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Big In Japan (Waits/Brennan)
I got the style but not the grace
I got the clothes but not the face
I got the bread but not the butter
I got the winds but not the shutter

But I'm big in Japan I'm big in Japan But heh I'm big in Japan

I got the house but not the deed
I got the horn but not the reed
I got the cards but not the luck
I got the wheel but not the truck

But heh I'm big in Japan I'm big in Japan I'm big in Japan

I got the moon I got the cheese I got the whole damn nation
On its knees I got the rooster I got the crow
I got the ebb I got the flow

I got the powder but not the gun
I got the dog but not the gun
I got the clouds but not the sky
I got the stripes but not the tie

But heh I'm big in Japan I'm big in Japan I'm big in Japan

Heh ho they love the way I do it
Heh ho there's really nothing to it

I got the moon I got the cheese
I got the whole damn nation on their knees
I got the rooster I got the crow
I got the ebb I got the flow

I got the sizzle but not the steak
I got the boat but not the lake
I got the sheets but not the bed
I got the jam but not the bread

But heh I'm big in Japan I'm big in Japan I'm big in Japan
I'm big in Japan, I'm big in Japan.

Hold On (Waits/Brennan)
They hung a sign up in our town
"If you live it up, you won't live it down"
So, she left Monte Rio, son
just like a bullet leaves a gun
With charcoal eyes and Monroe hips
She went and took that California trip
Well, the moon was gold, her
hair like wind
She said don't look back just
come on Jim
(Chorus)
Oh you got to
Hold on, Hold on
You got to hold on
Take my hand, I'm standing right here
You gotta hold on

Well, he gave her a dime-store watch
and a ring made from a spoon
Everyone is looking for someone to blame
but you share my bed, you share my name
Well, go ahead and call the cops
you don't meet nice girls in coffee shops
She said baby, I still love you
Sometimes there's nothin left to do

Oh you got to
Hold on, hold on
You got to hold on
Take my hand, I'm standing right here, you got to
just hold on

Well, God bless your crooked little heart
St. Louis got the best of me
I miss your broken-china voice
How I wish you were still
here with me

Well, you build it up, you wreck it down
you burn your mansion to the ground
When there's nothing left to keep you here, when
you're falling behind in this
big blue world

Oh you got to
Hold on, hold on
You got to hold on
Take my hand, I'm standing right here
You got to hold on

Lowside Of The Road (Waits/Brennan)
I'm on a black elevator
going down
Little Joe from Kokomo
it rattles to the ground
The dice is laughin at the
man that he threwed
Your rollin over to the
Lowside of the road

The moon is red and your
dancin real slow
29 miles left to go
The chain monkeys
help you with your load
You're rollin over to the
Lowside of the road

Jezebel is naked
with an axe
the prosecution tells you
to relax
Your head feels like it's ready
to explode
You're rollin over, you're rollin over

Well the clapper has been ripped
out of the bell
The flapper has been kicked right
out of hell
When the horse whips the
man that he rode
You're rollin over to the Lowside of the road

The dog won't bite if you beat
him with a bone
She's so sly when she's
talkin on the phone
The ground rises up and starts to
groan
You're rollin over to the
Lowside of the road
Down by the Riverside motel,
it's 10 below and falling
by a 99 cent store she closed her eyes
and started swaying
but it's so hard to dance that way
when it's cold and there's no music
well your old hometown is so far away
but, inside your head there's a record
that's playing, a song called

Hold on, hold on
You really got to hold on
Take my hand, I'm standing right here
and just hold on.

Get Behind The Mule (Waits/Brennan)
Molly be damned smote Jimmy the Harp
With a horrid little pistol and a lariat
she's goin' to the bottom
and she's goin' down the drain
Said she wasn't big enough to carry it

She got to get behind the Mule
in the morning and plow
She got to get behind the Mule
in the morning and plow
She got to get behind the Mule
in the morning and plow
She got to get behind the Mule
in the morning and plow

Choppity chop goes the axe in the woods
You gotta meet me by the fall down tree
Shovel dirt upon a coffin lid
and I know they'll come lookin' for me boys
and I know they'll come a-lookin' for me

Get to get behind the Mule
in the morning and plow
Get to get behind the Mule
in the morning and plow
Get to get behind the Mule
in the morning and plow
Get to get behind the Mule
in the morning and plow

Big Jack Earl was 8'11"
He stood in the road and he cried
He couldn't make her love him
Couldn't make her stay
but tell the good Lord that he tried
(Chorus)

Dusty trail from Atchison to Placerville
On the wreck of the Weaverville stage
Beauregard fired on Beauty for a lemonade
I was stirring my brandy with a nail boy
Stirring my brandy with a nail

(Chorus)

Well the rampaging sons of the widow James
Jack the cutter and the pock marked kid
Had to stand naked at the bottom
Of the cross
And tell the good lord what they did
Tell the good lord what they did
(Chorus)

Punctuated birds on the power line
In a Studebaker with the Birdie Joe Hoaks
I'm diggin' all the way to China
With a silver spoon
While the hangman fumbles with the noose, boys
The hangman fumbles with the noose

(Chorus)
Pin your ear to the wisdom post
Pin your eye to the line
Never let the weeds get higher
than the garden
Always keep a sapphire in your mind
Always keep a diamond in your mind
(Chorus)

House Where Nobody Lives (T. Waits)
There's a house on my block
that's abandoned and cold
Folks moved out of it a long time ago
and they took all their things
and they never came back
Looks like it's haunted
with the windows all cracked
and everyone calls it the house, the house where nobody lives.

