

## **Tom Waits**

# **"Jockey Full Of Bourbon"**

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Edna Million in a drop dead suit  
Dutch pink on a downtown train  
Two dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot  
I'm in the corner in the pouring rain  
16 men on a deadman's chest  
And I've been drinking from a broken cup  
2 pairs of pants and a mohair vest  
I'm full of bourbon; I can't stand up.  
Chorus:  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
Your house is on the fire; your children all alone  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
Your house is on the fire; your children all alone  
Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head  
And I've been stepping on the devil's tail  
Across the stripes of a full moon's head  
Through the bars of a Cuban jail  
Bloody fingers on a purple knife  
A flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass  
I'm on the lawn with somebody else's wife  
Come admire the view from up on top of the mast  
Chorus  
Yellow sheets in a Hong Kong bed  
Stazybo horn and a Slingerland ride  
To the carnival is what she said  
A hundred dollars makes it dark inside

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