

# I'll Be Gone

Tom Waits

Tonight I'll shave the mountain  
I'll cut the hearts from pharaohs  
I pull the road off of the rise  
Tear the memories from my eyes  
In the morning I'll be gone I drink a thousand shipwrecks  
Tonight I steal your paychecks  
I paint the sheets across my bed  
The birds will all fly from my head  
And in the morning I'll be gone Take every dream that's breathing  
Find every boot that's leaving  
Shoot all the lights in the cafe  
And in the morning I'll be gone I bet a thousand dollars  
I have a French companion  
I tie myself below the deck  
I pull the rope around my neck  
In the morning I'll be gone It takes a life to win her  
There is a drum of bourbon  
Eight hundred pounds of nitro  
His boots are thunder as he plays There is a stone inside it  
Tonight his bones will ride it  
I'll need a tent to hide it  
And in the morning I'll be gone  
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