## The Part You Throw Away

**Tom Waits** 

You dance real slow You wreck it down You walk away, then you Turn around

What did that old blonde Gal say? That is the part... You throw away

I want that beggars eyes A winning horse A tidy Mexican divorce

St. Mary's prayers
Houdini's Hands
And a Barman who always
Understands

Will you loose the flowers Hold on to the vase Will you wipe all those teardrops Away from your fase I can't help thinking As I close the door I have done all of this Many times before

The bone must go The wish can stay The kiss don't know What the lips will say

Forget I've hurt you Put stones in your bed And remember to never Mind instead

Well all of your letters Burned up in the fire Time is just memory Mixed in with Desire That's not the road it is Only the map...I say Gone just like matches From a closed down cabaret In a Portuguese Saloon A fly is a circling around The room You'll soon forget the Tune that you play For that is the part You throw away Ah, that is the part You throw away