

Trouble's Braids

Tom Waits

Well, I pulled on trouble's braids
And I hid in the briars out by the quick mud
Stayin' away from the main roads
Passin' out wolf tickets downwind from the blood hounds
And I pulled on trouble's braids
And I lay by a cypress as quiet as a stone 'til the bleeding stopped
I blew the weather vane off some old road house
I built a fire in the skeleton backseat of an old Tucker
And I pulled on trouble's braids
I spanked cold red mud where the hornet stung deep
And I tossed in the ditch in a restless sleep
And I pulled on trouble's braids
I hung my rain-soaked jacket on some old barbed wire
Poured cold rusty water on a miserable fire
I pulled on trouble's braids

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