

A Sweet Little Bullet From A Pretty Blue Gun

Tom Waits

Am

Well it s raining it s pouring, you didn t bring a sweater

Am D7/F# E F#7 Gm G#m

Nebraska ll never let you come back home

Am

Hollywood and Vine by the Thrifty Mart sign

D7/F# E F#7 Gm G#m

any night I ll be willin to bet

Am

There s a young girl with sweet little dreams and pretty blue wishes

D/F# E Am

standin there just gettin all wet

Am

And there s a place off the drag called the Gilbert Hotel

D7/F# E F#7 Gm G#m

and there s a couple letters burned out in the sign

Am

And it s better than a bus stop they do good business every time it rains

for little girls with nothing in their jeans

D7/F# E Am

but pretty blue wishes and sweet little jeans

Am

And it s raining it s pouring, the old man is snoring

Now I lay me down to sleep

I hear the sirens in the street

All my dreams are made of chrome

D7/F# E F#7 Gm G#m

I have no way to get back home

Am

I d rather die before I wake

D7/F#

like Marilyn Monroe

Am

and you could throw my dreams out in the street

D7/F# E Am

and let the rain make em grow

(Solo)

**Am**

Now the night clerk he got a club foot

He s heard every hard luck story

**D7/F# E F#7 Gm G#m**

at least a hundred times or more

**Am**

He says: Check out time is 10 a.m.

and that s just what it means

Go on up the stairs

**D7/F# E Am**

with sweet little wishes and pretty blue dreams

**Am**

**D7/F#**

And it s raining it s pouring and Hollywood s just fine

**Am**

Swindle a little girl out of her dreams

**E F#7 Gm G#m**

another letter in the sign

**Am**

Now never trust a scarecrow wearin shades after dark

**D7/F#**

be careful of that old bow tie he wears

It takes a sweet little bullet from a pretty blue gun

**D7/F# E Am**

to put those scarlet ribbons in your hair

(Solo)

**Am**

No, that ain t no cherry bomb

**D/F#**

4th of July s all done

Just some fool playin that second line

**D7/F# E Am**

from the barrel of a pretty blue gun

**Am**

No, that ain t no cherry bomb

**D/F#**

4th of July s all done

Just some fool playin that second line

**D7/F# E Am**

from the barrel of a pretty blue gun