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A Sight for Sore Eyes

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Verse:

sight for sore eyes, it's a long time no see, Work-in'
hard hardly work-in', hey, man, you know me. Water

under the bridge, did ya see my new car? Well, it's

bought and it's paid for, parked outside of the bar. And hey,

bar-keep, what's keep-in' you? Keep pour-in' drinks For
all these pa-loo-kas. Hey, you know what I thinks: That we

toast to the old days and Di-Mag-gi-o too, And old

Dry-sdale and Man-tle, Whitey Ford and to you!

C
2. No, the

C

G7

Fine

C

D.S. 1 al Coda

3. I guess you

Coda G7

C

F

No, she's married with a kid, finally split up with

Sid. He's up north for a nickel's worth for armed robbery. Hell, I'll
play you some pin-ball, no, you ain't got a chance.
Well, then

go on o-ver and ask her to dance... And hey,

2. No, the old gang ain’t around, everyone has left town,
'Cept for Thumm and Giardina, said they just might be down.
Oh, half drunk all the time, and I'm all drunk the rest,
Yeah, Monk's still the champion, oh, but I am the best. (To Chorus)

3. I guess you heard about Nash, he was killed in a crash,
That must've been two or three years ago now.
Yeah he spun out and he rolled, he hit a telephone pole,
And he died with the radio on. (To Coda)
Freely, but moving

with pedal

In the evening stumbles home with his tie undone,

and as the moon sweeps Seventh Avenue as usual, you lie a-

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wake at night... you re-mem-ber when, now that An-nie's back in
town. Well, I know why you're drink-in', I know your al-i-bi.

So don't make up ex-cus-es those are tears in your eyes. And you're fall-ing back in

love a-gain now that An-nie's back in town. And it
came down through the grape-vine, you put your bus-ness on the street. I hear you been
hang-in' out 'til dawn in some lunch room. And you thought you'd got-ten o-ver her... but
that was 'til you found that An-nie's back in town. And
on the cor-ner boys are troublemak-ers and the sail-ors are all fools...
it almost seems like some things 'round here, I guess I'll never change. But it's
always good for business, guess we'll be see-in' you around now that Annie's
back in town.

ritard.
Blue Valentines

Freely

She sends me blue valentines all the way from Philadelphia to mark the anniversary of someone that I used to be. And it feels like a warrant is

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out for my arrest,

Baby, you got me check-in' in my rear view mirror.

That's why I'm always on the run,

That's why I changed my name,

And I didn't think you'd ever find me here.

To send me
2. Blue valentines, like half-forgotten dreams,
   Like a pebble in my shoe as I walk these streets,
   And the ghost of your memory
   Baby, there's a sizzle in the kiss,
   It's the burglar that can break a rose's neck,
   It's the tattooed broken promise.
   I got eyes beneath my sleeve,
   I'm gonna see you every time I turn my back.

3. You send me blue valentines, though I try to remain at large,
   They're insisting that our love must have a eulogy.
   Why do I save all this madness here in the nightstand drawer,
   There to haunt upon my shoulders, baby, I know
   I'd be luckier to walk around everywhere I go
   With this blind and broken heart that sleeps beneath my lapel,
   Instead these . . .

4. Blue valentines to remind me of my cardinal sin,
   I can never wash the guilt or get these bloodstains off my hands,
   And it takes a lot of whiskey to make these nightmares go away.
   And I cut my bleeding heart out every night,
   And I'm gonna die just a little more
   On each Saint Valentine's Day.
   Don't you remember, I promised I would write you
   These blue valentines, blue valentines,
   Blue valentines.
Broken Bicycles

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Moderately slow

Cm  

Db

G7  

G7+  

G7  

Cm  

With a swing feel

Broken bicyles,  
Bro - ken bicyles,  
old bust - ed chains,  
with bust - ed han - dle bars

don’t tell my folks;  
there’s all those play - ing cards

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bye. time; for the Summer is gone,

our love will remain. like old broken bicycles

out throw in the rain. throw them away.
Burma Shave

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Quite freely (rubato)

Dm7-5       C7/E       Dm7-5       C7/E

1. Lic'rice tattoo turned a gun metal blue,

Scrawled across the shoulders of the dying town. Took the
one-eyed jacks across the railroad tracks, and the scar on its belly pulled a stranger passing through.

He's a juvenile delinquent, never learned how to behave, but the cops would never think to look in
2. And the road was like a ribbon, and the moon was like a bone, it
didn't seem to be like any guy she'd ever known. He kind of
looked like Farley Granger with his hair slicked back, she says, "I'm a
sucker for a fella in a cowboy hat."

