in the street all the dreams are made of chrome i have no way to get back home i'd rather die before i wake like marilyn monroe and throw my jeans out in the street and the rain will make 'em grow now the night clerk he got a club foot and he's heard every hard luck story at least a hundred times or more he says check out time is 10 am and that's just what he means and you go up the stairs with sweet little wishes and pretty blue dreams

now it's raining it's pouring and hollywods just fine swindle a little out of her dreams put a letter in the sign never trust a scarecrow wearin' shades after dark be careful of that old bow tie he wears it takes a sweet little bullet from a pretty blu gun to put those scarlet ribbons in your hair no that ain't no cherry bomb 4th of july's all done just some fool playin' that second line from the barrel of a pretty blue gun

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