

## **Tom Waits**

# **"Hang Me In The Bottle"**

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well you can hang me in a bottle like a cat  
let the crows pick me clean but for my hat  
where the wailing of a baby  
meets the footsteps of the dead  
we're all mad here  
and the devil sticks his flag into the mud  
Mrs Carol has run off with Reverend Judd  
hell is such a lonely place  
and your big expensive face will never last  
have I told you all about the eyeball kid?  
he was born alone inside a petri dish  
he was born without a body or a brow  
and you'll die with the rose still on your lips  
and in time the heart-shaped bone that was your hips  
and all the worms  
they will climb the rugged ladder of your spine  
we're all mad here  
and my eyeballs roll this terrible terrain  
and we're all inside a decomposing train  
and your eyes will die like fish  
and the shore of your face will turn to bone  
hang me in a bottle like a cat  
let the crows pick me clean but for my hat  
where the wailing of a baby  
meets the footsteps of the dead  
we're all mad here

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