Tom Waits

I'm just a scarecrow
with out you
baby please don't disappear
I beg your pardon dear

I gotta a bottle full of trumpet a hat box full of drum I beg your pardon dear

I got upset
I lost my head
I didn't mean
the things I said
You are the landscape
Of my dreams
Darlin' I beg your pardon

I'd give your Boardwalk And Park Place And all of my hotels I beg your pardon dear

Please don't go back to St. Louis Can't you tell that I'm sincere I beg your pardon dear