Once it held laughter
Once it held dreams
Did they throw it away
Did they know what it means
Did someone's heart break
or did someone do somebody wrong?

Well the paint was all cracked
It was peeled off of the wood
Papers were stacked on the porch
where I stood
and the weeds had grown up just as high as the door
There were birds in the chimney
and an old chest of drawers
Looks like no one will ever come back to the
House where nobody lives

Once it held laughter
Once it held dreams
Did they throw it away
Did they know what it means
Did someone's heart break
or did someone do somebody wrong?

So if you find someone
someone to have, someone to hold
Don't trade it for silver
Don't trade it for gold
I have all of life's treasures
and they are fine and they are good
They remind me that houses
Are just made of wood
What makes a house grand
 Ain't the roof or the doors
If there's love in a house
It's a palace for sure
Without love...
It ain't nothin' but a house
A house where nobody lives
Without love it ain't nothin'
But a house, A house where Nobody lives.
Cold Water (Waits/Bronnac)

Well I woke up this morning
With the cold water
With the cold water
With the cold water
Woke up this morning
With the cold water
With the cold water
With the cold water

Police at the station
and they don't look friendly
Well they don't look friendly
Well they don't look friendly
Police at the station
and they don't look friendly
They don't look friendly well
they don't

Blind or crippled
Sharp or dull
I'm reading the Bible
by a 40 watt bulb
What price freedom
Dirt is my rug
Well I sleep like a baby
with the snakes and the bugs

Well the stores are open
but I ain't got no $
I ain't got no $
Stores are open but I
ain't got no $
ain't got no $
Well I ain't

Found an old dog
and he seems to like me
seems to like me
well he seems to like me
Found an old dog and he
seems to like me
seems to like me
well he seems

See them fellows
with the cardboard signs
scrapin up a little $
to buy a bottle of wine
Pregnant women and
the Vietnam vets I say
beggin on the freeway
Bout as hard as it gets

Well I slept in the graveyard
it was cool and still
cool and still
it was cool and still
Slept in the graveyard
it was cool and still
cool and still and it
was cool

Slept all night in the Cedar grove
I was born to ramble
born to rove
Some men are searchin for the
Holy Grail
but there ain't nothin sweeter
than ridin the rails
(Solo)

I look 47 but I'm 24
Well they shoed me away
from here the time before
Turned there their backs
and they locked their doors
I'm watchin T.V. in
the window of a furniture store

Well I woke up this morning
with the cold water
with the cold water
with the cold water
Woke up this morning
with the cold water
with the cold water
with the cold water

Well I woke up this morning
with the cold water
with the cold water
with the cold water
Well I woke up this morning
with the cold water
with the cold water
with the cold water

Well I woke up this morning
with the cold water
with the cold water
with the cold water
Well I woke up this morning
with the cold water
with the cold water
with the cold water

Pony (I Waits)

I've seen it all boys
I've been all over
Been everywhere in the
whole wide world
I rode the high line
with old blind Darby
I danced real slow
with Ida Jane

I was full of wonder
when I left Murreebroad
Now I am full of hollow
on Maxwell Street...
And I hope my Pony
I hope my Pony
I hope my Pony
knows the way back home

I walked from Natchez
to Hushpuckena
I built a fire by the side
of the road
I worked for nothin in a
Belzoni saw mill. I caught a
blind out on the B and D
Talullah's friendly Belzoni ain't so
A 44'll get you 99

And I hope my Pony
I hope my Pony
I hope my Pony
knows the way back home

I ran my race with burnt face Jake
gave him a Maxtrania cross
I lived on nothin
but dreams and train smoke

(Solo)
Somehow my watch and chain
get lost.
I wish I was home in Evelyn's Kitchen
with old Gyp curled around my feet
(Chorus)

What's He Building? (T. Waits)

What's he building in there?
What the hell is he building
In there?
He has subscriptions to those
Magazines... He never
waves when he goes by
He's hiding something from
the rest of us... He's all
to himself... I think I know
why... He took down the
tire swing from the Popertree
He has no children of his
Own you see... He has no dog
and he has no friends and
his lawn is dying... and
what about all those packages
he sends... What's he building in there?
with that hook light
on the stairs. What's he building
in there... I'll tell you one thing
he's not building a playhouse for
the children what's he building
in there?

Now what's that sound
from under the door?
He's pounding nails into a
hardwood floor... and I
swear to god I heard someone
moaning low... and I keep
seeing the blue light of a

T.V. show...
He has a router
and a table saw... and you
won't believe what Mr. Sticha saw
There's poison underneath the sink
of course... But there's also
enough formaldehyde to choke
a horse... What's he building
in there... What the hell is he
building in there? I heard he
has an ex-wife in some place
called Mayors Income, Tennessee
and he used to have a
consulting business in Indonesia...
but what is he building in there?
What the hell is he building in there?

He has no friends
but he gets a lot of mail
I'll bet he spent a little
time in jail...
I heard he was up on the
roof last night
signaling with a flashlight
and what's that tune he's
always whistling:
What's he building in there?
What's he building in there?

