

# TOM WAITS

BEAUTIFUL MALADIES

THE ISLAND YEARS



1. HANG ON ST. CHRISTOPHER (2:42)
2. TEMPTATION (3:51)
3. CLAP HANDS (3:45)
4. THE BLACK RIDER (3:21)
5. UNDERGROUND (1:51)
6. JOCKEY FULL OF BOURBON (2:45)
7. EARTH DIED SCREAMING (3:36)
8. INNOCENT WHEN YOU DREAM (78) (3:08)
9. STRAIGHT TO THE TOP (2:27)
10. FRANK'S WILD YEARS (1:51)
11. SINGAPORE (2:43)
12. SHORE LEAVE (4:16)
13. JOHNSBURG, ILLINOIS (1:33)
14. WAY DOWN IN THE HOLE (3:29)
15. STRANGE WEATHER (LIVE) (3:35)
16. GOLD, GOLD GROUND (LIVE) (3:25)
17. NOVEMBER (2:53)
18. DOWNTOWN TRAIN (3:49)
19. 16 SHELLS FROM A THIRTY-OGHT SIX (4:32)
20. JESUS GONNA BE HERE (3:18)
21. GOOD OLD WORLD (WALTZ) (4:00)
22. I DON'T WANNA GROW UP (2:30)
23. TIME (3:53)



This compilation produced by Tom Waits.

[www.tomwaits.com](http://www.tomwaits.com)

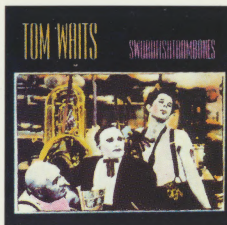
Island Records, Inc. ©, a PolyGram company, 825 Eighth Ave., NY, NY 10019. This compilation ©1998 Island Records, Inc. All rights reserved. Warning: Unauthorized reproduction of this recording is prohibited by federal law and subject to criminal prosecution.



# TOM WAITS

**BEAUTIFUL MALADIES**

**THE ISLAND YEARS**



Produced by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan.  
Recorded and mixed by Biff Dawes at Sunset Sound.  
Recorded by Tim Boyle: "Frank's Wild Years".  
Additional Engineering by Peggy McCreary, Richard McKernon.  
Mixed at Sunset Sound Factory, Hollywood, CA.  
Cover Art: Michael Russ.

### UNDERGROUND (1:51)

(T. Waits)

Rattle big black bones  
in the danger zone  
there's a rumblin' groan  
down below  
there's a big dark town  
it's a place I've found  
there's a world going on  
Underground  
they're alive, they're awake  
while the rest of the world is asleep  
below the mine shaft roads  
it will all unfold  
there's a world going on  
Underground  
all the roots hang down  
swing from town to town  
they are marching around  
down under your boots  
all the trucks unload

beyond the gopher holes  
there's a world going on  
Underground

**Tom Waits:** Vocal  
**Victor Feldman:** Bass marimba  
**Larry Taylor:** Acoustic bass  
**Randy Aldcroft:** Baritone horn  
**Stephen Hodges:** Drums  
**Fred Tackett:** Electric guitar

©1983 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing  
©1983 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

### SHORE LEAVE (4:16)

(T. Waits)

Well with buck shot eyes and a purple heart  
I rolled down the national stroll  
and with a big fat paycheck  
strapped to my hip sack  
and a shore leave wristwatch underneath my sleeve  
in a Hong Kong drizzle on Cuban heels  
I rowed down the gutter to the Blood Bank  
and I'd left all my papers on the Ticonderoga  
and I was in bad need of a shave  
and so I slopped at the corner on cold chow mein  
and shot billiards with a midget  
until the rain stopped  
and I bought a long sleeved shirt  
with horses on the front  
and some gum and lighter and a knife  
and a new deck of cards (with girls on the back)  
and I sat down and wrote a letter to my wife

and I said Baby, I'm so far away from home  
and I miss my baby so  
I can't make it by myself  
I love you so

Well I was pacing myself  
trying to make it all last  
squeezing all the life  
out of lousy two day pass  
and I had a cold one at the Dragon

with some Filipino floor show  
and talked baseball with a lieutenant  
over a Singapore sling  
and I wondered how the same moon outside  
over this Chinatown fair  
could look down on Illinois  
and find you there  
and you know I love you baby

and I'm so far away from home  
and I miss my baby so  
I can't make it by myself  
I love you so

Shore Leave...  
Shore Leave...

