

Jockey Full of Bourbon

Tom Waits

Edna Million in a drop dead suit
Dutch pink on a downtown train
Two dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot
I'm in the corner in the pouring rain
16 men on a deadman's chest
And I've been drinking from a broken cup
2 pairs of pants and a mohair vest
I'm full of bourbon; I can't stand up.

Chorus:

Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on the fire; your children all alone
Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on the fire; your children all alone
Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head
And I've been stepping on the devil's tail
Across the stripes of a 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 somebody else's wife
Come admire the view from up on top of the mast

Chorus

Yellow sheets in a Hong Kong bed
Stazybo horn and a Slingerland ride
To the carnival is what she said
A hundred dollars makes it dark inside

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>