

Fumblin' With the Blues

Tom Waits

Friday left me fumblin' with the blues
And it's hard to win when you always lose
Because the nightspots spend your spirit
Beat your head against the wall
Two dead ends and you've still got to choose
You know the bartenders, they all know my name
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my head
When I should be living clean instead
You know, the ladies I've been seeing off and on
Well they spend your love and then they're gone
You can't be lovin' someone who is savage and cruel
Take your love and then they leave on out of town, no they do
Well now fallin' in love is such a breeze
But it's standin' up that's so hard for me
I wanna squeeze you but I'm scared to death I'd break your back
You know your perfume, well it won't let me be
You know the bartenders, all know my name
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my head
When I should be living clean instead
Come on baby, let your love light shine
Gotta bury me inside of your fire
Because your eyes are 'enough to blind me
You're like looking at the sun
You gotta whisper tell me I'm the one
Come on and whisper tell me I'm the one
Gotta whisper tell me I'm the one
Come on and whisper tell me I'm the one

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