

Cold, Cold Ground

Tom Waits (1987)

Crestfallen sidekick in an old café,
Never slept with a dream before he had to go away.
There's a bell in the tower, Uncle Ray bought a round,
Don't worry about the army in the cold, cold ground.
Cold, cold ground. Cold, cold ground. Cold, cold ground.

Now don't be a crybaby when there's wood in the shed,
There's a bird in the chimney and a stone in my bed.
When the road's washed out they pass the bottle around,
And wait in the arms of the cold, cold ground.
The cold, cold ground; the cold, cold ground; the cold, cold ground.

There's a ribbon in the willow, there's a tire swing rope,
And a briar patch of berries taking over the slope;
The cat'll sleep in the mailbox and we'll never go to town,
'Till we bury every dream in the cold, cold ground.
In the cold, cold ground; the cold, cold ground; in the cold, cold ground.

Gimme a Winchester rifle and a whole box of shells,
Blow the roof off the goat barn, let it roll down the hill,
The piano is firewood; Times Square is a dream,
Well I find we'll lay down together in the cold, cold ground.
In the cold, cold ground; the cold, cold ground; in the cold, cold ground.

We'll call the cops on the Breedloves; bring a bible and a rope;
And a whole box of Rebel and a bar of soap,
Make a pile of trunk tires and burn 'em all down,
Bring a dollar with you baby in the cold, cold ground.
In the cold, cold ground. In the cold, cold ground. In the cold, cold ground.

Take a weathervane rooster, throw rocks at his head,
Stop talking to the neighbors until we all go dead.
Beware of my temper and the dog that I've found,
Break all of the windows in the cold, cold ground.
In the cold, cold ground; in the cold, cold ground; in the cold, cold ground ...