

# 9th & Hennepin

## Tom Waits

Well it's 9th and Hennepin  
And all the donuts have  
Names that sound like prostitutes  
And the moon's teeth marks are  
On the sky like a tarp thrown over all this  
And the broken umbrellas like  
Dead birds and the steam  
Comes out of the grill like  
The whole goddamned town is ready to blow.  
And the bricks are all scarred with jailhouse tattoos  
And everyone is behaving like dogs.  
And the horses are coming down Violin Road  
And Dutch is dead on his feet  
And the rooms all smell like diesel  
And you take on the  
Dreams of the ones who have slept here.  
And I'm lost in the window  
I hide on the stairway  
I hang in the curtain

I sleep in your hat  
And no one brings anything  
Small into a bar around here.  
They all started out with bad directions  
And the girls behind the counter has a tattooed tear,  
One for every year he's away she said, such  
A crumbling beauty, but there's  
Nothing wrong with her that  
\$100 won't fix, she has that razor sadness  
That only gets worse  
With the clang and the thunder of the  
Southern Pacific going by  
As the clock ticks out like a dripping faucet  
Till you're full of rag water and bitters and blue ruin  
And you spill out  
Over the side to anyone who'll listen  
And I've seen it  
All through the yellow windows  
Of the evening train.

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