"How far are you going," he said, "depends on what you mean." He says, "I'm only stoppin' here to get some gasoline."

guess I'm going that-a-way just as long as it's paved, and I
guess you’d say I’m on my way to Burma

Shave.

knees upon the glove compart-ment, she took out her barrettes, and her

hair spilled out like root-beer, and she popped her gum and arched her back. Yeah,
Marysville ain't nothin' but a wide spot in the road, some nights my heart pounds like thunder, don't know why it don't explode. 'Cause everyone in this stinkin' town has got one foot in the grave, and I'd rather take my chances out in Burma.
Dm7-5  C7/E  Dm7-5  C7/E

Sihave.

Dm7-5  C7/E  Dm7-5  C7/E

4. Presley's what I go by, why don't you change the stations. Count the

Dm7-5  C/E  Fm7  Eb/G  Ab  Fm7  E7  C7/E

grain elevators in the rear-view mirror. She said, "Mister

Dm7-5  C7/E  Dm7-5  C7/E

anywhere you point this thing, you got to beat the hell out of the sting of
going to bed with every dream that dies here every mornin', and

so I drill me a hole with a barber pole, and I'm

jumping my parole just like a fugitive tonight. Why don't you

have another swig, pass that car if you're so brave. I wanna
Bbm7          C7+/E          C7/E

get there be-fore the sun comes up in Bur-

ma

Dm7-5          C7/E          Dm7-5          C7/E          E+


Shave.

5. And the

Dm7-5          C/E          Fm7          Eb/G          Ab          Fm7          E+          C7/E

spi-der web crack and the mus-tang scream, the

Dm7-5          C/E          Fm7          Eb/G          Ab          Fm7          E+          C7/E

smoke from the tires and the twist-ed ma-

chine... and just a
nickel's worth of dreams and every wish-bone that they saved

swindled from them on the way to Burma

Shave.

6. And the sun hit the derrick and cast a bat-wing shadow
up against the car door on the shotgun side, and when they
pulled her from the wreck, you know she still had on her shades, they say that
dreams are growing wild just this side of Burma
Shave.
Christmas Card from a Hooker in Minneapolis

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Freely (rubato)

Hey, Charlie, I'm pregnant,

Right above the dirty book store,

off Euclid Avenue.

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I stopped tak-in' dope and I quit drink-in' whiskey, my old man plays the trombone and works out at the track.

He says that he loves me, even though it's not his baby, he says that he'll raise him up like he
would his own son. He gave me a ring that was worn by his mother, and he takes me out dancin' ev'ry Saturday night.

Hey, Charlie, I think about you ev'ry time I pass the fill-in' station, on account of all the grease you used to
wear in your hair. I still have that record of

Little Anthony and the Imperials, but someone stole my record player, now

how do you like that!

And hey, Charlie, I almost went crazy after Mario got bust ed,
And I wish I had all the money you used to spend on dope.

I'd buy me a used car lot and I wouldn't sell any of 'em. I'd just drive a different car every day, depending on how I feel.

Hey, Charlie, for Chris' sakes,
if you wanna know the truth of it, I don't have a husband,

he don't play the trombone. I need to borrow money to

pay this lawyer. Charlie, hey, I'll be eligible for parole, come

Valentine's Day.
Foreign Affair

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Freely
Cmaj9  Am7  Dm9  G7  C/G  Cmaj9  Am7

When traveling abroad in the continental style, it's my be-

liefl one must attempt to be discreet. And to

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subsequently bear in mind your transient position allows you a perspective that's unique.

And though you'll find your itinerary's a blessing and a curse, your wanderlust won't let you settle down and you'll wonder how you ever fathomed that you'd be content to stay within the city limits of a small midwestern town. Most vag -
bonds I knew... don't ever want to find the culprit that remains the object of their long re-

a tempo

lent-less quest. The obsession's in the chasing and not the apprehending, the pur-

suit, you see, and never the arrest.

Without

fear of contradiction, "bon voyage" is always hollered in conjunction with a handkerchief from
shore, by a girl who drives a Rambler and furthermore is overly concerned that she won't see him anymore. Planes and trains and boats and buses characteristically evoke a common attitude of blue, unless you have a suitcase and a ticket and a passport, and the
cargoes that their carrying is you.

A foreign affair

clear juxtaposed with a stateside and domestically approved romantic fantasy, is mysteriously attractive due to circumstances knowing it will only be parlayed into a memory.
Ghosts of Saturday Night
(After Hours at Napoleone's Pizza House)

Slow Blues
(Background under recitation, play 4 times)

Words and Music by
Tom Waits
Recreation

1. A cab combs the snake,
   Tryin' to rake in that last night's fare,
   And a solitary sailor
   Who spends the facts of his life small change on strangers ...

2. Paws his inside P-coat pocket for a welcome twenty-five cents,
   And the last butt butt from a package of Kents,
   As he dreams of a waitress with Maxwell House eyes
   And marmalade things with scrambled yellow hair.

3. Her rhinestone-studded moniker says, "Irene"
   As she wipes the wisps of dishwater blond from her eyes.

4. And Texaco beacon burns on,
   The steel-belted attendant with a 'Ring and Valve Special' ...
   Cryin' "Fill 'er up" and check that oil,
   "You know it could be a distributor and it could be a coil."

