Flash Pan Hunter

Tom Waits

The flash pan hunter sways with the wind
His rifle is the sound of the morning
Each sulfurous bullet way have it's own wit
Each cartridge comes with a warning
Beware of elaborate telescopic meats
They will find their way back to the forestCHORUS
For Wilhelm can't wait
To be Peg Leg's crown
As the briar is strangling
The rose back downHis back shall be my slender new branch
It will sway and bend in the breeze
As the devil does his polka
Wit ha hatchet in his hand
As a sniper in the branches of the trees
As the vulture flutters down
As the snake sheds his dove
Wilhelm's cutting off his fingers
So they'll fit into his gloveCHORUS

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