**Tom Waits:** Chair, vocal  
**Stephen Hodges:** Drums  
**Randy Aldcroft:** Trombone  
**Victor Feldman:** Marimba, bass marimba,  
shaker, bass drum with rice  
**Larry Taylor:** Acoustic bass  
**Fred Tackett:** Banjo, guitar  
**Francis Thumm:** Metal aunglongs

©1983 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing  
©1983 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

### JOHNSBURG, ILLINOIS (1:33)

(T. Waits)

She's my only true love  
she's all that I think of  
look here in my wallet  
that's her  
she grew up on a farm there  
there's a place on my arm  
where I've written her name  
next to mine  
you see I just can't  
live without her

and I'm her only boy  
and she grew up outside McHenry  
in Johnsborg, Illinois

**Tom Waits:** Vocal, piano  
**Chuck Dimonico:** Bass

©1983 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing  
©1983 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

### 16 SHELLS FROM A THIRTY-UGHT SIX (4:32)

(T. Waits)

I plugged 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six  
and the Black Crow snuck through a hole in the sky  
so I spent all my buttons on an old pack mule  
and I made me a ladder from a pawn shop marimba  
and I leaned it up against a dandelion tree

And I filled me a sachel full of old pig corn  
and I beat me a billy from an old French horn  
and I kicked that mule to the top of the tree  
and I blew me a hole 'bout the size of a kickdrum  
and I cut me a switch from a long branch elbow

*Chorus*

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'  
Black Crow 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six  
whittle you into kindlin'  
Black Crow 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six

Well I slept in the holler of a dry creek bed  
and I tore out the buckets  
from a red Corvette, tore out the buckets from a red Corvette

Lionel and Dave and the Butcher made three  
you got to meet me by the knuckles of the skinnybone tree  
with the strings of a Washburn stretched like a clothes line  
you know me and that mule scrambled right through the hole

*Repeat Chorus*

Now I hold him prisoner in a Washburn jail  
that strapped on the back of my old kick mule  
strapped it on the back of my old kick mule  
I bang on the strings just to drive him crazy  
I strum it loud just to rattle his cage  
strum it loud just to rattle his cage

*Repeat Chorus*

**Tom Waits:** Vocal

**Stephen Hodges:** Drums

**Larry Taylor:** Acoustic bass

**Fred Tackett:** Electric guitar

**Victor Feldman:** Brake drum, bell plate, snare

**Joe Romano:** Trombone

©1983 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing

©1983 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

**FRANK'S WILD YEARS** (For Frankie Z.) (1:51)

(T. Waits)

Well Frank settled down in the valley  
and he hung his wild years  
on a nail that he drove through  
his wife's forehead  
he sold used office furniture  
out there on San Fernando Road  
and assumed a \$30,000 loan  
at 15 1/4% and put a down payment  
on a little two bedroom place  
his wife was a spent piece of used jet trash  
made good bloody marys  
kept her mouth shut most of the time  
had a little Chihuahua named Carlos  
that had some kind of skin disease  
and was totally blind  
they had a thoroughly modern kitchen  
self-cleaning oven (the whole bit)  
Frank drove a little sedan  
they were so happy

One night Frank was on his way home  
from work, stopped at the liquor store  
picked up a couple Mickey's Big Mouths  
drank 'em in the car on his way  
to the Shell station, he got a gallon of  
gas in a can, drove home, doused  
everything in the house, torched it  
parked across the street, laughing  
watching it burn, all Halloween  
orange and chimney red then  
Frank put on top forty station  
got on the Hollywood Freeway  
headed north  
Never could stand that dog

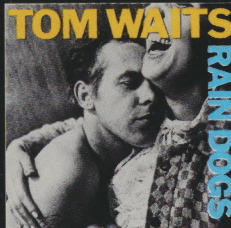
**Tom Waits:** Vocal

**Ronnie Barron:** Hammond organ

**Larry Taylor:** Acoustic bass

©1983 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing

©1983 Jalma Music (ASCAP).



Produced by Tom Waits.

Engineered and mixed by Robert Musso at  
RCA Studios, NYC, NY.

