

Mr. Siegal

Tom Waits

I spent all my money in a mexican whorehouse,
Across the street from a catholic church,
And then I wiped off my revolver,
And I buttoned up my burgundy shirt,I shot the morning in the back,
With my red wings on,
I told the sun he'd better go back down,
And if I can find a book of matches,
I'm goin' to burn this hotel down.You got to tell me brave captain,
Why are the wicked so strong,
How do the angels get to sleep,
When the devil leaves the porchlight on.Well I dropped thirty grand on the nugget slots,
I had to sell my ass on fremont street,
And the drummer said there's sanctuary,
Over at the Baghdad room,And now it's one for the money, two for the show,
Three to get ready, and go man go,
I said tell me mr. siegel,
How do I get out of here.Well willard's knocked out on a bottle of heat,
Drivin' dangerous curves across the dirty sheets,
He said man you ought to see her,
When her parents are gone,Man you ought to hear her when the siren's on.
You got to tell me brave captain,
Why are the wicked so strong,
How do the angels get to sleep,
When the devil leaves the porchlight on.Don't you know that ain't no broken bottle,
That I picked up in my headlights,
On the other side of the nevada line,
Where they live hard die young,And have a good lookin' corpse every time,
Well the pit-boss said I should keep movin',
This is where you go when you die,
And so I shot a black beauty,
And I kissed her right between the eyes.Well willard's knocked out on a bottle of heat,
Drivin' dangerous curves across the dirty sheets,
He said man you ought to see her,
When her parents are gone,
Man you ought to hear her when the siren's on.You got to tell me brave captain,
Why are the wicked so strong,
How do the angels get to sleep,
When the devil leaves the porch light on.

Songwriters
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