5. The early mornin' final edition's on the stands,
   That town cryer's cryin' there with nickels in his hands.
   Pigs in a blanket sixty-nine cents,
   Eggs - roll 'em over and a package of Kents,
   Adam and Eve on a log, you can sink 'em damn straight,
   Hash browns, hash browns, you know I can't be late.

6. And an early dawn cracks out a carpet of diamond
   Across a cash crop car lot filled with twilight Coupe Devilles,
   Leaving the town in a-keeping
   Of the one who is sweeping

   Up the ghost of Saturday night ...
Heartattack and Vine

Moderate Blues (4/4)  

Words and Music by  
Tom Waits

Liar, liar with your pants on fire,
See that little Jersey girl in the see-thru top,

white spades hangin' on the telephone wire,
pedal pushers, suckin' on a soda pop. Well, I'll

Gamblers re-evaluate along the dotted line,
You'll bet she's still a virgin, but it's only twenty-five to nine.

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never recognize yourself on Heart Attack and Vine.
You can see a million of 'em on Heart Attack and Vine.
Better off in Iowa a-

gar man, thief,
gainst your scrambled eggs
Phil - ly Joe Remark - able looks
than crawl in' down Cahuenga on a

on in dis - be - lief
bro - ken pair of legs
You'll find your igno - rance is blissful every

have to wait in line.
God damn time.
You'll prob - bly see some - one you know on

You're wait - in' for the R. T. D. on
Heart Attack and Vine.
Bon-Ivy's high on China white,

Shortly found a punk. Don't you know there ain't no devil, that's just

God when he's drunk. Well, this stuff will probably kill you let's do another line.

What you say you meet me down on Heart Attack and Vine.
Heart Attack and Vine.
Slow, Bluesy

I Never Talk to Strangers

Words and Music by Tom Waits

(Female, spoken:) Bartender, I'd like a Manhattan, please.

(Male) Stop me if you've heard this one, but, I feel as though we've met before.
perhaps I am mistaken. (Female) But, it's just that I remind you of someone you used to care about; oh, but that was long ago.

Now tell me, do you really think I'd fall for that old line? I wasn't born just yesterday. Besides, I never talk to strangers anyway. (Male) Hell, I ain't a
bad guy, when you get to know me. I just thought there ain't no harm.
(Female) Hey, yeah, just try

mind-ing your own bus-ness bud, who asked you to an-noy me with your sad, sad re-par-tee. Be-sides, I nev-er talk to stran-gers an-y-

Your life's a dime store nov-el.
This town is full of guys like you and you're looking for someone to take the place of her.

(Male) You must be reading my mail. And you're bitter 'cause he left you; that's why you're...

(Both) drinkin' in this bar. Well, only suckers fall in love with perfect strangers. It always takes... ritard...

one to know one stranger. May be we're just wiser now.

(Male) Yeah, and been around that block so many a tempo...
times that we don’t notice that we’re all just perfect strangers, as long as we ignore that we
all begin as strangers, just before we find we really aren’t
strangers anymore.

(Female) Aw, ya don’t look like such a chump. (Male) Hey, baby,
I Wish I Was in New Orleans
(In the Ninth Ward)

Gospel like, freely

C  C9  F  C(add3)  Am7

D7sus4  D7  Dm7/G  G7(13)  C  C9  F  Em7  Eb0

C/G  G7(13)  C  G7(13)  C  C9/Bb

Well, I wish I was in New Orleans,

F/A  F  C(add3)/G  C  Am7  Dm7  G7sus4  G7(13)

New Orleans, I can see it in my dreams...

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Arm in arm down Burgundy, a bottle and my friends and me. Hoist up a few tall cool ones, play some pool and listen to that under the table, be a red nose, go for walks, the ten-or old haunts, what I wants is red beans and rice. And And I wear the dress I like so well. "When the Saints Go
Marching In
old saloon
By the whiskers on my chin, New

Make sure there's a Dixie moon, New

Orleans I'll be there. I'll drink you bottle and my
Orleans I'll be there. And deal the

friends and me. New Orleans I'll be there.

3. And deal the cards, roll the dice.
If it ain't that ole Chuck E. Weiss.
And Clayborn Avenue, me and you,
Sam Jones and all.
And I wish I was in New Orleans,
I can see it in my dreams.
Arm in arm down Burgundy,
A bottle and my friends and me,
New Orleans I'll be there.
Invitation to the Blues

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Slowly

Dm

Bb m6

Fadd 9/A

Ab dim

Gm7

A7sus4

A7

Dm

Gm/Bb

A7

Dm

1. Well, she's
Dm

up against the register
with an apron and a spatula,

B♭m6

a tempo

With yesterday's deliveries and the tickets for a bachelor, she's a

Fadd 9/A

moving violation from her conk down to her shoes,

A♭dim

but it's

Gm7

A7sus4

A7

just an invitation to the blues.