We have a right to know...
Black Market Baby (Waits/Brennan)

She lives in a house
That's way back off the road
There's a man with a lantern
And he carries her soul
A coal stove and a bed
A skillet and a hound
She drove a camel through
A needle
In this sinking boardwalk town

She's my Black Market baby
She's my Black Market baby
She's a diamond that
Wants to stay coal
Wants to stay coal

I swung out wide with her
On hell's iron gate
Anything that you wanted
You could have
My eyes say their prayers to her
Sailors ring her bell
Like a moth mistakes a light bulb
For the moon and goes to hell

She's my Black Market baby
She's my Black Market baby
She's a diamond that
Wants to stay coal
Wants to stay coal

There's no prayer like desire
There's amnesia in her kiss
She's a swan and a pistol
And she will follow you like this
In Mcber, Missouri at the
Iroquis Hotel
She checked in with the President
And she can up quite a Bill
(Chorus)
She's whiskey in a teacup
She gives blondes a lousy name
She's a Benizl Aphrodite
And a ticket back to Spain
She's a hard way to go
And there ain't no way
to stop
Every time you play the red
The black is coming up

She's my Black Market baby
She's my Black Market baby
She's a diamond that
Wants to stay coal
Wants to stay coal

He grew up in a trailer
By the time he was 9
He rolled off to join
The circus... telling fortunes
On the side

Hail Hail, the Eyeball kid

Well the first time I saw him
Was a Saigon jail
Cost me $7 dollars
Just to go his bail
I said your name will
Be in lights...
And that's no doubt
But you got to have
A manager that's what
It's all about
People would point
People would stare
I'll always be here
To protect you and to
Cut down on the glare
I know you can't speak
I know you can't sign
So cry right here on
The dotted line

Hail Hail, the Eyeball kid

Well he was born without a body
Not even a brow
I made the kid a promise
I made the kid a vow
He's not conventionally handsome
He'll never be tall
He said "all you got to do is
Book me into Carnegie Hall"

Hail Hail, the Eyeball kid

He's just a little bitty thing
He's just a little guy
But women go crazy
For the big blue eye
They say how does he
Dream? How does he think
When he can't ever speak
And he can't ever blink?

I said Hail Hail, the Eyeball kid
Hail Hail, the Eyeball kid

Give it up and throw me down
A couple of quid
Everybody wants to see
The Eyeball kid

How does he dream
How does he think
When he can't even speak
And he can't even blink
We are all lost in the
Wilderness we're as
Blind as can be
He came down to teach us
How to really see

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

Eyeball Kid (Waits/Brennan)

Well Zona Bariella
And Corinader Pyle
They had sixteen children
In the usual style
They had a curio museum
And they had no guile
All they ever wanted
Was a show biz child
So on the 7th of December 1949
They got what
They'd been wishing for
All of the time
So give it up and throw
me down a couple of quid
Everybody wants to see
the Eyeball kid
Eyeball kid
Eyeball kid

Picture In A Frame  (Waits/Brennan)
Sun come up it was blue and gold
Sun come up it was blue and gold
Sun come up it was blue and gold ever since I put your picture in a frame.

I come calling in my Sunday best
I come calling in my Sunday best
I come calling in my Sunday best ever since I put your picture in a frame

I'm gonna love you
till the wheels come off
oh yea

I love you baby and I always will
I love you baby and I always will
I love you baby and I always will ever since I put your picture in a frame

Chocolate Jesus  (Waits/Brennan)
Don't go to church on Sunday
Don't get on my knees to pray
Don't memorize the books of the Bible
I got my own special way
But I know Jesus loves me
maybe just a little bit more

I fall on my knees every Sunday
At Zerelda Lee's candy store

Well it's got to be a chocolate Jesus
Make me feel good inside
Got to be a chocolate Jesus
Keep me satisfied

Well I don't want no Abba Zabba
Don't want no Almond Joy
There ain't nothing better suitable for this boy
Well it's the only thing that can pick me up
Better than a cup of gold
See only a chocolate Jesus
Can satisfy my soul

(Solo)
When the weather gets rough
and it's whiskey in the shade
it's best to wrap your savior up in cellophone
He flows like the big muddy
but that's ok
Pour him over ice cream
for a nice parfait

Well it's got to be a chocolate Jesus
good enough for me
Got to be a chocolate Jesus
good enough for me

Well it's got to be a chocolate Jesus
make me feel good inside
Got to be a chocolate Jesus
Keep me satisfied

Georgia Lee  (Waits/Brennan)
Cold was the night, hard was the ground
They found her in a small grove of trees
Lonesome was the place where Georgia was found. She's too young to be out on the street

Why wasn't God watching?
Why wasn't God listening?
Why wasn't God there for Georgia Lee?

I da said she couldn't keep Georgia from dropping out of school
I was doing the best that I could
but she kept runnin away from this world
these children are so hard to raise good

Why wasn't God watching?
Why wasn't God listening?
Why wasn't God there for Georgia Lee?

Close your eyes and count to ten
I will go and hide but then
be sure to find me. I want you to find me
and we'll play all over
We will play all over again.

