

Eyeball Kid*

Tom Waits

Well, Zenora Bariella and Coriander Pyle
They had sixteen children in the usual style
They had a curio museum and they had no guile
All they ever wanted was a showbiz child
The seventh of December, nineteen-forty-nine
They got what they'd been wishing for all of the time
He grew up in a trailer, by the time he was nine
Rolled off to join the circus, telling fortunes on the side
Hail, hail, The Eyeball Kid
Well, the first time I saw him was a Saigon jail
Cost me twenty-seven dollars just to go his bail
I said your name will be in lights, and there's no doubt
But you got to have a manager, that's what it's all about
Yeah, yeah, yeah
The people would point, the people would stare
I'll always be here to protect you and to cut down on the glare
I know you can't speak, I know you can't sign
So cry right here on the dotted line
Hail, hail, The Eyeball Kid
Well, he was born without a body, not even a brow
I made the kid a promise, I made the kid a vow
He's not conventionally handsome, he'll never be tall
He said, 'All you got to do is book me into Carnegie Hall'
Hoo, he's just a little bitty thing, he's just a little guy
But women go crazy for the big blue eye
How does he dream, how does he think
When he can't even speak and he can't even blink?
I said Hail, hail
The Eyeball Kid
Hail, hail
The Eyeball Kid
Hail, hail
Eyeball Kid
Give it up and throw me down a couple of quid
Everybody wants to see the Eyeball Kid
They say, how does he dream, how does he think
When he can't even speak, and he can't even blink?
We're all lost in the wilderness, we're blind as can be
He came down to teach us how to really see (hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah)
So give it up and throw me down
a couple of quid
Everybody wants to see the Eyeball Kid
Give it up and throw me down a couple of quid
Everybody wants to see the Eyeball Kid
Give it up, give it up
Give it up and throw me down a couple of quid
Everybody will want to see the Eyeball Kid
Eyeball Kid
Eyeball Kid

Oh, Eyeball Kid

Songwriters

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