

## Tom Waits

### "Wages Of Love"

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Down thru the ages  
All the sages  
said don't spend your wages on Love  
Graft and collusion  
\_\_\_\_\_ the intrusion  
and proceeding foreclosures  
there's overexposures  
down at the crossroads  
the question is posed  
bridge is washed out  
and the highway's closed  
\_\_\_ \_\_\_ \_\_\_ reason  
firmly believe  
love was designed  
to exploit and deceive  
There's a \_\_\_\_\_  
Wherever you send 'em  
Every ball \_\_\_ \_\_\_ in your chest  
You will see  
simple addition  
keeps with tradition  
Don't spend your wages on Love  
Taking any burgh any city or town  
Just get on main street and  
drive all the way down  
You see love has a graveyard  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
and paid thru the nose  
your shovel's a shot glass  
dig your own hole  
bury what's left of your miserable soul  
Down thru the ages  
All the sages  
said don't spend your wages on Love  
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\_\_\_\_\_ the intrusion  
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down at the crossroads  
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