Mix studio assistants: Dennis Ferrante,  
Tom Gonzales, Jeff Lippay.

Mixed at RPM and Quadrasonic.

Cover Photo: Anders Peterson.

Back Cover: Robert Frank.

Dedicated to Kathleen Brennan.

**SINGAPORE** (2:43)

(T. Waits)

We sail tonight for Singapore  
we're all as mad as hatters here  
I've fallen for a tawny moor  
took off to the land of Nod  
drank with all the Chinamen  
walked the sewers of Paris  
I danced along a colored wind  
dangled from a rope of sand  
you must say goodbye to me

We sail tonight for Singapore  
don't fall asleep while you're ashore  
cross your heart and hope to die  
when you hear the children cry  
let marrow bone and cleaver choose  
while making feet for children shoes  
through the alley back from Hell  
when you hear that steeple bell  
you must say goodbye to me

Wipe him down with gasoline  
till his arms are hard and mean  
from now on boys this iron boat's your home  
so heave away boys

We sail tonight for Singapore  
take your blankets from the floor  
wash your mouth out by the door  
the whole town is made of iron ore  
every witness turns to steam  
they all become Italian dreams  
fill your pockets up with earth  
get yourself a dollar's worth  
away boys, away, boys, heave away

The captain is a one-armed dwarf  
he's throwing dice along the wharf  
in the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is King  
so take this ring

*Repeat first verse*

**Tom Waits:** Vocals

**Michael Blair:** Percussion

**Stephen Hodges:** Drums

**Larry Taylor:** Double bass

**Marc Ribot:** Guitar

**Chris Spedding:** Guitar

©1985 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing

©1985 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

**CLAP HANDS** (3:45)

(T. Waits)

Sane, sane, they're all insane  
 the fireman's blind, the conductor's lame  
 a Cincinatti jacket and a sad luck dame  
 hanging out the window with a bottle full of rain  
 clap hands, clap hands  
 clap hands, clap hands

Said roar, roar the thunder and the roar  
 son of bitch is never comin' back here no more  
 moon in the window, a bird on the pole  
 can always find a millionaire to shovel all the coal

Clap hands, clap hands  
 clap hands, clap hands

Steam, steam a hundred bad dreams  
 goin' up to Harlem with a pistol in his jeans  
 a fifty dollar bill inside of Palladin's hat  
 and nobody's sure where Mr. Knickerbocker's at

*Repeat Second Verse*

Shine, shine a Roosevelt dime  
 all the way to Baltimore and runnin' out of time  
 Salvation Army seemed to wind up in the hole  
 they all went to Heaven in the little row boat

Clap hands, clap hands  
 clap hands, clap hands

**Tom Waits:** Guitar, vocals**Marc Ribot:** Guitar**Stephen Hodges:** Drums**Tony Garnier:** Double bass**Robert Previte:** Percussion, marimba**Michael Blair:** Percussion, marimba

©1985 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint &amp; Music publishing

©1985 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

**JOCKEY FULL OF BOURBON** (2:45)

(T. Waits)

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

*Chorus*

Hey little bird, fly away home  
 your house is on fire; your children are alone  
 hey little bird, fly away home  
 your house is on fire; your children are alone

Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head  
 and I've been stepping on the devil's tail  
 across the stripes of a full moon's head  
 through the bars of a Cuban jail  
 bloody fingers on a purple knife  
 a flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass  
 I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife  
 come admire the view from up on top of the mast

*Chorus*

Yellow sheets in a Hong Kong bed  
 Stazybo horn and a Slingerland ride  
 to the carnival is what she said  
 a hundred dollars makes it dark inside

*Repeat First Verse and Chorus***Tom Waits:** Guitar, vocals**Stephen Hodges:** Drums**Larry Taylor:** Double bass**Michael Blair:** Percussion, conga**Marc Ribot:** Guitar**Ralph Carney:** Bass sax

©1985 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint &amp; Music publishing

©1985 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

**TIME** (3:53)

(T. Waits)

Well, the smart money's on Harlow  
 and the moon is in the street  
 the shadow boys are breaking all the laws  
 and you're east of East St. Louis  
 and the wind is making speeches  
 and the rain sounds like a round of applause  
 Napoleon is weeping in the Carnival saloon  
 his invisible fiancee is in the mirror  
 the band is going home  
 it's raining hammers, its' raining nails  
 yes, it's true, there's nothing left for him down here

