

'Til the Money Runs Out

Tom Waits

Check this strange beverage fall out from the sky
Splashin' Baghdad 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 a Saturday night 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 Droopy
stranger, lonely dreamer, toy puppy and the Prado
We're laughin' as they piled into Olmos' El Dorado
Jesus whispered, "Eni meany meany miney moe"
They're too proud to duck their heads that's why they bring it down so low So bye bye, baby, baby, bye
bye Pointed man 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 listen baby, I'll stay wichee 'til the money runs out" So bye bye, baby, baby, bye bye, bye bye, bye
Bye, bye bye, baby, baby, bye bye
Bye bye, baby, baby, bye bye Check this strange beverage fall out from the sky
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You buy the Sunday paper on a Saturday night Bye bye, baby, baby, bye bye
Bye bye, baby, baby, bye bye
Bye bye, baby, baby, bye bye
Oh, bye bye baby, bye bye, baby, baby, bye bye

Songwriters

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