A Sweet Little Bullet from a Pretty Blue Gun

Tom Waits

But it's raining, it's pouring
Didn't bring a sweater
Nebraska never lets you come back home
No Hollywood wine by the thrifty mart signAny night I'll be willin' to bet
There's a young girl
With sweet little dreams, pretty blue wishes
Standin' there, just gettin' all wetAnd now there's a place off the drag
Called the Gilbert Hotel
And now the couple letter
Burned out in the signAnd it's better than the bus stop
And they do good business every time it rains
For little girls with nothing in their jeans
Pretty blue wishes, sweet little dreamsAnd it's raining, it's pouring
The old man is snoring
Now I lay me down to sleep
I hear the sirens in the streetAll my dreams are made of chrome
I have no way to get back home
I'd rather die before I wake like Marilyn Monroe
And you could throw my dreams out in the street
And let the rain make 'em growNow the night clerk, he got a club foot
He's heard every hard luck story
At least a hundred times or more
He says, check out time is 10 a.m.And that's just what he means
Go on up the stairs
With your sweet little wishes
Your pretty blue dreamsAnd it's raining, it's pouring
And Hollywood's just fine
Swindle a little girl out of her dreams
Now the letter in the signNow, never trust a scarecrow wearin' shades after dark
Be careful of that old bow tie he wears
It takes a sweet little bullet from a pretty blue gun
To put those scarlet ribbons in your hairNo, that ain't no cherry bomb
4th of July's all done
It's just some fool playin' that second line
From the barrel of a pretty blue gunNo, that ain't no cherry bomb
4th of July's all done
That some fool playin' that second line
From the barrel of a pretty blue gun

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