Trouble's Braids

Tom Waits

Well I pulled on trouble's braids
and I hid in the briars
out by the quick mud
stayin' away from the main roads
passin' out wolf tickets
downwind from the blood hounds
and I pulled on trouble's braids
and I lay by a cypress
as quiet as a stone
'til the bleeding stopped
I blew the weather vane
off some old road house
I build a fire in the
skeleton back seat of an old Tucker
and I pulled on trouble's braids
I spanked cold red mud
where the hornet stung deep
and I tossed in the ditch
in a restless sleep
and I pulled on trouble's braids
I hung my rain-soaked jacket
on some old barbed wire
poured cold rusty water
on a miserable fire
I pulled on trouble's braids
the creek was swollen by daybreak and I could just
barely see
and I floated downstream
on an old dead tree
and I pulled on trouble's braids
I pulled on trouble's braids
I pulled on trouble's braids
I pulled on trouble's braids

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