There's a toad in the witch grass
There's a craw in the corn
Wild flowers on a cross by the road
and somewhere a baby is crying for her mom
As the hills turn from green back to gold

Why wasn't God watching?
Why wasn't God listening?
Why wasn't God there for Georgia Lee?

Filipino Box Spring Hog  (I. Waits)
Well I hung on to Mary's stump
I danced with a soldier's glee
With a rum soaked crook
And a big fat laugh
I spent my last dollar on thee
I saw Bill Bones, gave him a yell
Kehoe spiked the neg
With a chain link fence
And a scrap iron jaw
Cookin up a Filipino Box Spring hog
Spider rolled in from Hollister Burn
With a one-eyed stolen Mare
Donned himself with chicken fat
Sawin on a jaw home violin there
Kathleen was sittin down
In little reds recovery room
In her criminal underwear bra
I was naked to the waist
With my fierce black hound
And I'm cookin up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
Cookin up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
Cookin up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
Dig a big pit in a dirt alley road
Fill it with madrone and hay
Stinks like hell
And the neighbors complain
Don't give a hoot what they say
Slap that hog
Gotta roll em over twice
Baste him with a sweeping broom
You gotta swat them flies
And chain up the dogs
Cookin up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
Cookin up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
Rattle snake piccata with grapes and figs
Old brown Betty with a yellow wig
Tain't the mince meat filegree
And it ain't the turkey neck stew
And it ain't them bruedeed
Okra seeds though she
Made them especially for you
Worse won a prize for her
Bottom black pie
The beans got to thrown to the dogs
Jahesus Christ I can always
Make room when they're
Cookin up a Filipino box Spring Hog
Cookin up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
Cookin up a Filipino Box Spring Hog

**Take It With Me (Waits/Brennan)**

Phone's off the hook
No one knows where we are
It's a long time since I
Drank champagne
The ocean is blue
As blue as your eyes
I'm gonna take it with me
When I go

Old long since gone
Now way back when
we lived in Coney Island
Ain't no good thing
ever dies
I'm gonna take it with me
when I go

Far far away a train
whistle blows
Wherever you're goin
Wherever you've been
Waving good bye at the end
of the day
You're up and you're over
and you're far away...

Always for you, and
forever yours
It felt just like the old days
we fell asleep
on Beauda's porch
I'm gonna take it with me
when I go

All broken down by
the side of the road
I was never more alive or
Alone
I've worn the faces off
all the cards
I'm gonna take it with me
when I go

Children are playing
at the end of the day
Strangers are singing
on our lawn
It's got to be more
than flesh and bone
All that you've loved
is all you own

In a land there's a town
and in that town there's
A house
and in that house
there's a woman
and in that woman
there's a heart I love
I'm gonna take it
with me when I go
I'm gonna take it
with me when I go.

**Come On Up To The House (Waits/Brennan)**

Well the moon is broken
And the sky is cracked
Come on up to the house
The only things that you can see
Is all that you lack
Come on up to the house

All your cryin don't do no good
Come on up to the house
Come down off the cross
We can use the wood
Come on up to the house

Come on up to the house
Come on up to the house
The world is not my home
I'm just a passin thru
Come on up to the house

There's no light in the tunnel
No iron in the fire
Come on up to the house
And your singin lead soprano
In a junkman's choir
You gotta come on up to the house

Does life seem nasty, brutish and short
Come on up to the house
The seas are stormy
And you can't find no port
Come on up to the house
There's nothin in the world
That you can do
You gotta come on up to the house
And you been whipped by the forces
That are inside you
Come on up to the house
Well you're high on top
Of your mountain of woe
Come on up to the house
Well you know you should surrender
But you can't let go
You gotta come on up to the house
(Chorus)
Big In Japan

Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Moderately, with a heavy beat

I got the style but not the grace, I got the clothes but not the face, I got the bread but not the butter, I got the
wind but not the shutter.

But I'm big in Japan— I'm big in Japan— I'm big in Japan— I got the house but not the deed. I got the horn but not the reed. I got the cards but not the luck.
wheel but not the truck. But, heh, I'm big in Japan. I'm big in Japan. But, heh, I'm big in Japan. I'm big in Japan. I got the moon. I got the cheese. I got the whole damn nation on their knees. I got the rooster. I got the crow. I got the
I got the flow, but not the gun.
I got the powder, but not the steak.
I got the sizzle, but not the steak.
I got the dog, but not the boat.
I got the boat, but not the lake.
I got the bun, but not the lake.

I got the stripes, but not the clouds.
I got the jam, but not the sheets.
I got the jam, but not the bed.
I got the bread, but not the tie.

But, heh, I'm big in Japan.
But, heh, I'm big in Japan.
to Coda Ø

big in Japan...
I'm big in Japan...
I'm big in Japan...

Instrumental solo

*first time only

N.C.

Heh. ho. they love the way I do it. Heh. ho. there's
(rhythm continues)

D.S. at Coda Ø

really nothing to it. I got the

Coda Ø

Heh. I'm big in Japan.

repeat and fade

I'm big in Japan.

F5
I'm on a black elevator going down,

Little Joe from Kokomo it rattle to the ground.

The dice is
laugh-in' at the man---that he threwed.

I'm roll-in' over to the low---side---of the road.

The moon is red and your danc-in' real slow.

