

Tom Waits

"Pay Me"

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They pay me not to come home,
Keeping me stoned,
I won't run away.

They say it's easy to get,
Stuck in this town,
Just like Joan.
You know I gave it all up for the stage
They fill my cup up in a cage
It's nobody's business but mine, when I'm low,
To hold yourself upside a crime here you know
At the end of the world

And I kick my foot at the lights.
I breathe it in all night.
There's a light on a canvas tree
And money from home, supporting me.
They pay me not to come home
I've already croaked
I'll stay away

And though all roads will not lead you home my girl,
All roads lead, to the end of the world.
And I've sown a little luck up in the hem of my gun
The only way down from the gallows, is
To swing.

And I'll wear boots instead of high heels,
And the next stage that I'll have on it will have wheels

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