Dm

Gm/B♭

A7

Dm

And you
feel just like Cagney, she looks like Rita Hayworth at the

counter of the Schwab's Drug Store. You wonder

if she might be single, she's a loner, likes to mingle?

Got to be patient, try and pick up a clue. 2. She said,
"How you gonna like 'em, over medium or scrambled?"

You say, "Any way's the only way, be careful not to gamble on a guy with a suitcase and a ticket gettin' out'a here, in a tired bus station, in an old pair of shoes, this ain't..."
noth-in' but an invitation to the blues."

But you can't

take your eyes off her, get another cup of Java, and it's

just the way she pours it for you, jokin' with the customers. Mercy,

mercy, Mister Percy, there ain't nothin' back in Jersey, but a
brokedown jalopy of a man I left behind, and a

dream that I was chasin' and a battle with the booze, and an

open invitation to the blues.

3. But she used to

4. But there's a
3. But she used to have a sugar daddy,
   And a candy-apple caddy,
   And a bank account and everything
   Accustomed to the finer things.
   He probably left her for a socialite,
   He didn’t love her ‘cept at night,
   And then he’s drunk and never told her that he cared.

   So they took the registration,
   The car keys and his shoes,
   And left with invitation to the blues.

4. But there’s a Continental Trailways leavin’,
   Local bus tonight, good evening,
   You can have my seat,
   I’m stickin’ round here for a while,
   Get me a room at the Dquire.
   The fillin’ station’s hiring,
   Now I can eat here everynight, what the hell have I got to lose.

   Got a crazy sensation,
   Go or stay, and I gotta choose,
   And I’ll accept your invitation to the blues.
Moderately slow

Got no time for the corner boys down on the street mak-in'

all that noise... Don't want no whores on Eighth Avenue,

'cause tonight I'm gonna be with you... 'Cause tonight I'm gonna
take that ride
all her charms
across the river to the Jersey side,
when I'm wrapped up in my baby's arms.

take my baby to the carnival
My little angel gives me everything,
and I'll take you on
I know some day that she'll

all wear my ring. So
rides. Down the shore everything's all right,
don't bother me, 'cause I got no time.

you with your baby on a Saturday night.
I'm on my way to see that girl of mine.
Don't you know all my
Nothin' else matters in this
dreams come true
whole wide world
when I'm walkin'
down the street
with you.

Sing sha la la la la la,
sha la la la la la

Sha la la la la la.
I'm in love with a Jersey girl.

Sha la

sha
You know she thrills me with
And I call your name.
I can't sleep at night. Sha la la la
Kentucky Avenue

Freely (rubato)

B♭add 9/D

Ed-die Gra-ce's Bu-ick got four bul-let holes in the side,

and Char-lie De-lisle is sit-tin' at the top of an

av-o-ca-do tree.

Mis-sus Storm 'll stab you with a steak knife if you

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step on her lawn, I got a half a pack of Lucky Strikes, man, so

come along with me. Let's fill our pockets with

Macadamia nuts, and go over to Bobby Good-man's and

jump off the roof. Hilda plays strip poker while her
mama's 'cross the street, Joey Navinski says she put her tongue in his mouth... Dicky Faulkner's got a switch blade and some goose-neck risers, that euca... lypse is a hunchback, there's a wind up from the south, so let me tie you up with kite-string and I'll...
show you the scabs on my knee. *(Spoken)* Watch out for the broken glass. Put your shoes and socks on.

and come along with me. 1. Let's follow that fire truck, I think your

house is burnin' down, then go down to the hobo jungle and kill some

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

rattle-snakes with a trowel. 2. And we'll cornfield. 8. Just put a
2. And we'll break all the windows in the old Anderson place,
   We'll steal a bunch of boysenberries and I'll smear 'em on your face.

3. I'll get a dollar from my mama's purse and buy that skull-and-crossbones ring,
   And you can wear it around your neck on an old piece of string.

4. Then we'll spit on Ronnie Arnold and flip him the bird,
   And slash the tires on the school bus, now don't say a word.

5. I'll take a rusty nail and scratch your initials in my arm,
   I'll show you how to sneak up on the roof of the drugstore.

6. I'll take the spokes from your wheelchair and a magpie's wings,
   And I'll tie 'em to your shoulders and your feet.

7. I'll steal a hacksaw from my dad and cut the braces off your legs,
   And we'll bury them tonight out in the cornfield.

8. Just put a church key in your pocket ... (etc.)
Martha

Slowly

E♭ B♭7/D E♭ B♭7/D Cm B♭ Ab(♭♭3)

\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( Cm \quad B♭ \quad Ab(♭♭3)\)

\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( Cm \quad B♭ \quad Ab(♭♭3)\)

(ped. throughout)

Cm B♭ Ab(♭♭3)

\( Cm \quad B♭ \quad Ab(♭♭3)\)

\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( Cm \quad B♭ \quad Ab(♭♭3)\)

Operator, number please, it's been so many years.

