

Tom Waits

"Story"

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Once upon a time there was a poor child
With no father and no mother
And everything was dead
And no one was left in the whole world
Everything was dead

And the child went on search day and night
And since nobody was left on the earth
He wanted to go up into the heavens
And the moon was looking at him so friendly
And when he finally got to the moon
The moon was a piece of rotten wood

And then he went to the sun
And when he got there
The sun was a wilted sunflower
And when he got to the stars
They were little golden flies
Stuck up there like the shrike
Sticks 'em on a blackthorn

And when he wanted to go back down to earth
The earth was an overturned piss pot
And he was all alone
He sat down and he cried
And he is there till this day
All alone

Okay there's your story
Night night

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