

# Crossroads

Tom Waits

Now, George was a good straight boy to begin with, but there was bad blood  
In him; someway he got into the magic bullets and that leads straight to  
Devil's work, just like marijuana leads to heroin; you think yo ucan take  
Them bullets or leave 'em, do you?  
Just save a few for your bad days Well, now, we all have those bad days when you can't shoot for shit. The more  
of them magics you use, the more bad days you have without them  
So it comes down finally to all your days being bad without the bullets  
It's magics or nothing  
Time to stop chipping around and kidding yourself,  
Kid, you're hooked, heavy as lead And that's where old George found himself  
Out there at the crossroads  
Molding the Devil's bullets  
Now a man figures it's his bullets, so it will  
Hit what he wants to hit  
But it don't always work that way You see, some bullets is special for a single aim  
A certain stag, or a certain person  
And no matter where you are, that's where the bullet will end up  
And in the moment of aiming, the gun turns into a dowser's wand  
And point where the bullet wants to go (George Schmid was moving in a series of convulsive spasms, like  
someone  
with an epileptic fit, with his face distorted and his eyes wild like a  
lassoed horse bracing his legs. But something kept pulling him on. And now  
he is picking up the skulls and making the circle.) I guess old George didn't rightly know what he's getting  
himself into  
The fit was on him and it carried him right to the crossroads

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