Clap Hands

Tom Waits

Sane, sane, they're all insane
The fireman's blind, the conductor's lame
A Cincinatti jacket and a sad luck dame
Hanging out the window with a bottle full of rain
Clap hands, clap hands
Clap hands, clap handsSaid roar, roar the thunder and the roar
Son of a bitch is never comin' back here no more
Moon in the window; a bird on the pole
Can always find a millionaire to shovel all the coal
Clap hands, Clap hands
Clap hands, Clap handsSaid steam, steam a hundred bad dreams
Goin' up to Harlem with a pistol in his jeans
A fifty dollar bill inside a paladin's hat
And nobody's sure where Mr. Knickerbocker's atRoar, roar the thunder and the roar
Son of a bitch is never comin' back here no more
Moon in the window; a bird on the pole
Can always find a millionaire to shovel all the coal
Clap hands, Clap hands
Clap hands, Clap handsShine, shine a Roosevelt dime
All the way to Baltimore and runnin' out of time
Salvation Army seemed to wind up in the hole
They all went to Heaven in the little row boat
Clap hands, clap hands
Clap hands, clap hands

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