

## Tom Waits

### "Barcarolle"

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A cloud lets go of the moon  
Her ribbons are all out of tune  
She's skating on the ice in a glass  
In the hands of a man  
That she kissed on a train  
And the children have all gone into town  
To get candy  
And we are alone in the house here  
And your eyes fall down on me

I belong only to you  
The water is filling my shoes  
In the wine of my heart there's a stone  
In a well made of bone  
I will bring to the pond  
And I'm here in your picket  
And curled up in a dollar  
And the chain from your watch  
Around my neck  
And I'll stay right here  
Until it's time

The girls all knit in the shade  
Before the baby is made  
The branches bend down to the ground  
Here to swing on  
I'm lost in the blond summer grass  
And the train whistle blows  
And the carnival goes  
Till there's only the tickets and crows here  
But the grass will all grow back

The branches spell Alice  
And I belong only to you

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