\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( Cm \quad B♭ \quad Ab(♭♭3)\)

\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( Cm \quad B♭ \quad Ab(♭♭3)\)

She'll remember my old voice while I fight the tears.

\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( Cm \quad B♭ \quad Ab(♭♭3)\)

\( E♭ \quad C7/E\)  
\( Fm \quad B♭7\)

\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( Cm \quad B♭ \quad Ab(♭♭3)\)

\( E♭ \quad C7/E\)  
\( Fm \quad B♭7\)

\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( E♭ \quad B♭7/D\)  
\( Cm \quad B♭ \quad Ab(♭♭3)\)

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This is ol' Tom Frost. I am calling long distance, don't worry 'bout the cost.

It's been forty years or more now; Martha, please recall, and meet me out for coffee, where we'll talk about it all. And those were days of roses, of poetry and prose; and Martha, all I had was
you and all you had was me.
There was no to-
morrow, we packed away our sorrows and we saved them for a rainy day.

I feel so much older now, you're much older too.
I was always so impulsive, guess that I still am.
How's the husband, how's the kids? You know that I got married too.
All that really mattered then was that I was a man.

Luckily that you found someone who makes you feel secure.
Guess that our bein' together wasn't mean to be.

We were all so young and foolish, now we are mature.
(Spoken:) Martha, Martha, I love you, can't you see.
And

I remember quiet evenings trembling close to you.
New Coat of Paint

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Slow swing

Let's put a

1. A new coat of paint... on this lonesome old town.

Set 'em up, we'll be knockin' 'em down...

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You wear a dress, baby, I'll wear a tie. We'll laugh at that old, blood-shot moon in that burgundy sky.
2nd Verse

All our scribbled love dreams are lost or thrown away,
Here amidst the shuffle of an overflowin' day.
Our love needs a transfusion so let's shoot it full of wine.
Fishin' for a good time starts with throwin' in your line.
Moderately slow \( \frac{\text{bass clef}}{\text{treble clef}} = \frac{\text{NOTE}}{3} \)

Tacet

Well, my

with pedal throughout

\( \text{C} \)\( \text{Em7} \)\( \text{F} \)\( \text{F/G} \)

time went so quickly, I went lickety-split out to my old fifty-five.

\( \text{C} \)\( \text{G9} \)\( \text{C} \)\( \text{Em7} \)

As I pulled away slowly, feelin' so holy, God—

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knows I was feelin' alive. And now the sun's comin' up,

I'm ridin' with Lady Luck,

free-way cars and trucks. Stars beginnin' to fade,

and I lead the parade;
just a wishin' I'd stayed a little longer,

Lord, don't you know the feelin's gettin' stronger.

Six in the mornin', gave me no warnin', I had to be on my way.

Now the cars are all passin' me, trucks are all flashin' me,
I'm headed home from your place. And now the sun's comin' up, I'm ridin' with Lady Luck. Free-way cars and trucks. Stars begin-ning to fade,
and I lead the parade; just a-wishin' I'd stayed

— a little longer, — Lord, don't you know the

feel-in's gettin' stronger — Well, my Free-way cars and trucks,

— ridin' with Lady Luck.
Old Boyfriends

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Slowly

Cm7       G7-9       Cm7       G7-9       Cm7       G7-9

Old boyfriends, lost in the pocket of your

Dm7-5     G7         Dm7-5     G7-5         G7       Cm7

overcoat, like burned out light-bulbs on a ferris wheel.
Old boyfriends, you remember the kinds of
cars they drove, parking in an orange grove.
you fell in love, you see, with someone that I
used to be.

Though I very seldom
think of him, nevertheless sometimes a mannequin's blue satin
dress can make the window like a dream.
Ah, but now those dreams belong to someone else, now they talk endlessly in a
drawer where I keep all my talk endlessly in a drawer where I keep all my
2. Old boyfriends,
Remember when you were burning for them?
Why do you keep turning them into
Old boyfriends?
They look you up when they’re in town,
To see if they can still burn you down.
You fall in love, you see... (etc.)

3. Old boyfriends
Turn up every time it rains,
Fall out of the pages in a magazine.
Old boyfriends.
Girls fill up the bars every spring,
Not places for remembering. (To Coda)
On the Nickel

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Slowly

Sticks and stones will

Better bring a

break my bones,

bucket

there's a

always will be true.

hole in the pail.
And when your ma-ma's dead and gone, I'll sing this lullaby just for you.
If you don't get my letter then you'll know that I'm in jail.
What becomes of all the little boys who never comb their hair?
What becomes of all the little boys who never say their prayers?
They line up all around the block on the Nickel, over there.
there.

