

Hoist That Rag

Tom Waits

Well I learned the trade from Piggy Knowles
and Sing Sing Tommy Shay, boys
God used me as a hammer, boys
To beat his weary drum today Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag! The sun is up, the world is flat
Damn good address for a rat
The smell of blood, the drone of flies
You know what to do if the baby cries Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag! Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag! Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag! Hoist that rag! Well, we stick our fingers in the ground,
heave and turn the world around
Smoke is blacking out the sun
At night I pray and clean my gun The cracked bell rings as the ghost bird sings
and the gods go begging here
So just open fire when you hit the shore
All is fair in love and war Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag!
Hoist that rag!

Songwriters

TOM WAITS, KATHLEEN BRENNAN Published by
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