Gun Street Girl

Tom Waits

Falling James in the Tahoe mud
Stick around to tell us all the tale
He fell in love with a Gun Street Girl and
Now he's dancing in the Birmingham jail
Dancing in the Birmingham jail.
Took a 100 dollars off a slaughterhouse Joe
Brought a bran' new michigan 20 gauge
Got all liquored up on that road house corn,
Blew a hole in the hood of a yellow corvette
Blew a hole in the hood of a yellow corvette.
Bought a second hand Nova from a Cuban Chinese
Dyed his hair in the bathroom of a Texaco
With a pawnshop radio, quarter past 4
Well ,he left Waukegan at the slammin' of the door
He left Waukegan at the slammin' of the door
Chorus:
I said John, John he's long gone
Gone to Indiana
Ain't never coming home
I said John, John he's long gone
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home.
Sitting in a sycamore in St. John's Wood
Soakin' day old bread in kerosene
He was blue as a robin's egg brown as a hog
Stayin' out of circulation till the dogs get tired
Stayin' out of circulation till the dogs get tired
Shadow fixed the toilet with an old trombone
He never got up in the morning on a Saturday
Sittin' by the Erie with a bull whipped dog
Tellin' everyone he saw
They went thatta way
Tellin' everyone he saw
They went thatta way.
Now the rain's like gravel on an old tin roof
And the Burlinton Northern's pullin' out of the world
With a head full of bourbon and a dream in the straw.
And a Gun Street Girl was the cause of it all
A Gun Street Girl was the cause of it all.
Riding in the shadow by the St. Joe Ridge

He heard the click clack tappin' of a blind man's cane
Pullin' into Baker on a New Year's Eve
With one eye on the pistol the other on the door
With one eye on the pistol the other on the door.
Miss Charlotte took her satchel down to King Fish Row
And he smuggled in a bran' new pair of alligator shoes.
With her fireman's raincoat and her long yellow hair, well
They tired her to a tree with a skinny millionaire
They tired her to a tree with a skinny millionaire.
Chorus:
I said John, John he's long gone
Gone to Indiana
Ain't never coming home
I said John, John he's long gone
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home
Bangin' on a table with an old tin cup
Sing I'll never kiss a Gun Street Girl again,
I'll never kiss a Gun Street Girl again.

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