

Tom Waits "The Fall Of Troy"

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It's the same with men as with horses and dogs
Nothing wants to die
Evelyn James they killed in a game
With guns too big for their hands
Just off St. Charles in No-Mans Land
And you'll have to find your own way home, boys
You'll have to find your own way home

The oldest was Troy, an eighteen year-old boy
Shot dead in March with a robbery
His brother started out to hell and to ruin
Troy's killer was never caught they say
Young nick he just went bad that day
Now he'll have to find his own way home, boys
He'll have to find his own way home

Why cook dinner?
Why make my bed?
Why come home at all?
Out the door and through the woods
There is a world where nothing grows

It's hard to say grace and to sit in the place
Of someone missing at the table
Mom's hair sprayed tight
And her face in her hands
Watching TV for answers to me
After all she's only human
And she's trying to find her own way home, boys
She's trying to find her own way home

My legs ache
My heart is sore
The well is full of pennies

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