

Jockey Full Of Burbon

Tom Waits

Em

Edna Million in a drop dead suit

B7

Dutch pink on a downtown train

Two dollar pistol but the gun won t shoot

Em

I m in the corner in the pouring rain

16 men on a deadman s chest

B7

And I ve been drinking from a broken cup

2 pairs of pants and a mohair vest

Em

I m full of bourbon; I can t stand up.

[Chorus:]

Am

Em

Hey little bird, fly away home

B7

Em

Your house is on fire; your children are alone

Hey little bird, fly away home

Your house is on fire; your children are alone

Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan s head

And I ve been stepping on the devil s tail

Across the stripes of full moon s head

Through the bars of a Cuban jail

Bloody fingers on a purple knife

A flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass

I m on the lawn with someone else s wife

Come admire the view from up on top of the mast

[Chorus]

Yellow sheets in Hong Kong bed

Stazybo horn and a Singerland ride

To the carnival is what she said

A hundred dollars makes it dark inside.