

Tom Waits

"Hoist That Rag"

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Well I learned the trade
Frome Piggy Knowles and
Sing sing Tommy Shay Boys
gid used me as hammer boys
To beat his weary drum today
Hoist that rag
Hoist that rag
The sun is uo the world is flat
Damn good address for a rat
The smell of blood
The drine of files
You know what to do if
The baby cries
Hoist that rag
Hoist that rag
Well we stick our fingers in
The ground, heave and
Turn the world around
Smoke is blacking out the sun
At night I pray and clean my gun
The cracked bell ring as

The ghost bird sings and the goods

Go begging here

So just open fire

As you hit the shore

All is fair in love

And war

Hoist that rag

Hoist that rag

Hoist that rag

Hoist that rag

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