*Chorus*

And it's Time Time Time  
 And it's Time Time Time  
 And it's Time Time Time  
 that you love  
 And it's Time Time Time

And they all pretend they're orphans  
 and their memory's like a train  
 you can see it getting smaller as it pulls away  
 and the things you can't remember  
 tell the things you can't forget that  
 history puts a saint in every dream

Well she said she'd stick around  
 until the bandages came off  
 but these mamas boys just didn't know when to quit  
 and Matilda asks the sailors are those dreams  
 or are those prayers  
 so just close your eyes, son  
 and this won't hurt a bit

*Chorus*

Well, things are pretty lousy for a calendar girl  
 the boys just dive right off the cars  
 and splash into the street  
 and when she's on a roll she pulls a razor

from her boot and a thousand  
 pigeons fall around her feet  
 so put a candle in the window  
 and a kiss upon his lips  
 till the dish outside the window fill with rain  
 just like a stranger with the weeds in your heart  
 and pay the fiddler off till I come back again

*Chorus***Tom Waits:** Guitar, vocals**Larry Taylor:** Double bass**William Shimmel:** Accordion

©1985 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint &amp; Music publishing

©1985 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

**DOWNTOWN TRAIN** (3:49)

(T. Waits)

Outside another yellow moon  
 punched a hole in the nighttime, yes  
 I climb through the window and down the street  
 shining like a new dime  
 the downtown trains are full with all those Brooklyn girls  
 they try so hard to break out the their little worlds

You wave your hand and they scatter like crows  
 they have nothing that will ever capture your heart  
 they're just thorns without the rose  
 be careful of them in the dark  
 oh if I was the one  
 you chose to be your only one  
 oh baby can't you hear me now

*Chorus*

Will I see you tonight  
 on a downtown train  
 every night is just the same  
 you leave me lonely now

I know your window and I know its late  
I know your stairs and your doorway  
I walk down your street and past your gate  
I stand by the light at the four way  
you watch them as they fall  
they all have heart attacks  
they stay at the carnival  
but they'll never win you back

#### Chorus

Will I see you tonight on a downtown train  
where every night its just the same you leave me lonely  
will I see you tonight on a downtown train  
all of my dreams just fall like rain  
all upon a downtown train

**Tom Waits:** Guitar, vocals  
**G.E. Smith:** Guitar  
**Mickey Curry:** Drums  
**Robert Kilgore:** Organ  
**Tony Levine:** Bass  
**Michael Blair:** Percussion  
**Robert Quine:** Guitar

© 1985 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing  
© 1985 Jalma Music (ASCAP).



Produced by Tom Waits. Recorded by Danny Leake & Biff Dawes.  
Mixed by Biff Dawes. Additional Engineers: Tchad Blake, David Glover,  
Mike Kloster, Stephen Shelton, David Knight, Lorita Delacerna, Bill Higley.  
Recorded at: Sunset Sound, L.A., CA., Sunset Sound Factory, L.A., CA.,  
Universal Recording Corp., Chicago, IL. Mixed at Sunset Sound, L.A., CA.  
Cover Photo: J.B. Mondino. Dedicated to Kathleen Brennan.  
"Frank's Wild Years" theatrical debut: Chicago, IL at Steppenwolf  
Theater, June 22, 1986; written by Kathleen Brennan and Tom Waits.

#### HANG ON ST. CHRISTOPHER (2:42)

(T. Waits)

Hang on St. Christopher through the smoke  
and the oil  
Buckle down the rumble seat  
let the radiator boil  
got an overhead downshift  
and a two dollar grill  
got an 85 cabin  
on an 85 hill  
hang on St. Christopher on the passenger side  
open it up tonight the devil can ride  
hang on St. Christopher with a barrel house dog  
kick me up mt. baldy  
throw me out in the fog  
tear a hole in the jack pot  
drive a stake through his heart  
do a 100 on the grapevine  
do a jump on the start  
hang on St. Christopher now don't let me go  
get me to Reno and bring it in low, yeah  
hang on St. Christopher with the hammer to the floor  
put a hi ball in the crank case

nail a crow to the door  
get a bottle for the jockey  
gimme a 294  
there's a 750 Norton bustin' down January's door  
hang on St. Christopher on the passenger side  
open it up tonight the devil can ride  
hang on St. Christopher now don't let me go  
get to Reno got to bring it in low  
put my baby on the flat car  
got to burn down the caboose  
get 'em all jacked up on whiskey  
then we'll turn the mad dog loose  
hang on St. Christopher on the passenger side  
open it up tonight the devil can ride on yeah

