

Burma Shave

Tom Waits

Licorice tattoo turned a gun metal blue
Scrawled across the shoulders of a dying town
Took the one eyed-jacks across the railroad tracks
And the scar on its belly pulled a stranger passing through
He's a juvenile delinquent, never learned how to behave
But the cops would never think to look in Burma-Shave And the road was like a ribbon and the moon was like a
bone
He didn't seem to be like any guy she'd ever known
He kind of looked like Farley Granger with his hair slicked back
She says, I'm a sucker for a fella in a cowboy hat
How far are you going?
Said depends on what you mean
He says I'm only stopping here to get some gasoline
I guess I'm going thataway just as long as it's paved
And I guess you'd say I'm on my way to Burma Shave And with her knees up on the glove compartment
She took out her barrettes and her hair spilled out like root beer
And she popped her gum and arched her back
Hell, Marysville ain't nothing but a wide spot in the road
Some nights my heart pounds like thunder
Don't know why it don't explode
'Cause everyone in this stinking town's got one foot in the grave
And I'd rather take my chances out in Burma Shave Presley's what I go by, why don't you change the stations?
Count the grain elevators in the rearview mirror
She said mister, anywhere you point this thing
It got to beat the hell out of the sting
Of going to bed with every dream that dies here every mornin'
And so drill me a hole with a barber pole
And I'm jumping my parole just like a fugitive tonight
Why don't you have another swig and pass that car if you're so brave
I wanna get there before the sun comes up in Burma Shave And the spiderweb crack and the mustang screamed
The smoke from the tires and the twisted machine
Just a nickel's worth of dreams and every wishbone that they saved
Lie swindled from them on the way to Burma Shave And the sun hit the derrick and cast a batwing shadow
Up against the car door on the shotgun side
And when they pulled her from the wreck
You know she still had on her shades
They say that dreams are growing wild
Just this side

Of Burma Shave

Songwriters

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