

Tom Traubert's Blues

Tom Waits

Wasted and wounded, it ain't what the moon did
I've got what I paid for now
See ya tomorrow, hey Frank, can I borrow
A couple of bucks from you?
To go Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda
You'll go Waltzing Mathilda with me
I'm an innocent victim of a blinded alley
And I'm tired of all these soldiers here
No one speaks English, and every thing's broken
And my stacks are soaking wet
To go Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda
You'll go Waltzing Mathilda with me
Now the dogs are barking and the taxi cab's parking
A lot they can do for me
I begged you to stab me, you tore my shirt open
And I'm down on my knees tonight
Old bush mill's I staggered, you buried the dagger in
Your silhouette window light
To go Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda
You'll go Waltzing Mathilda with me
Now I lost my Saint Christopher now that I've kissed her
And the one-armed bandit knows
And the Maverick Chinamen, and the cold-blooded signs

And the girls down by the strip-tease shows go
Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda
You'll go Waltzing Mathilda with me
No, I don't want your sympathy, the fugitives say
That the streets aren't for dreaming now
Manslaughter dragnets and the ghosts that sell memories
They want a piece of the action anyhow go
Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda
You'll go Waltzing Mathilda with me
And you can ask any sailor, and the keys from the jailer
And the old men in wheelchairs know
That Mathilda's the defendant, she killed about a hundred
And she follows wherever you may go
Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda
You'll go Waltzing Mathilda with me

And it's a battered old suitcase to a hotel someplace
And a wound that will never heal
No Prima Donna, the perfume is on
An old shirt that is stained with blood and whiskey
And goodnight to the street sweepers
The night watchman flame keepers and goodnight to Mathilda too

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>