Twenty-nine miles---left to go.
The chain mon-keys help you with your
I'm rollin' over to the low side of the road.
Jezabel is naked with an axe. The pros-
cution tells you to relax. Your head feels like it's ready to ex-
plode. You're rollin' over, you're rollin' over.

Well, the
clapper has been ripped out of the bell.

The clapper has been kicked right out of hell.

When the horse whips the man that he rode
You're roll-in'

over to the low side of the road.

The dog won't bite if you beat him with a bone.

She's so
shy when she's talk-in' on the phone.

And the ground rises up and starts to groan. You're roll-in' over to the low side of the road.

To the low side of the road.
Hold On

Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Moderately fast, flowing

They hung a sign up in our town. "If you live it up, you won't live it down." So, she left Monte
Rio, son,
just like a bullet leaves a gun,

With charcoal eyes and

Monroe hips
She went and took that California trip.

Well, the moon was gold—her
hair like wind. She said don't look back—just come on. Jim. Oh. you got to hold on. hold on. You got to hold on. Take my hand I'm stand-in' right here you got to hold on.
Well,

he gave her a dime-store watch
bless your crooked little heart.

And a ring made from a spoon.
Louise got the best of me.

Everybody's looking for someone to blame
But you miss your broken china voice.
How I
share my bed, you share my name.

wish you were still here with me.

Well, go ahead and call the cops.
Oh, you built it up, you wreck it down.

You don't meet nice girls in coffee shops.
Then you burn your mansion to the ground.

Oh, there's nothing left to keep you here.
Sometimes there's nothin'
But, when you're falling behind
in this big blue world.

Oh, you got to hold on, hold on.

Baby, got to hold on. Take my hand, I'm

standin' right here you got to hold on.
Well, God
by the riverside motel
It's ten below and falling.
By a ninety-nine-cent store
She closed her eyes and started sway-
But it's so hard to dance

that way

When it's cold and there's no music.

Well, your old hometown's so far away

But inside your head there's a record that's playing
A song called
Hold on._hold on_

Baby, got to hold_on_Take my_hand, I'm

stand-in' right there you gotta hold_on.
You gotta

hold_on._You gotta hold_on._
Get Behind The Mule

Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Moderately

Dm

1. Molly be damned... smote Jimmy the Harp... With a horrid little pistol and a
Lariat. She's goin' to the bottom, she's goin' down the drain.

N.C.

Said she wasn't big enough to carry it. She got to get behind the mule. Yeah. In the morning and plow.

Got to get behind the mule. In the morning and
plow. She got to get behind the mule.

In the morning and plow. Get behind the mule.

In the morning and plow.

N.C.

2. Chop-pi-ty chop goes the axe in the woods. You gotta meet me by the fall down

4-8. See additional lyrics
Shovel of dirt upon a coffin lid and I know they'll come a-looking for me. I know they'll come a-looking for me. Got to get behind the mule. Yeah. In the morning and plow. Got to get behind the mule.
In the morning and plow.

Get behind the mule.

In the morning and plow.

Get behind the mule.

1. to verse 3

2-6. D.S. for verses 4-8.

7.

Fine Verse 3

N.C.

Big Jack Earl was eight-foot-one and he
stood in the road... and he cried... He could n't make her love him, he could -

n't make her stay But tell the good Lord that he tried. Got to get behind the

Additional lyrics

4. Dusty trail from Atchison to Placerville
   On the wreck of the Weaverville stage.
   Beaula fired on Beatty for a lemonade
   I was stirring my brandy with a nail, boys.
   Stirring my brandy with a nail.
   Chorus

5. Instrumental solo

6. Well, the rampaging sons of the widow James.
   Jack the cutter, and the pock marked kid
   Had to stand naked at the bottom of the cross
   And tell the good Lord what they did.
   Tell the good Lord what they did.
   Chorus

7. Punctuated birds on the power line
   In a Studebaker with the Birdie Joe Hoaks.
   I'm digging all the way to China with a silver spoon
   While the hangman fumbles with the noose, boys.
   The hangman fumbles with the noose.
   Chorus

8. Pin your ear to the wisdom post.
   Pin your eye to the line.
   Never let the weeds get higher than the garden
   Always keep a sapphire in your mind.
   Always keep a diamond in your mind.
   Chorus
House Where Nobody Lives

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Slowly

Capo at first fret:

There's a house on my block
that's abandoned and cold.

paint was all cracked
it was peeled off of the wood.

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The folks moved out of it a long time ago.

And they took all their things and they just as

stood. And the weeds had grown up.

never came back. It looks like it's

high as the door. There were birds in the
haunted with the windows all cracked.
chimney and an old chest of drawers. Looks like

no one. Ev’ry one calls it the house, the house where nobody
will ever come back to the house where nobody

lives.
lives.
Once it held laughter. Once it held dreams. Did they

throw it away. Did they know what it means?

Did someone's heart break Or did someone do
somebody wrong?

