Poor Edward

Tom Waits

Did you hear the news about Edward
On the back of his head
He had another face
Was it a woman's face
Or a young girl
They said to remove it would kill him
So poor Edward was doomed
The face could laugh and cry
It was his devil twin
And at night she spoke to him
Of things heard only in hell
They were impossible to separate
Chained together for life
Finally the bell tolled his doom
He took a suite of rooms
And hung himself and her
From the balcony irons
Some still believe
He was freed from her
But I knew her too well
I say she drove him to suicide
And took poor Edward to hell

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