

LowDown

Tom Waits

It's the twists and turns
Of the cigarette burns
The holes in the mind
Of the nebulous mass
 Forget no returns
 And you don't learn
 The debt between mine
 And the hole in your past
 I'm the dust
 Of someone's ash
 See you in Hell
 With the rest of the trash
 I need love
 A love with question
 A clean mind
 And a pocket of space
 I want a map
 And a sense of direction
 Looking for love
 And the thrill of the world
 Just spinning round
 Trying to find [unverified]
 You wanna be out there
 When you're underground
 Now, now, now
 Now, now, now
 Do you feel it lowdown
 Too many thoughts
 Might have twisted my thinking
 I just can't think straight anymore
 I've got the bends
 I can feel myself sinking
 Just can't keep on
 Keep on coming back for more
 In love
 There's no need to worry
 I've got nails
 So hold on, hold on
 Think back before you started thinking

About the things you were
 Sold on, sold on
 Keep spinning round
 Trying to hold on
 But you're failing now
 You wanna be up there
 But you're underground
 Now, now, now
 Now, now, now
 Do you feel it lowdown
 Lowdown, lowdown, lowdown
 And the world
 Keeps spinning around
 Trying to burn
 But you're melting down
 You wanna be out there
 But you're underground
 Now, now, now
 Now, now, now
 Do you feel it lowdown
 Spinning round
 Spinning round
 Spinning round
 Now, now, now
 Now, now, now
 Do you feel it lowdown
 Lowdown, lowdown, lowdown
 Lowdown, lowdown, lowdown

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