And if you chew to-bac-co-
So ring a-round the ros-y-

and wish up-on a star,
sleep-ing in the rain.

You're al-ways late for

scare-crow sits, just like punch lines,
and you let me down be-tween the cars.

again.
And I know a place where a royal flush can never beat a
And I thought I heard a mocking bird, Roosevelt knows

pair. where. And even Thomas Jefferson is on the
Well, I'm whistling past the graveyard and they're on the

Nickel, over there. Nickel, over there.

D♭ A E♭ B♭(addC) B♭
And what becomes of all the little boys that run away from home? The world just keeps getting bigger once you get out on your own. So here's to all the little boys, the sand-man takes you where
you're sleeping with a pillow of man__ on the nick__ over there.

So climb up through that button hole
and fall right up the

stairs.
And I'll show you where the short dogs grow__ on the nick__ over there.
Red Shoes by the Drugstore

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Steady moving beat

No Chord

(quasi 'sing-talk' throughout)

1. She wore Red

shoes by the news-stand
as the rain splashed the nick-le

and spilled like chab-lis
all along the mid-way.

There's a lit-tle
blue-joy
in a red dress
on a sad night.

Cm9
Cm7
One straw
in a root beer,
a
compact
with a cracked mirror,
and a bottle of Evening In Par-

is perfume. What's that sad tune? He told her to wait by the
magazines... He had to take care of business it seems... Bring a
raincoat, bring a suitcase.

Bring your dark eyes, and wear those
red shoes. There's a darkoodle at the
bus stop, umbrellas arranged in a sad banquet. Little

Cesar got caught, he's goin' on down a second, He was cooled changin'

stations on the chamber to steal a diamond ring from a jewelry

store for his baby. He loved the way she looked in those Red
2. She waited by the drugstore,
    Caesar'd never been this late before.
Dogs bayed the moon and rattled their chains,
And the cold jingle of taps in a puddle
Was the burglar alarm snitchin' on Caesar.
And the rain washes memories from sidewalks,
And the hounds splash the nickel full of soldiers.
Santa Claus is drunk in the sky room,
And it's Christmas Eve in a sad cafe.
When the moon gets its way,
There's a little blue jay by the newsstand,
With red shoes, wearin' red shoes.
So meet me tonight by the drugstore,
Meet me tonight by the drugstore,
Meet me tonight by the drugstore.
We're goin' out tonight,
We're goin' out tonight,
Goin' out tonight.
Wear your Red Shoes,
Red Shoes . . .
Red Shoes . . .
Red Shoes . . .
Ruby's Arms

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Moderately slow

F C/E E7/B Am F C/E Dm7 G7sus4 G7

I will

leave behind all of my clothes I wore when I was with you.

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All I need's my railroad boots and my leather jacket.
As I say goodbye to Ruby's arms, although my heart is breaking, I will steal away out through your blinds, for soon you will be waking.

The
G  C  A  Dm  G7  C  

morning light has washed your face and everything is turning blue,

now.

Hold on to your pillow case, there's nothing I can do

now.

As I say goodbye to Ruby's arms, you'll
find another soldier. And I swear to God, by

Christmas time there'll be someone else to hold you. The

only thing I'm taking is the scarf off of your

clothes line. I'll hurry past your
A  Dm  G  C  Dm
chest of drawers and your broken wind -

G7sus4  G7  F  C  E7  Am
chimes. As I say goodbye, I'll say goodbye, say good-

Dm7  G7sus4  G7  F  C
bye to Ruby's arms.

E7  Am  F  C  Dm7  G7
I will
I feel my way down the darkened hall, out into the morning. The hobos at the freight yards have kept their fires burning. Jesus Christ, this God damn rain. Will someone put me on a train? I'll
F  C  E7  Am  Dm7
never kiss your lips again or break your heart.
As I say good-bye, I'll say good-bye. Say good-
bye to Ruby's arms.
E7  Am  F  C  Dm7  G7  C
San Diego Serenade

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Slowly

\[ \text{C}_b \quad \text{D}_b \quad \text{G}_b \]

1. 'N' I nev-er saw the morn - in' 'til I
2. the white line 'til I
3. the east coast 'til I

---

\[ \text{E}_b \text{m} \quad \text{G}_b7+5 \quad \text{C}_b \]

---

_E_ stayed up all night._
_was leav-in' you be-lind._
_moved to the west._

---

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sunshine 'til you turned out the light.

needed you 'til I was caught up in a bind.

moonlight until it shone off of your breast.

I never saw my hometown until I stayed away too.

I never spoke "I love you" 'til I cursed you in.

I never saw your heart 'til someone tried to steal it a-

I never heard the melody until I

I never felt my heart strings until I

I never saw your tears until they
needed the song.
really went insane.
rolled down your face.