Well, the
So if you find someone, someone to

have, someone to hold.... Don't trade it for silver.... don't...
trade it for gold. Cause I have all of life's treasures and they're fine.

and they're good. They remind me that houses are just made of wood. What makes a house grand ain't the
roof or the doors— If there's love in a house— it's a

capace— for sure. Without love— it ain't

nothin'— but a house, A house where nobody
Without love it ain't nothin' but a house.

house where nobody lives.
Cold Water
Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Moderately slow, with a swing

A5

Well. I

\textit{mf}

A5

E/G#

E/G#

A5

A5

A5

Woke up this morn-ing with the cold wa-ter. With the cold wa-ter. With the
cold wa-ter. Woke up this morn-ing with the cold wa-ter. With the
cold wa-ter. Woke up this morn-ing with the cold wa-ter. With the
cold wa-ter. Woke up this morn-ing with the cold wa-ter. With the
cold wa-ter. Woke up this morn-ing with the cold wa-ter. With the

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cold water, With the cold. Well, the police at the station and they ain't got no money. Well I ain't. Found and old dog and he

don't look friendly. Well, they don't look friendly. Well, they don't look friendly. Seems to like me. Well, he seems to like me. Well, he seems to like me.

Police at the station and they don't look friendly. Well, they don't look friendly. Well, they Found and old dog and he seems to like me. Well, he seems to like me. Well, he
A

D

don't.
seems.
blind or crip-pled,
seen them fel-lows with the car-dboard signs

A

reading the bi-ble by a for-ty watt-bulb
Scrap-in' up a lit-tle mon-ey to buy a bot-tle of wine

D

What price free-dom.
Freg-nant wom-en and
dirt is my rug. Well. I

Viet-nam vets. I say.
sleep like a baby with the snakes and the bugs. Well, the Beggin’ on the freeway ‘bout as

hard as it gets. Well, I slept in the graveyard it was cool and still.

Cool and still. It was cool and still. Slept in the graveyard it was

cool and still. Cool and still. And it was cool.
Slept all night in the cedar grove. I was forty-seven but I'm twenty-four. Well, they

born to ramble, born to rove. Some men are searchin' for the
shoed me away from here the time before. Turned their backs and they

Holy Grail. But there ain't nothin' sweeter than ridin' the rails.
locked their doors I'm watchin'.
T. V. in the window of a furniture store. And I woke up this morning with the cold water. With the cold water. Woke up this morning with the cold water. With the cold water. With the cold water. Well, I
Pony

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Moderately slow, freely

Capo at first fret:

\[ C \quad F/C \quad C \quad F/A \quad C \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Db} & \quad \text{Gb/Db} & \quad \text{Db} & \quad \text{Gb/Bb} & \quad \text{Db} \\
\text{F/A} & \quad \text{Gb/Bb} & \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{Db} & \quad \text{Gb/Bb} \\
\text{G7sus4} & \quad \text{A7sus4} & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{A7} & \quad \text{Gb/Bb}
\end{align*}
\]

I've seen it all, boys, I've been all over.

Natchez to Hush-puppies, I built a fire by the side of the

world. I rode the high line With old Blind

road. I worked for nothin' In a Belzoni
Dar by saw mill I danced real slow with I da Jane I's full of Ta lul ah's

wonder When I left Mur frees b'ro Now I'm full of A for ty

friend ly Bel zo ni ain't so

instrumental solo on D.S.

hol low on Max well Street And I hope my
pony____ I hope my pony____ I hope my pony knows the way back

home. I walked from home. I run my

race With burnt-face Jake. Gave him a Manzana

[Image -12x-9 to 575x805]
cross
I've lived on noth-in'
But dreams and train smoke-
Some-how my

watch and chain got lost.
I wish I's home
In Ev-e-lyn's

Kitchen
With old Gyp
curled a-round my feet.
And I hope my
I hope my pony, I hope my pony knows the way back home.
What's He Building?

Words and Music by Tom Waits

What's he building in there?
What the hell is he building in there?
He has subscriptions to those magazines...
He never waves when he goes by.
He's hiding something from the rest of us...
He's all to himself... I think I know why...
He took down the tire swing from the Peppertree,
He has no children of his own you see...
He has no dog and he has no friends and his lawn is dying...
And what about all those packages he sends?
What's he building in there?
With that hook light on the stairs.
What's he building in there...
I'll tell you one thing,
He's not building a playhouse for the children.
What's he building in there?

Now what's that sound from underneath the door?
He's pounding nails into a hardwood floor...
And I swear to God I heard someone moaning low...
And I keep seeing the blue light of a T.V. show...
He has a router and a table saw...
And you won't believe what Mr. Sticha saw.
There's poison underneath the sink of course...
But there's also enough formaldehyde to choke a horse...
What's he building in there?
What the hell is he building in there?
I heard he has an ex-wife in some place called Mayors Income, Tennessee
And he used to have a consulting business in Indonesia...
But what is he building in there?

He has no friends but he gets a lot of mail,
I'll bet he spent a little time in jail...
I heard he was up on the roof last night signaling with a flashlight and what's that tune he's always whistling...
What's he building in there?
What's he building in there?

We have a right to know...

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Black Market Baby

Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Slowly, with a lazy swing

She lives in a house that's way back off the road. There's amnesia in her kiss. She's a

man with a lantern and he carries her soul. A

swan and a pistol and she will follow you like this. In
coal stove and a bed. A skillet and a hound. She drove a
camel through a needle in this sinking boardwalk town. She's my
black market baby. She's my black market baby. She's a

Moberly, Missouri at the Iroquois Hotel. She
checked in with the President and she ran up quite a bill. She's my
black market baby. She's my black market baby. She's a
E7

Diamond that wants to stay coal, wants to stay coal.

