

# 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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