

# Tom Waits

## "Jockey Full of Bourbon"

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[Verbs]

Em

Edna Millon in a drop dead suit

B7

Dutch pink in 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

Two pair of pants and a mohair vest

Em

I'm full of burbon; 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

Am

Em

Hey little bird, fly away home

B7

Am

Your house is on fire; your children are alone

[Verse 2]

Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgans head

And I've been stepping on the devils tail

Across the stripes of a full moons 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 upon the top of the mast

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yellow sheets in a Hong Kong bed

Stayzbo horn and a Singerland slide

To the carnival is what she said

A hundred dollars makes it dark inside

16 men on a deadman's chest

And I've been drinking from a broken cup

Two pair of pants and a mohair vest

I'm full of burbon; I can't stand up