Face To The Highway

Tom Waits

I'm goin' away (x4)
The cradle wants a baby
The kitchen wants a pan
The heart wants a certain kind of lover if it can
The ocean wants a sailor
The gun wants a hand
The money wants a spender
and the road wants a man
I turn my face to the highway (x3)
And I turn my back on you
The devil wants a sinner
The sky wants a bird
The table wants a dinner
And the lips want her
The glass wants a wine

The fist wants to hurt
The clock wants the time
And the show wants the word
I turn my face to the highway (x3)
And I turn my back on you
I'm goin' away (x4)
The coal wants a miner
The soldier takes a stand
The walls of the prison want a solitary man
The window wants a curtain
The plow wants a lamb
Diamond ring wants to fit upon the finger of her hand
I turn my face to the highway (x3)
And I turn my back on you
I'm goin' away (x14)

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