

Pony

Tom Waits

I've seen it all boys, I've been all over
Been everywhere in the whole wide world
I rode the high line with Old Blind Darby
I danced real slow with Ida Jane
I was full of wonder when I left Murfreesboro
Now I am full of hollow on Maxwell Street And I hope my pony
I hope my pony
I hope my pony knows the way back home I walked from Natchez to Hushpukena
I built a fire by the side of the road
I worked for nothin' in a Belzoni saw mill
And I caught a blind out on the B and O
Talullah's friendly, Belzoni ain't so
A forty-four will get you ninety-nine I hope my pony
I hope my pony
I hope my pony knows the way back home I run my race with Burnt-Face Jake
I gave him a Manzanita cross
I lived on nothin' but dreams and train smoke
Somehow my watch and chain got lost
I wish I was home, in Evelyn's kitchen
With old Gyp curled around my feet I hope my pony
I hope my pony
I hope my pony knows the way back home I hope my pony
I hope my pony
I hope my pony knows the way back home

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