E7

Am

Diamond that wants to stay coal, wants to stay coal.

F7

Am

F7

Instrumental solo

Am7

Am6

B7

E7

Swang out wide with her— on hell's iron gate—

Am7

Am6

B7

E7

Anything that you wanted— you could have.
eyes say their pray'rs to her._ Sail'ors ring her bell._ The way a

moth mistakes a light-bulb for the moon and goes to hell._ She's my

black market baby._ She's my black market baby._ She's a
diamond that wants to stay coal.

wants to stay coal.

There's no

Well, she's

whiskey in a teacup, she gives blondes a lousy name.

She's a

Bonzai Aphrodite and a ticket back to Spain.

She's a
hard way to go and there ain't no way to stop.

Every time you play the red the black is coming up. She's my

black market baby. She's my black market baby. She's a
diamond that wants to stay coal.

wants to stay coal.

wants to stay coal.

coal.

rit.
Moderately, rhythmic

Well, Zeno-ra Bar-iel-la and Co-ri-an-der Pyle. They had

six-teen child-ren in the u-su-al style. They had a cu-ri-o mu-se-um and they
had no guile...
All they ever wanted was a show biz child...
The seventh of December of nineteen forty-nine
They got what they'd been wishing for all of the time...
Grew up in a trailer by the time he was nine...
Rolled off... to join the circus telling fortunes on the side.
Additional Lyrics

2. Well, the first time I saw him was a Saigon jail,
Cost me twenty seven dollars just to go his bail.
I said your name will be in lights and that’s no doubt
But you got to have a manager that’s what it’s all about.
People would point, people would stare,
I’ll always be here to protect you and to cut down on the glare.
I know you can’t speak. I know you can’t sign
So cry right here on the dotted line.
Hail, hail the eyeball kid.

3. Well, he was born without a body, not even a brow,
I make the kid a promise. I made the kid a vow.
He’s not conventionally handsome, he’ll never be tall,
He said, “All you got to do is book me into Carnegie Hall.”
He’s just a little, bitty thing, he’s just a little guy.
But women go crazy for the big blue eye.
How does he dream, how does he think
When he can’t even speak and he can’t even blink?
Hail, hail the eyeball kid.

4. Give it up and throw me down a couple of quid,
Everybody wants to see the eyeball kid.
How does he dream, how does he think
When he can’t even speak and he can’t even blink?
We are all lost in the wilderness,
we’re as blind as can be.
He come down to teach us how to really see.
So give it up and throw me down a couple of quid,
Everybody wants to see the eyeball kid.
Picture In A Frame

Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Slowly

Capo at first fret:

\[\text{D/A} \quad \text{D7/A} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C9}\]

\[\text{Eb/Bb} \quad \text{Eb7/Bb} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Db9}\]

The sun come up, it was blue and gold,

Sun come up, it was blue and gold,
Sun come up, it was blue and gold Ever since I put your picture in a frame.

I come calling in my Sunday best.

Instrumental solo on D.S.

I come calling in my Sunday best.
Sunday best Ever since I put your picture in a frame.

I'm gonna love you till the wheels come off.

Oh... yeah...
I love you baby and I always will.

I love you baby and I always will. I love you baby and I always will ever since I put your picture in a frame.
I love you baby and I always will ever

since I put your picture in a frame. Ever

a tempo

since I put your picture in a frame. Ever
Chocolate Jesus
Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Moderately with a swing

Am    Em    B7

Don't go to church on Sunday,
don't want no Abba Zabba.
Don't get on my knees to pray,
Don't want no Almond Joy.

Am    Em

Don't memorize the books of the Bible,
There ain't nothin' better
got my own special way.
Suitable for this boy.
Well, it's the only thing that can

loves me
pick me up
May be just a little bit more.
Better than a cup of gold.
I see

fall down on my knees every Sunday
only a chocolate Jesus
At Zelinda Lee's candy store.
Well, it's got to be a chocolate Jesus,
Instrumental solo
Make me feel good inside. Got to be a chocolate Jesus.
Keep me satisfied. Well, I

When the weather gets rough and it's whiskey in the shade It's best to wrap your savior up in

cellophane... He flows like the big muddy, but that's okay.
Pour him over ice cream for a nice parfait...
Well, it's

got to be a chocolate Jesus.

got to be a chocolate Jesus.

Good enough for me.

Got to be a chocolate Jesus.

Got to be a chocolate Jesus.

Good enough for me.

Well, it's
Cold was the night and hard was the ground. They
I was

Cold could n't keep Georgia from dropping out of school.

I found her in a small grove of trees. And
But

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lone-some was the place where Georgia was found. She's too
she just kept running away from this world.

Why wasn't God watching? Why wasn't God listen-ing?
wasn't God there for Georgia Lee?

Close your eyes and count to ten

I will go and hide but then Be sure to
find me, I want you to find me. And we'll play all over. We'll

play all over. We will play all over again.

There's a toad in the witch-grass. There's a crow in the
corn. Wild flowers on a cross by the road.

And somewhere a baby is crying for her mother

As the hills turn from green back to gold. Why
wasn't God watching? Why wasn't God listening?

Why wasn't God there for Georgia Lee? Why

Lee?
Filipino Box Spring Hog

Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Moderately slow, with a solid beat

I hung on to Mar-y's stump. I danced with a sol-dier's glee.