2.3.4. I never saw
Semi Suite

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Slowly

Well, you hate those dies--ets roll in' and those Fri--day nights out blow in'.

when he's off for a twelve hour lay over night.
And you wish you had a dollar for ev'ry time he hol-lered that he's leav - in' and he's never com-in' back.

calls, 'Cause he's a truck driv - in' man,
2. But the curtain-laced bellow,
   And his hands on your pillow,
   And his trousers are hangin' on the chair.
   You're lyin' through your pain, babe,
   But you're gonna tell him he's your man,
   And you ain't got the courage to leave.

3. He tells you that you're on his mind,
   You're the only one he's ever gonna find
   That's kind-a special, understands his complicated soul . . .
   'The only place a man can breath
   And collect his thoughts
   Midnight and flyin' away on the road.

4. That you've packed and unpacked
   So many times you've lost track,
   And the steam heat is dippin' off the walls.
   But when you hear his engines,
   You're lookin' through the window in the kitchen and you knew
   You're always gonna be there when he calls,
   'Cause he's a truck drivin' man, stoppin' when he can,
   He's a truck drivin' man, stoppin' when he can.
Shiver Me Timbers

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Moderately slow 3

1. I'm leav'in' my family, leav'in' all my friends.
2. And I know Martin Eden is gonna be proud of me,
3. So please call my missus and tell her not to cry,

My body's at home but, my heart's in the wind. Where the
and many before me who've been called by the sea. To be
'cause my goodbye is written by the moon in the sky. Hey and

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clouds are like headlines
up in the crow's nest
no one's knows me,

on a new front page sky
sing in' my say
I can't fathom my stayin'

my tears are salt water
and the moon's full and high
shiver me timbers
I'm a sailin' a way

[1. Gb D♭/F] [2. Gb] E♭m7
And the fog's liftin', and the sand's shiftin',

I'm driftin' on out
of Captain Ahab, he ain't got
noth-in' on me, now. So swal-low me, don't fol-low me,

I'm trav-lin' a lone. Blue wa-ter's my

D.S. & (2nd ending) al Coda

daughter 'n' I'm gon-na skip like a stone.

And I'm leav-in' my fam-ly, leav-in' all my
friends. My body's at home but my heart's in the wind where the clouds are like headlines up on a new front page sky.

and shiver me timbers 'cause I'm a sail in a way.

Ebm7 Gb Ab7 Abm9 Db7
Gb Cb/Db Gb Ebm7
Gb Ab7 Abm9 Db7sus4 Db7 Gb Cb/Db Gb
Ebm7 Gb/Db Db/F Gb Ab7sus4 Ab7 Abm9 Db9 Gb
Take Me Home

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Ab

Slowly

Db maj9

Ab +

Ab/C

Bbm7

Eb

Ab (addBb)

Ab (addBb)/C

Db

Ab (addBb)

Ab (addBb)

Ab (addBb)/C

Ab (addBb)

Ab (addBb)

Db

C

Fm

Bbm7

Eb

Ab (addBb)

Ab (addBb)/C

Ab (addBb)

Ab (addBb)

Db

C

Fm

Bbm7

Db

C

Fm

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world's not around without you. I'm so sorry that I

broke your heart, please don't leave my side.

Take me home, you silly boy, 'cause I'm still in love with you.
(Looking for) The Heart of Saturday Night

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Well, you gassed her up. Behind the wheel with your
arm around your sweet one in your Oldsmobile.

barrelin' down the boulevard, your lookin' for the heart of

Saturday night.

And you got paid on Friday,

and your pockets are jinglin'... And you see the lights...
you get all tinning 'cause your cruisin' with a 6,

and you're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night.

Then you comb your hair, shave your face,

tryin' to wipe out ev'ry trace
all the other days in the week, you know that
this'll be the Saturday you're reachin' your peak, Stoppin' on the
red, you're goin' on the green, 'cause tonight'll be like nothin'
you've ever seen, and you're barrelin' down the boulevard lookin' for the heart of
Saturday night... And tell me, is it the crack of the pool balls.

Neon buzz-in? Telephone's ring-in; it's your second cousin. Is it the

Barmaid that's smilin' from the corner of her eye?

Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye. Makes it kind of...
down in the core, 'cause your dream-in' of them Saturdays, that came before
{and now you're it's found you}

stum-blin',
you're stum-blin' on to the heart of Saturday night...

Well, you gassed her up. Behind the wheel with your

arm a-round your sweet one in your Olds-mobile. Bar-rel-lin' down the boulevard,
you’re look-in’ for the heart of Saturday night.

