

Jockey Full Of Bourbon

Tom Waits

Am

1. Edna Millon in a drop dead suit

E7

Dutch pink in a downtown train
Two dollar pistol, but the gun won't shoot

Am

I'm in the corner in the pouring rain
16 men on a deadman's chest

E7

And I've been drinking from a broken cup
Two pair of pants and a mohair vest

Am

I'm full of bourbon; I can't stand up

Dm

Am

R: Hey little bird, fly away home

E7

Am

Your house is on fire; your children are alone

Dm

Am

Hey little bird, fly away home

E7

Am

Your house is on fire; your children are alone

2. Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan`s head
And I've been stepping on the devils tail
Across the stripes of a full moons head
Through the bars of a Cuban jail
Bloody fingers on a purple knife
A flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass
I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife
Come admire the view from upon the top of the mast

R: Hey little bird...

3. Yellow sheets in a Hong Kong bed
Stayzbo horn and a Singerland slide
To the carnival is what she said
A hundred dollars makes it dark inside
16 men on a deadman's chest
And I've been drinking from a broken cup
Two pair of pants and a mohair vest
I'm full of bourbon; I can't stand up