**Tom Waits:** Vocals  
**Greg Cohen:** Alto horn  
**Ralph Carney:** Tenor sax  
**Marc Ribot:** Guitar  
**William Schimmel:** Leslie bass pedals  
**Michael Blair:** Drums  
**Greg Cohen:** Horn arrangement

© 1987 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing  
© 1987 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

#### STRAIGHT TO THE TOP (RHUMBA) (2:27)

(T. Waits/G. Cohen)

I'm going straight to the top  
oh yea up where the air is  
fresh and clean  
I'm going straight up to the top  
if you know me, you know what I mean  
I can't let sorrow  
try and pull ol' Frankie down  
live for tomorrow I have found you  
I'm going straight to the top  
up where the air is fresh and clean  
I know that I will never stop, oh no,  
until I know I'm wild and free  
just like a champagne bubble  
pop pop pop...

I'm like those birdies  
high up in the trees  
I can't let sorrow  
pull ol' Frankie down  
live for tomorrow  
I have found you  
I'm going straight up to the top oh yeah  
up where the air is fresh and clean

**Tom Waits:** Vocal, optigon, conga  
**Greg Cohen:** Leslie bass pedals  
**Ralph Carney:** Saxes  
**Larry Taylor:** Upright bass  
**Michael Blair:** Conga  
**William Schimmel:** Pump organ

© 1987 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing  
© 1987 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

#### TEMPTATION (3:51)

(T. Waits)

Rusted brandy in a diamond glass  
everything is made from dreams  
time is made from honey slow and sweet  
only the fools know what it means  
temptation, temptation, temptation  
oh, temptation, temptation, I can't resist  
I know that she is made of smoke  
but I've lost my way  
she knows that I am broke  
so that I must play  
temptation, temptation, temptation  
oh, whoa, temptation, temptation, I can resist  
Dutch pink and Italian blue  
she is there waiting for you  
my will has disappeared  
now my confusions oh so clear  
temptation, temptation, temptation  
whoa, whoa, temptation, temptation  
I can't resist

**Tom Waits:** Optigon, vocals, guitar  
**Michael Blair:** Percussion, conga, marachas  
**Ralph Carney:** Saxophone

Morris Tepper: Guitar  
Marc Ribot: Guitar  
Greg Cohen: Bass  
Kathleen Brennan: Vocal arrangement  
Greg Cohen: Horn arrangement

©1987 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing  
©1987 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

### WAY DOWN IN THE HOLE (3:29)

(T. Waits)

When you walk through the garden  
you gotta watch your back  
well I beg your pardon  
walk the straight and narrow track  
if you walk with Jesus  
he's gonna save your soul  
you gotta keep the devil  
way down in the hole  
he's got the fire and the fury  
at his command  
well you don't have to worry  
if you hold on to Jesus' hand  
we'll all be safe from Satan  
when the thunder rolls  
just gotta help me keep the devil  
way down in the hole  
all the angels sing bout  
Jesus' mighty sword  
and they'll shield you with their wings  
and keep you close to the lord  
don't pay heed to temptation  
for his hands are so cold  
you gotta help me keep the devil  
way down in the hole...

Tom Waits: Vocals  
Ralph Carney: Saxes  
Michael Blair: Percussion  
Marc Ribot: Guitar  
Greg Cohen: Bass

Angela Brown, Leslie Holland,  
Lynne Jordan: Background vocals

©1987 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing  
©1987 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

### INNOCENT WHEN YOU DREAM (78) (3:08)

(T. Waits)

The bats are in the belfry  
the dew is on the moor  
where are the arms that held me  
and pledged her love before  
and pledged her love before

#### Chorus

It's such a sad old feeling  
the fields are soft and green  
it's memories that I'm stealing  
but you're innocent when you dream  
when you dream  
you're innocent when you dream  
running through the graveyard  
we laughed my friends and I  
we swore we'd be together  
until the day we died  
until the day we died

#### Repeat Chorus

I made a golden promise  
that we would never part  
I gave my love a locket  
and then I broke her heart  
and then I broke her heart

#### Repeat Chorus

Tom Waits: Pump organ, vocals  
Greg Cohen: Bass  
Ralph Carney: Violin  
William Schimmel: Piano

©1987 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing  
©1987 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

## TOM WAITS BIG TIME

Produced by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan.