And tell me, is it the

stum-blinit’ on to the heart of Saturday night.

mm, mm, mm, mm.
This One's from the Heart

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Very slowly

As you go out
May-be I'll go down to the corner
Blonds, brunnettes and

it's Independence Day;
and get a racing form,
red-heads put their hammer down

but instead I just pour my
but I should probably wait here
to put a cold chisel
self a drink. It's got to be love...
by the phone. The brakes need adjustment
through my heart. They were nothin'

I've never felt this way...
on the convertible...
but apostrophes...
Oh, baby,

this one's from the heart. The shadows in the road look like a
The worm is climbing the other
I can't tell, is that a siren or a
Fm9                     Eb9                     Fm9                     D59                     Fm9                     Eb9
rail - road track...   I wonder if he's ever com - in' back.
col - or tree...       Robin is back a gainst the wall;
sax - o - phone?...    But the roads get so slip-p'ry.

Fm9                     D59                     Fm9                     Eb9
The moon's a yellow stain a cross the sky...
pour my self a dou - ble sym - pa - thy.
I love you more than all these words can say.

G7+5                     Abmaj7                     Ebmaj9                     A9
Oh, ba - by, this one's from the heart.

(Instrumental—ad lib)

D9                     Fm7-5                     Bk7+5                     Bk7+5                     Bk7+5
D.S. and fade
'Til the Money Runs Out

Moderately bright

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Check this! Strange bev-rage that falls— out from the sky—

Splash-in’ Bag-dad on the Hud-som in Pan-ther Mar-tin’s eyes. He’s

high and out-side— wear-in’ can-dy apple red,
Scarlet gave him twenty-seven stitches in his head. With a pint of green-chartruse, ain't nothin' seems right, you buy the Sunday paper on Saturday night.
2. Can't you hear the thunder, someone stole my watch,  
   I sold a quart of blood and bought a half a pint of scotch.  
   Someone tell those Chinnamen on Telegraph Canyon Road:  
   When you're on the bill with the spoon, there ain't no time to unload,  
   So bye bye, baby; baby, bye bye.

3. Droopy stranger, lonely dreamer, toy puppy on the Prado,  
   We're laughin' as they pried into Olmo's El Donado.  
   Jesus, whispered eenie meenie meenie minie moc  
   They're too proud to duck their heads, that's why they bring it down so low.

4. The pointed man is smack dab in the middle of July,  
   Swingin' from the rafters in his brand new tie.  
   He said, "I can't go back to that hotel room... all they do is shout,  
   But I'll stay with, baby, 'till the money runs out!"  
   So bye bye, baby; baby, bye bye.

5. Strange boy's rage that falls out from the sky,  
   Splashing Bagdad on the Hudson in Panther Martin's eyes.  
   He's high and outside wearin' candy apple red,  
   Scarlet gave him twenty-seven stitches in his head.  
   With a pint of green chartreuse, ain't nothin' seems right,  
   You buy the Sunday paper on Saturday night.  
   Bye bye, baby; baby, bye bye.
Tom Traubert's Blues
(Four Sheets to the Wind in Copenhagen)

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Slowly

F          Gm7          F/A          Bb

mf sempre legato

F/A

G7

C7

poco rit.

Verse 1

Bb

F/A

Gm7      C7       F       C7/G       F/A       Bb

a tempo

got what I paid... for now.    I see ya to - mor-row. Hey,

1. Wast-ed and wound-ed, it ain't what the moon did. I

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Frank, can I borrow a couple of bucks from you To go

waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,

You'll go waltzing Matilda with me.

I'm an innocent victim of a blinded alley, and I'm
Gm7  C7  F  C7/G  F/A  Bb

tired of all these soldiers here. And no one speaks English and

F/A

G9  C7

everything’s broken, and my staccatos are soaking wet, But who’ll go

poco rit.

Chorus: F  Gm7  F/A  Bb

waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,

a tempo

F/A  Gm7  C7

Verse 3

You’ll go waltzing Matilda with me.

3. Now the
dogs are barking and the taxicabs parking.

lot they can do for me.

I begged you to stab me, you tore my shirt open, And I'm down on my knees tonight.

Bushmills, I staggered, you bury the dagger, Your
silhouette window light,
To go

Chorus: F
Gm7
F/A
Bb

waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
a tempo

F/A
Gm7
C7

Verse 4

You'll go waltzing Matilda with me.

4. Now I've

Bb
F/A

lost my Saint Christopher
now that I've kissed her, And the
one-armed bandit knows. And the maverick China man, and the
cold-blooded signs, and the girls down by the strip-tease shows go...

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda, You'll go waltzing Matilda

With me. 5. No. 1

6. And you can 7. And it's a
Verse:

5. No, I don’t want your sympathy,
   The fugitives say the streets aren’t for dreaming now.
   Manslaughter dragnets and the ghosts that sell memories,
   They want a piece of the action anyhow. Go... (Chorus)

6. And you can ask any sailor,
   And the keys from the jailer,
   And the old men in wheelchairs know
   That Matilda’s the defendant, and she killed about a hundred,
   And she follows wherever you may go. (Chorus)

(8)7. And it’s a battered old suitcase to a hotel some place,
   And a wound that will never heal.
   No prima donna, the perfume is on an old (shirt... etc.) To Coda