November

Tom Waits

No shadow
No stars
No moon
No care
November
It only believes
In a pile of dead leaves
And a moon
That's the color of bone

No prayers for November To linger longer Stick your spoon in the wall We'll slaughter them all

November has tied me
To an old dead tree
Get word to April
To rescue me
November's cold chain

Made of wet boots and rain And shiny black ravens On chimney smoke lanes November seems odd You're my firing squad November

With my hair slicked back With carrion shellac With the blood from a pheasant And the bone from a hare

Tied to the branches
Of a roebuck stag
Left to wave in the timber
Like a buck shot flag

Go away you rainsnout Go away, blow your brains out November