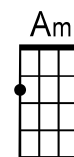
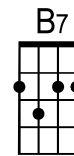
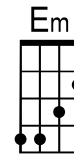


Jockey Full Of Bourbon

Tom Waits

[Em] Edna Million in a drop dead suit
[Em] Dutch pink in a [B7] downtown train
[B7] Two dollar pistol, but the gun won't shoot
[B7] I'm in the corner in the [Em] pouring rain
[Em] 16 men on a dead man's chest
[Em] And I've been drinking from a [B7] broken cup
[B7] Two pairs of pants and a mohair vest
[B7] I'm full of bourbon; I [Em] can't stand up



Chorus

[Am] Hey little bird, [Em] fly away home
Your [B7] house is on fire; [Em] your children are alone
[Am] Hey little bird, [Em] fly away home
Your [B7] house is on fire; [Em] your children are alone

[Em] Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head
[Em] And I've been stepping on the [B7] devil's tail
[B7] Across the stripes of a full moon's head
[B7] Through the bars of a [Em] Cuban jail
[Em] Bloody fingers on a purple knife
[Em] Flamingo drinking from a [B7] cocktail glass
[B7] I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife
[B7] Come admire the view from up on the [Em] top of the mast

Chorus

[Em] Yellow sheets in a Hong Kong bed
[Em] Stazbo horn and a [B7] Slingerland slide
[B7] To the carnival is what she said
[B7] A hundred dollars makes it [Em] dark inside
[Em] 16 men on a dead man's chest
[Em] And I've been drinking from a [B7] broken cup
[B7] Two pair of pants and a mohair vest
[B7] I'm full of bourbon; I [Em] can't stand up

Chorus