

Children's Story

Tom Waits

Once upon a time there was a poor child,
with no father and no mother
And everything was dead
And no one was left in the whole world
Everything was dead And the child went on search, day and night
And since nobody was left on the earth,
he wanted to go up into the heavens
And the moon was looking at him so friendly
And when he finally got to the moon,
the moon was a piece of rotten wood And then he went to the sun
And when he got there, the sun was a wilted sunflower
And when he got to the stars, they were little golden flies.
Stuck up there, like the shrike sticks 'em on a blackthorn And when he wanted to go back, down to earth,
the earth was an overturned piss pot
And he was all alone, and he sat down and he cried
And he is there till this day
All alone:

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