Executive Producer: Chris Blackwell. Recorded live in Los Angeles and San Francisco, CA. Remixed by Biff Dawes. Mixed at Sunset Sound, L.A., CA. Associate Engineers: Mike Carver, Jack Crymes, Mark Eschelmann, Doug Field, David Glover, Mike Kloster, David Knight, Scott Woodman, Billy Yodelman.

Cover Art: Lucinda Cowell.

"Big Time", the film, directed by Chris Blum.

### COLD, COLD GROUND (LIVE) (3:25)

(T. Waits)

Crest fallen sidekick in an old cafe  
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 bout the army  
in the cold cold ground  
cold cold ground  
now don't be a cry baby  
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  
cold cold ground  
there's a ribbon in the willow  
and a tire swing rope  
and a briar patch of berries  
takin' 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  
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  
I find we'll lay down together in the cold cold ground  
cold cold ground  
cold cold ground  
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  
cold cold ground  
take a weathervane rooster  
throw rocks at his head  
stop talking to the neighbors  
till we all go dead  
beware of my temper  
and the dog that I've found  
break all the windows in the  
cold cold ground  
cold cold ground

Michael Blair: Percussions  
Ralph Carney: Baritone horn  
Greg Cohen: Basstarda  
Marc Ribot: Guitar  
Willie Schwarz: Accordion  
Tom Waits: Vocals, guitar

©1988 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing  
©1988 Jalma Music (ASCAP).



## STRANGE WEATHER (LIVE) (3:35)

(T. Waits/K. Brennan)

Will you take me across the Channel  
London Bridge is falling down  
strange, a woman tries to save  
all that a man will try to drown  
and it's the rain that they predicted  
it's the forecast ev'ry time  
the rose has died because you picked it,  
I believe that brandy's mine

And all over the world  
strangers talk only about the weather  
All over the world it's the same,  
it's the same!

And the world is getting flatter  
and the sky is falling all around  
oh, and nothing is the matter  
for I'll never cry in town  
and a love like ours, my dear,  
is best measured when it's down  
and I never buy umbrellas  
'cause there's always one around

And you know that it's beginning  
and you know that it's the end  
once again we are strangers  
as the fog goes rolling in

and all over the world  
strangers talk only about the weather  
All over the world it's the same,  
it's the same!  
It's the same!

**Michael Blair:** Percussions

**Ralph Carney:** Saxes

**Greg Cohen:** Bass

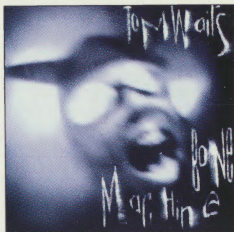
**Marc Ribot:** Banjo

**Willie Schwarz:** Accordion

**Tom Waits:** Vocals, guitar

©1988 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing

©1988 Jalma Music (ASCAP).



Produced by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan.  
Recorded by Biff Dawes. Recorded and mixed at Prairie Sun Recording,  
Cotati, CA. Additional Engineers: "Earth Died Screaming" mixed by  
Tchad Blake; "I Don't Wanna Grow Up" mixed by Biff Dawes.  
Photo and Album Cover concept: Jesse Dylan.  
Art Direction: Christie Rixford.  
Les Claypool appears courtesy of Interscope Records.

