Red Shoes by the Drugstore

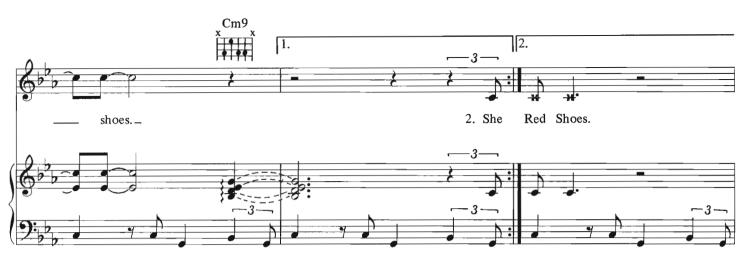
Words and Music by Tom Waits













2. She waited by the drugstore,
Caesar'd never been this late before.
Dogs bayed the moon and rattled their chains,
And the cold jingle of taps in a puddle
Was the burglar alarm snitchin' on Caesar.
And the rain washes memories from sidewalks,
And the hounds splash the nickel full of soldiers.
Santa Claus is drunk in the sky room,
And it's Christmas Eve in a sad cafe.
When the moon gets its way,
There's a little blue jay by the newsstand,
With red shoes, wearin' red shoes.
So meet me tonight by the drugstore,
Meet me tonight by the drugstore,
Meet me tonight by the drugstore.
We're goin' out tonight,
We're goin' out tonight,
Goin' out tonight.
Wear your Red Shoes,
Red Shoes . . .
Red Shoes . . .
Red Shoes . . .

Red Shoes . . .

San Diego Serenade

Words and Music by Tom Waits Slowly C_{ρ} \mathbf{D}^{\flat} G۶ Bb7 Ср Db 1.4. 'N' 'til 'til nev - er the morn - in' saw the white line 'til the east coast G57+5 Cp Eb m saw the stayed up all_ night. ___ nev - er nev - er knew I you be - hind._ was leav - in' saw the nev - er moved to the_{-}

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Semi Suite

Words and Music by Tom Waits Slowly Am⁷ C/D 00 0 C/D G7 F#7 **F**7 **E**7 Am7 0 0 0 x000 3 D9 3 Am7 0 0 0 D9 Well, you hate those dies - els roll - in' and those Fri-day nights out blow-in', when he's off for a twelve hour_ lay o-ver night.___

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2. But the curtain - laced billow, And his hands on your pillow, And his trousers are hangin' on the chair.

You're lyin' through your pain, babe, But you're gonna tell him he's your man, And you ain't got the courage to leave.

3. He tells you that you're on his mind, You're the only one he's ever gonna find That's kind-a special, understands his complicated soul . . .

The only place a man can breath And collect his thoughts Midnight and flyin' away on the road.

4. That you've packed and unpacked So many times you've lost track, And the steam heat is drippin' off the walls.

But when you hear his engines, You're lookin' throught the window in the kitchen and you knew You're always gonna be there when he calls,

'Cause he's a truck drivin' man, stoppin' when he can, He's a truck drivin' man, stoppin' when he can.

Shiver Me Timbers

Words and Music by









Take Me Home



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This One's from the Heart

Words and Music by Tom Waits Very slowly Fm9 Db9 Fm9 E 69 **Db** 9 Fm9 Eb9 Fm9 Fm9 **Db**9 As you go out May - be I'll go down to the cor - ner Blonds,_ bru-nettes and E**b**9 Fm9 it's In - de pen-dence Day; but in - stead I just pour my but I should prob-a - bly wait here
to put a cold chis - el rac - ing form, and get a put ther ham-mer down red - heads

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'Til the Money Runs Out







- 2. Can't you hear the thunder, someone stole my watch,
 I sold a quart of blood and bought a half a pint of scotch.
 Someone tell those Chinamen on Telegraph Canyon Road:
 When you're on the bill with the spoon, there ain't no time to unload,
 So bye bye, baby; baby, bye bye.
- 3. Droopy stranger, lonely dreamer, toy puppy on the Prado,
 We're laughin' as they piled into Olmo's El Dorado.
 Jesus, whispered eenie meenie meenie minie moe
 They're too pround to duck their heads, that's why they bring it down so low.
- 4. The pointed man is smack dab in the middle of July, Swingin' from the rafters in his brand new tie. He said, "I can't go back to that hotel room . . . all they do is shout, But I'll stay wichew, baby, 'till the money runs out!" So bye bye, baby; baby, bye bye.
- 5. Strange bev'rage that falls out from the sky,
 Splashin' Bagdad on the Hudson in Panther Martin's eyes.
 He's high and outside wearin' candy apple red,
 Scarlet gave him twenty-seven stitches in his head.
 With a pint of green chartreuse, ain't nothin' seems right,
 You buy the Sunday paper on Saturday night.
 Bye bye, baby; baby, bye bye.

