

# Jockey Full of Bourbon

Tom Waits

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Edna Million in a drop-dead suit  
Dutch Pink on a downtown train  
Two-dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot  
I'm in the corner in the pouring rain  
Sixteen men on a dead man's chest  
And I've been drinking from a broken cup  
Two pairs of pants and a mohair vest  
I'm full of bourbon, I can't stand up  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
Your house is on fire, your children are alone  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
Your house is on fire, your children are alone  
Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head  
And I've been stepping on the Devil's tail  
Across the stripes of a full moon's head  
And through the bars of a Cuban jail  
Bloody fingers on a purple knife  
Flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass  
I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife  
Admire the view from up on top of the mast  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
House is on fire, your children are alone  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
House is on fire, your children are alone  
I said hey little bird, fly away home  
House is on fire, your children are alone  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
House is on fire, your children are alone  
Yellow sheets on a Hong Kong bed  
Stazybo horn and a Slingerland ride  
"To the carnival" is what she said  
A hundred dollars makes it dark inside  
Edna Million in a drop-dead suit  
Dutch Pink on a downtown train  
Two-dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot  
I'm in the corner in the pouring rain  
Hey little bird, fly away home  
Your house is on fire, your children are alone  
Hey little bird, fly away home

Your house is on fire, your children are alone

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