

Tombstone Blues

[Sheryl Crow](#)

The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course
The city fathers they're trying to endorse
The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse
But the town has no need to be nervous
The ghost of Belle Starr, she hands down her wits
To Jezebel the nun who violently knits
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits
At the head of the chamber of commerce
Mama's in the fact'ry, she ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley, he's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets with the tombstone blues
The hysterical bride in the penny arcade
Screaming she moans, "I've just been made"
Then she sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade
Says, "My advice is to not let the boys in"
Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride
"Stop all this weeping and swallow your pride
You will not die, it's not poison"
Mama's in the fact'ry, she ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley, he's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets with the tombstone blues
Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief
Looks up to his hero the Commander-in-Chief
"Tell me great hero, but please make it brief
Is there a hole for me to get sick in?"
The Commander-in-Chief answers him, chasing a fly
Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and cry"
And dropping a bar bell he points to the sky
Saying, "The sun is not yellow it's chicken"
Mama's in the fact'ry, she ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley, he's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets with the tombstone blues

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>