Just The Right Bullets

Tom Waits

There is a light in the forest
There is a face in the tree
I'll pull you out of the chorus
And the first one's always free
You can never go a-hunting
With just a flintlock and a hound
You won't go home with a bunting
If you blow a hundred round
It takes much more than wild courage
Or you'll hit the tattered clouds
You must have just the right bullets
And the first one's always free
You must be careful in the forest
Broken glass and rusty nails
If you're to bring back something for us
I have bullets for sale

Why be a fool when you can chase away
Your blind and your gloom
I have blessed each one of these bullets
And they shine just like a spoon
To have sixty silver wishes
Is a small price to pay
They'll be your private little fishes
And they'll never swim away
I just want you to be happy
That's my only little wish
I'll fix your wagon and your musket
And the spoon will have it's dish
And I shudder at the thought
of your Poor empty hunter's pouch
So I'll keep the wind from your barrel
And bless the roof of your house

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