

Tom Waits "Goodnight Loving Trail"

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This is a song about Utah Phillips, the golden voice of
the great South-West
And it's about a, it's about a, like a cook on a wagon
train, you know
And they used to call 'em "The Old Woman"
Oh hush up now, I'm trying to sing this damn thing now
(Alright here we go)
I ain't going to open the show tonight
This is Utah Phillips, the golden voice of the great
South-West
And it's about the cook on a wagon train
And they used to call them "Woman"; they called 'em
"Old Woman"
You see, they can't work anymore and they can't ride
so it's kinda like, eh, Charlie Wooster
They give him an apron and always got a five O'clock
shadow and they just wop up a good??? mess of
fiddles???
And eh, this is called "The Goodnight Loving Trail"
witch is a eh, an old cattle trail named after mister
Goodnight and mister Lovin'

You're too old to wrangle, ride in the swing
You beat the triangle and you curse everything
You know if dirt were a kingdom, you would be a king
On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail
Our Old Woman, she's lonesome tonight
And your French harp is crying just like a low bawling
calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light

Ah the cooks fire's out, the coffee's all gone
Now the Ol' Boys are up and they're raising the dawn
And you're sitting there; you're lost in a song
On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail
Our Old Woman is lonesome tonight
Now your French harp is crying just like a low bawling
calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light

Oh your snake oil, your herbs and your liniments too
You can do anything that a doctor can do
Well except find a cure for your own goddamn stew
On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail
Our Old Woman is lonesome tonight
And your French harp is crying just like a low bawling
calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Well get in there and blow out the light

Someday, I know, I'll be just the same
And I'll be wearing an apron instead of a name
Now no-one can change it no-one's to blame
'Cause the dessert's a book written in lizards and sage
You know it's easy to look just like an old torn out page
You're all faded and cracked with the colours of age
On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail
Our Old Woman is lonesome tonight
And your French harp is crying like a low bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get on in there and blow out the light

Goodnight

All for, primarily for the benefit of the radio listening
audience I'm gonna launch into a, little bit of
Metropolitan double talk. It, I did in the last set, I, so
this is a, this is gonna go out on the air this evening
and eh, so I'm gonna do a little piece called "Diamonds
On My Windshield", And eh, it's about driving in a, well,
this particular time was a 1955 Buick Roadmaster and
eh, oh some say it was just about as slick as deer guts
on a doorknob that old car. Had a gold metal flat top, it
was a two tone blue. And the guy that sold it to me lived
in Massachusetts, he was moving back to
Massachusetts and he couldn't take the thing with him
'cause he didn't think it would make it. Come to think, I,
I, I drove it for about 4000 miles, pumped about 2500
into it, sold it for 1250, soÂ... It held up under the strain
and eh, and ehÂ... So this is about driving in the rain
and ehÂ...

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