Trouble's Braids

Well I pulled on trouble's braids and I hid in the briars out by the quick mud stayin' away from the main roads passin' out wolf tickets downwind from the blood hounds and I pulled on trouble's braids and I lay by a cypress as quiet as a stone 'til the bleeding stopped I blew the weather vane off some old road house I build a fire in the skeleton back seat of an old Tucker and I pulled on trouble's braids I spanked cold red mud where the hornet stung deep and I tossed in the ditch in a restless sleep and I pulled on trouble's braids I hung my rain-soaked jacket on some old barbed wire poured cold rusty water on a miserable fire I pulled on trouble's braids the creek was swollen by daybreak and I could just barely see and I floated downstream on an old dead tree and I pulled on trouble's braids I pulled on trouble's braids I pulled on trouble's braids I pulled on trouble's braids

Tom Waits