With a rum soaked crook and a big fat laugh I spent my last dol-lar on thee.
saw Bill Bones. I gave him a yell. Ke-hoe spiked the nog. With a

chain link fence and a scrap it'n jaw. cook-ing up a Fil-i-pi-no box spring hog.

cook-ing up a Fil-i-pi-no box spring hog. cook-ing up a Fil-i-pi-no box spring hog.

Spi-der rolled in from Hol-lis-ter Berm on a one-eyed sto-len mare.
Donned himself with a chicken fat, sawin' on a jaw bone violin there.

Kathleen was sittin' down in little red's recovery room in her criminal underwear bra. I was naked to the waist with my fierce black hound.

and I'm cooking up a Filipino box spring hog.
cooking up a Filipino box spring hog, cooking up a Filipino box spring hog.

Dig a big pit in a dirt alley road.

fill it with madrone and bay. Stinks like hell and the neighbors complain.

Don't give a hoot what they say. You gotta slap that hog.
roll 'em o-ver twice.

Got to baste him with a sweep in' broom.

You got ta swat them flies and chain up the dogs.

Cooking up a Filipino box spring hog. cooking up a Filipino box spring hog.

Cooking up a Filipino box spring hog.
Rattle-snake picatta with grapes and figs, old brown Betty with a yellow wig.

'Taint the mince meat fil-a-gree, and it 'tain the turkey neck stew.

And it ain't them blessed okra seeds, though she

made them a-special for you. Worse won a prize for her bottom black pie, the
beans got thrown to the dogs.

Jesus Christ, I can always make room. Cooking up a Filipino box spring hog.

cooking up a Filipino box spring hog.
Take It With Me

Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Slowly, with freedom
Fmaj9

Capo at first fret:
Gb
Gbma7

Cadd9

Dbadd9

G

F

Phone's off the hook No one knows where we are, It's a long time since I
Always for you And forever yours, It felt just like the

Dm7

G7sus4

G7

Am

Em/G

Em7

A7sus4

A7

Bb

Bb m

Fm/Ab

drank old champagne. The ocean is blue as
old days. We fell asleep on
blue as your eyes, I'm 'on-na take it with me when I go. Old long since gone. Now way back when We lived in Co-ney
Beau-la's porch. I'm 'on-na take it with me when I go. All broken down by the side of the road, I's never more a-

Is-land. Ain't no good thing ever dies. I'm 'on-na live or a-lone. I've worn the faces off all the cards, I'm 'on-na
Far, far a-
Children are

way a train whistle blows.

Whatever you're
Strangers are


Whatever you've been.

There's got to be
Am  Am/G  Fmaj7  Cadd9
Bbm  Bbm/Ab  Gbmaj7  D7/add9

bye more
At the end of the day,
You're up and you're
than flesh... and bone.
All that you've

Am  Am/G  D7  D7/F♯  G7sus4  G7
Bbm  Bbm/Ab  Eb7  Eb7/G  A♭7sus4  A♭7

o-ver and you're far a-way.
loved is all you

D7/F♯  G7sus4  G7  Cadd9
Eb7/G  A♭7sus4  A♭7  D7/add9

own.
In a land there's a town
And in that
town there's a house and in that house there's a woman. And

in that woman there's a heart I love. I'm 'onna take it with me when I go.

I'm 'onna take it with me when I go.
Come On Up To The House
Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Moderately, with a swing

Capo at first fret:

D  Bm  G  D  A7  D

Eb  Cm  Ab  Eb  Bb7  Eb

1. Well, the moon is broken and the sky is cracked. Come on up to the house...

2. See additional lyrics

The only things that you can see is all that you lack.
Come on up to the house.
All your cryin' don't.
Instrumental solo on D.S.

do no good.
Come on up to the house.
Come down off the cross, we can

use the wood. You got to come on up to the house.

(end solo)
Come on up to the house. The world is not my home. I'm just a passin' through. You've got to come on up to the house. There's no
come on up to the house...

There's noth-in' in the world that you can do. You've got to

And you been whipped by the forces that are
inside you. Got to come on up to the house.

Well, you're high on top of your mountain of woe. Got to come on up to the house.

Well, you know you should surrender but you can't let go. You've got to
come on up to the house.
Come on up to the house.

Come on up to the house.
The world is

not my home. I'm just a passin' through.
You've got to come on up to the house.
Got to come on up to the house. 
You’ve got to come on up into the house. 

Additional lyrics

2. There’s no light in the tunnel, no irons in the fire.
Come on up to the house.
And you’re singin’ lead soprano in a junk man’s choir.
You got to come on up to the house.
Doesn’t life seem nasty, brutish and short?
Come on up to the house.
The seas are stormy and you can’t find no port.
Got to come on up to the house.

You got to come on up to the house.
Come on up to the house.
The world is not my home. I’m just a passin’ through.
You’ve got to come on up to the house.
Big In Japan
Lowside Of The Road
Hold On
Get Behind The Mule
House Where Nobody Lives
Cold Water
Pony
What's He Building?
Black Market Baby
Eyeball Kid
Picture In A Frame
Chocolate Jesus
Georgia Lee
Filipino Box Spring Hog
Take It With Me
Come On Up To The House