BIG BLACK MARIAH

Words and Music by Tom Waits









Additional Lyrics

- Sent to the skies on a Benny Jag Blue,
 Off to bed without his supper like the Linda brides do.
 He's got to do the story with the old widow Jones,
 Got a wooden coat, this boy is never comin' home.
 Here comes the big Black Mariah... (etc.)
- 3. Well, he's all boxed up on a red bell dame,
 Fat blue Johnny with a blind man's cane.
 A hundred yellow bullets, sugar rag out in a wind,
 And old blind tiger on a pair of new wings.
 Here comes the big Black Mariah... (etc.)

Blue Valentines

Words and Music by Tom Waits Freely E9 Dm7 **E**9 Dm7 3 3 Phil - a -She sends me blue val - en - tines all the way from 3 Dm7 E9 E9 of the an - ni - ver - sar - y_ del - phi - a ____ to mark 3 E9 Dm7 Am7 like And it feels some-one that I used to be. war - rant





- 2. Blue valentines, like half forgotten dreams,
 Like a pebble in my shoe as I walk these streets,
 And the ghost of your memory
 Baby, there's a sizzle in the kiss,
 It's the burglar that can break a rose's neck,
 It's the tatooed broken promise.
 I got eyes beneath my sleeve,
 I'm gonna see you every time I turn my back.
- 3. You send me blue valentines, though I try to remain at large, They're insisting that our love must have a eulogy. Why do I save all this madness here in the nightstand drawer, There to haunt upon my shoulders, baby, I know I'd be luckier to walk around everywhere I go With this blind and broken heart that sleeps beneath my lapel, Instead these . . .
- 4.Blue valentines to remind me of my cardinal sin,
 I can never wash the guilt or get these bloodstains off my hands,
 And it takes a lot of whiskey to make these nightmares go away.
 And I cut my bleeding heart out every night,
 And I'm gonna die just a little more
 On each Saint Valentine's Day.
 Don't you remember, I promised I would write you
 These blue valentines, blue valentines,
 Blue valentines.

Broken Bicycles







Burma Shave

Words and Music by Tom Waits Quite freely (rubato) Dm7-5 C7/E Dm7-5 C7/E poco rit. C7/E Dm7-5 C7/E Dm7-5 met - al 1. Lic - 'rice ta - too turned blue, ____ a gun mp rubato e sempre legato C7/E C7/E Eb/G E+ Dm7-5 Fm7 Fm7 dy -Took the Scrawled the shoul - ders of the ing town. a - cross

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Christmas Card from a Hooker in Minneapolis

Words and Music by Tom Waits Freely (rubato) ВЬ ВЬ/С Gm Am7 4 mf legato Bb9 Ninth Street, Hey, Char - lie, I'm liv - in' preg - nant, **B**b9 Right a -bove the dirt - y book - store_ off Euc-lid Av - e - nue. _

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Foreign Affair

Words and Music by Tom Waits















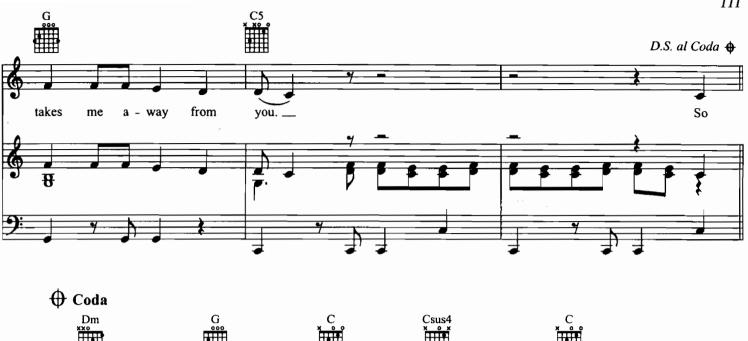
HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD

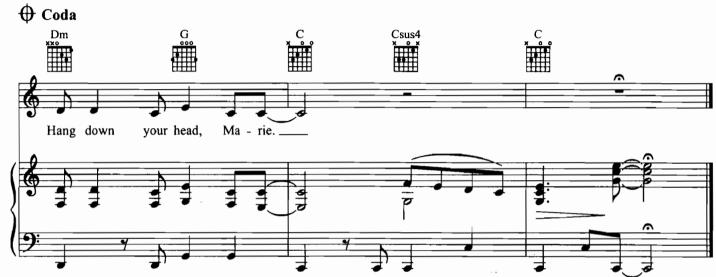
Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan











Heartattack and Vine







I Never Talk to Strangers

Words and Music by Tom Waits











I Wish I Was in New Orleans

(In the Ninth Ward)







3. And deal the cards, roll the dice. If it ain't that ole Chuck E. Weiss. And Clayborn Avenue, me and you, Sam Jones and all.
And I wish I was in New Orleans, I can see it in my dreams.
Arm in arm down Burgundy, Abottle and my friends and me, New Orleans I'll be there.

