

# We're All Mad Here

Tom Waits

You can hang me in a bottle like a cat  
Let the crows pick me clean  
But for my hat  
Where the wailing of a baby  
Meets the footsteps of the dead  
We're all mad here As the devil sticks  
His flag into the mud  
Mrs. Carol has run off  
With Reverend Judd  
Hell is such a lonely place  
And your big expensive face  
Will never last And you'll die  
With the rose still on your lips  
And in time, the heart-shaped bone  
That was your hips  
And the worms, they will  
Climb the rugged ladder of your spine  
We're all mad here And my eyeballs  
Roll this terrible terrain  
And we're all inside  
A decomposing train  
And your eyes will die like fish  
And the shore of your face  
Will turn to bone

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