

On the Nickel

Tom Waits

Sticks and stones will break my bones
But I always will be true
And when your mama is dead and gone
I'll sing this lullaby just for you
So what becomes of all the little boys
Who never comb their hair?
They're lined up all around the block
On The Nickel over there So you better bring a bucket
There is a hole in the pail
If you don't get my letter
Then you'll know that I'm in jail
So what becomes of all the little boys
Who never say their prayers?
They're sleepin' like a baby
On The Nickel over there If you chew tobacco, and wish upon a star
You'll find out where the scarecrows sit
Just like punchlines between the cars
I know a place where a royal flush
Can never beat a pair
And even Thomas Jefferson
Is On The Nickel over there So ring around the rosie, you're sleepin' in the rain
And you're always late for supper
And man you let me down, let me down again
I thought I heard a mockingbird, Roosevelt knows where
You can skip the light with grady tuck
On the Nickel over there So what becomes of all the little boys
Who run away from home?
The world just keeps gettin' bigger
Once you get out on your own
So what becomes of all the little boys
The sandman takes you where
You'll be sleepin' with a pillowman
On the Nickel over there So let's climb up through that button hole
And fall right up the stairs
I'll show you where the short dogs grow
On the Nickel over there

Songwriters

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