Invitation to the Blues



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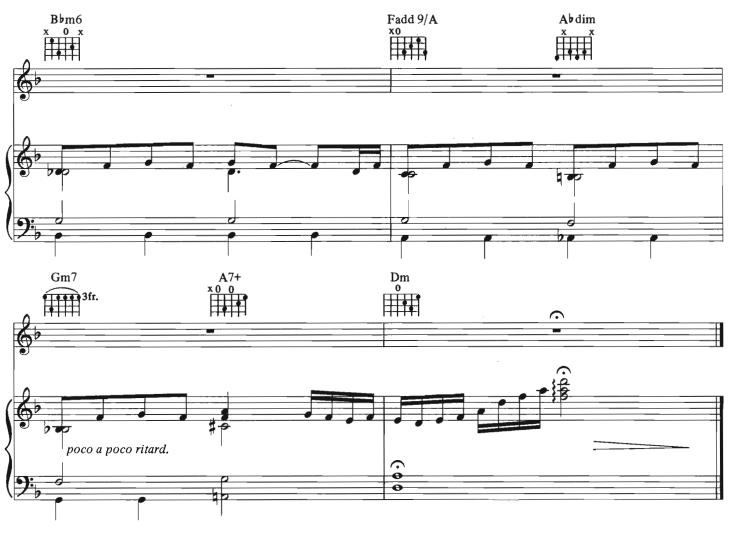












3. But she used to have a sugar daddy,
And a candyapple caddy,
And a bank account and everything
Accostumed to the finer things.
He probably left her for a socialite,
He didn't love her 'cept at night,
And then he's drunk and never told her that he cared.

So they took the registration, The car keys and his shoes, And left with invitation to the blues.

4.But there's a Continental Trailways leavin',
Local bus tonight, good evening,
You can have my seat,
I'm stickin' 'round here for a while,
Get me a room at the Dquire.
The fillin' station's hiring,
Now I can eat here everynight, what the hell have I got to lose.

Got a crazy sensation, Go or stay, and I gotta choose, And I'll accept your invitation to the blues.

Jersey Girl

Words and Music by Tom Waits Moderately slow the street mak - in' Got no time down on for the cor-ner boys A7sus4 0 0 0 all that noise.__ Don't want no whores on Eighth Av - e - nue, 'Cause to - night___ I'm gon - na 'cause to - night I'm gon-na be with you.__

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Kentucky Avenue











- 2. And we'll break all the windows in the old Anderson place, We'll steal a bunch of boysenberries and I'll smear 'em on your face.
- 3. I'll get a dollar from my mama's purse and buy that skull-and-crossbones ring, And you can wear it around your neck on an old piece of string.
- 4. Then we'll spit on Ronnie Arnold and flip him the bird, And slash the tires on the school bus, now don't say a word.
- 5.I'll take a rusty nail and scratch your initials in my arm, I'll show you how to sneak up on the roof of the drugstore.
- 6. I'll take the spokes from your wheelchair and a magpie's wings, And I'll tie 'em to your shoulders and your feet.
- 7.I'll steal a hacksaw from my dad and cut the braces off your legs, And we'll bury them tonight out in the cornfield.









New Coat of Paint



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2nd Verse

All our scribbled love dreams are lost or thrown away, Here amidst the shuffle of an overflowin' day. Our love needs a transfusion so let's shoot it full of wine. Fishin' for a good time starts with throwin' in your line.



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Old Boyfriends

Words and Music by Tom Waits Slowly G7-9 Cm7 Cm7 G7-9 Cm7 poco rit. G7-9 Fm7 Bb7 Cm7 Cm7 lost in the pock-et of your Old boy friends, o S mf a tempo Dm7-5 G7 G7-5 G7 Cm7Dm7-5 x000 like burned out light - bulbs o ver - coat, on a fer ris wheel.

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3







- 2.Old boyfriends,
 Remember when you were burning for them?
 Why do you keep turning them into
 Old boyfriends?
 They look you up when they're in town,
 To see if they can still burn you down.
 You fell in love, you see . . . (etc.)
- 3. Old boyfriends
 Turn up every time it rains,
 Fall out of the pages in a magazine.
 Old boyfriends.
 Girls fill up the bars every spring,
 Not places for remembering, (To Coda)

On the Nickel



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