

# Black Market Baby

Tom Waits

She lives in a house  
That's way back off the road  
There's a man with a lantern  
And he carries her soul  
A coal stove and a bed  
A skillet and a hound  
She drove a camel through a needle  
In this sinking boardwalk town She's my black-market baby (she's my baby)  
She's my black-market baby (she's my baby)  
She's a diamond who wants to stay coal  
Wants to stay coal I swang out wide with her  
On hell's iron gate  
Anything that you wanted  
You could have  
My eyes say their prayers to her  
Sailors ring her bell  
The way a moth mistakes a light bulb  
For the moon and goes to hell She's my black-market baby (she's my baby)  
She's my black-market baby (she's my baby)  
She's a diamond who wants to stay coal  
Wants to stay coal There's no prayer like desire  
There's amnesia in her kiss  
She's a swan and a pistol  
And she will follow you like this  
In Moberly, Missouri  
At the Iroquois Hotel  
She checked in with the President  
And she ran up quite a Bill She's my black-market baby (she's my baby)  
She's my black-market baby (she's my baby)  
She's a diamond who wants to stay coal  
Wants to stay coal Well, she's whiskey in a teacup  
She gives blondes a lousy name  
She's a Bonzai Aphrodite  
And a ticket back to Spain  
She's a hard way to go  
And there ain't no way to stop  
Everytime you play the red the black is coming up She's my black-market baby (she's my baby)  
She's my black-market baby (she's my baby)  
She's a diamond who wants to stay coal (she's my baby)

She wants to stay coal (she's my baby)  
My baby wants to stay coal, coal, coal  
My baby wants to stay coal

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