

A Good Man Is Hard to Find

Tom Waits

Well, I always play Russian Roulette in my head
It's seventeen black or twenty-nine red
How far from the gutter; how far from the pew
I will always remember to forget about youA good man is hard to find
Only strangers sleep in my bed
My favorite words are: good-bye
And my favorite color is redA long dead soldier looks out from the frame
No one remembers his war; no one remembers his name
Go out to the meadow; scare off all the crows
It does nothing but rain here, and nothing will growA good man is hard to find
Only strangers sleep in my bed
And my favorite words are: good-bye
And my favorite color is
my favorite color is
my favorite color is red

Songwriters

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