

# Circus

## Tom Waits

We put up our tent on a dark  
green knoll, outside of town by  
the train tracks and a seagull dump  
Topping the bill was Horse Face Ethel  
and her 'Marvellous Pigs In Satin'  
We pounded our stakes in the ground  
All powder brown  
And the branches spread like scary  
fingers reaching  
We were in a pasture outside Kankakee  
And One Eyed Myra, the queen of  
the galley who trained the  
ostrich and the camels  
She looked at me squinty with her  
one good eye in a Roy Orbison  
T-shirt as she bottle fed  
an orangutan named Tripod  
And then there was  
Yodeling Elaine the  
queen of the air who wore a  
dollar sign medallion and she  
had a tiny bubble of spittle  
around her nostril and a  
little rusty tear, for she had  
lassoed and lost another  
tipsy sailor  
And over in  
the burnt yellow tent  
by the frozen tractor, the  
music was like electric sugar  
And Zuzu Bolin played  
'Stavin' Chain' and Mighty  
Tiny on the saw and he  
threw his head back with a  
mouth full of gold teeth  
And they played 'Lopsided heart'  
And 'Moon over Dog Street'  
And by the time they played 'Moanin Low'  
I was soakin' wet and wild eyed  
And Doctor Bliss slipped me a  
preparation and I fell asleep with  
'Livery Stable Blues' in my ear  
And me and Molley Hoey drank  
Pruno and Koolaid and she had a  
tattoo gun made out of a cassette

motor and a guitar string and  
she soaked a hanky in 3 Roses  
and rubbed it on the spot  
and drew a rickety heart and  
a bent arrow and it hurt like hellAnd Funeral Wells spun  
Poodle Murphy on the target  
as he threw his hardware,  
Only once in Sheboygan did he miss  
at a matinee on Diamond Pier and  
she'd never let him forget itThey were doing two shows and she  
had a high fever and he took  
off a piece of her ear and  
Tip Little told her she should  
leave the bum  
but Poodle said, "He fetched me  
last time I run."  
But I'd like to hammer this ring into a bullet  
And I wish I had some whiskey and a gun  
my dearAnd I wish I had some whiskey and a gun  
my dear

Songwriters

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