## EARTH DIED SCREAMING (3:36)

(T. Waits)

Rudy's on the midway  
and Jacob's in the hole  
the monkey's on the ladder  
the devil shovels coal  
with crows as big as airplanes  
the lion has three heads  
and someone will eat the skin that he sheds  
and the earth died screaming  
the earth died screaming  
while I lay dreaming of you  
well hell doesn't want you  
and heaven is full  
bring me some water  
put it in this skull  
I walk between the raindrops  
wait in bug house square  
and the army ants  
they leave nothin' but the bones  
and the earth died screaming  
while I lay dreaming of you

There was thunder there was lightning  
then the stars went out and the moon fell from the sky  
it rained mackerel it rained trout  
and the great day of wrath has come and here's mud in your big red eye  
the poker's in the fire and the locusts take the sky  
and the earth died screaming while I lay dreaming of you

**Tom Waits:** Vocal, chamberlain, percussion, guitar

**Larry Taylor:** Upright bass

**Les Claypool:** Electric bass

**Kathleen Brennan, Joe Marquez, Tom Waits (The Boners):** Sticks

©1992 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing

©1992 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

## JESUS GONNA BE HERE (3:18)

(T. Waits)

Well, Jesus gonna be here  
gonna be here soon  
he's gonna cover us up with leaves  
with a blanket from the moon  
with a promise and a vow  
and a lullaby for my brow  
Jesus gonna be here  
be here soon

Well I'm just gonna wait here  
I don't have to shout  
I got me no reason and  
I got no doubt  
I'm gonna get myself  
unfurled from this mortal coiled up world  
because Jesus gonna be here  
be here soon

I got to keep my eyes open  
so I can see my Lord  
I'm gonna watch the horizon  
for a brand new Ford

I can hear him rolling on down the lane  
I said Hollywood be thy name  
Jesus gonna be  
gonna be here soon

Well I've been faithful  
and I've been so good  
except for drinking  
but he knew that I would  
I'm gonna leave this place better  
than the way I found it was  
and Jesus gonna be here  
be here soon

**Tom Waits:** Upright bass, vocal

**Larry Taylor:** Guitar

©1992 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing

©1992 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

## I DON'T WANNA GROW UP (2:30)

(T. Waits/K. Brennan)

When I'm lyin' in my bed at night  
I don't wanna grow up  
nothin' ever seems to turn out right  
I don't wanna grow up.  
how do you move in a world of fog  
that's always changing things  
makes me wish that I could be a dog  
when I see the price that you pay  
I don't wanna grow up  
I don't ever wanna be that way  
I don't wanna grow up

Seems like folks turn into things that they'd never want  
the only thing to live for is today...  
I'm gonna put a hole in my T.V. set  
I don't wanna grow up  
open up the medicine chest  
and I don't wanna grow up  
I don't wanna have to shout it out  
I don't wanna be filled with doubt  
I don't wanna be a good boy scout  
I don't wanna have to learn to count  
I don't wanna have the biggest amount  
I don't wanna grow up

Well when I see my parents fight  
I don't wanna grow up  
they all go out and drinking all night  
and I don't wanna grow up  
I'd rather stay here in my room  
nothin' out there but sad and gloom  
I don't wanna live in a big old tomb  
on Grand Street

When I see the 5 o'clock news  
I don't wanna grow up  
comb their hair and shine their shoes  
I don't wanna grow up  
stay around in my old hometown  
I don't wanna put no money down  
I don't wanna get me a big old loan

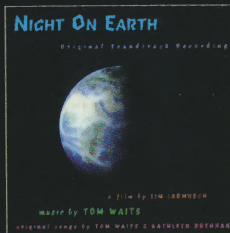
work them fingers to the bone  
I don't wanna float a broom  
fall in love and get married then boom  
how the hell did it get here so soon  
I don't wanna grow up

**Tom Waits:** Vocal, guitar

**Larry Taylor:** Upright bass

©1992 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing

©1992 Jalma Music (ASCAP).



Produced by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan.

Mixed and recorded by Biff Dawes.

Recorded at Prairie Sun Recording, Cotati, CA.

Assistant Engineer: Joe Marquez.

Songs from the film "Night On Earth" written,  
directed and produced by Jim Jarmusch.

## GOOD OLD WORLD (WALTZ) (4:00)

(T. Waits/K. Brennan)

When I was a boy, the moon was a pearl the sun a yellow gold  
but when I was a man, the wind blew cold the hills were upside down  
but now that I have gone from here there's no place I'd rather be  
than to float my chances on the tide back in the good old world  
on October's last, I'll fly back home rolling down winding way

And all I've got's a pocket full of flowers from my grave  
but now summer is gone I remember it best  
back in the good old world I remember when, she held my hand

and we walked home alone in the rain how pretty her mouth, how soft her hair  
nothing can be the same and there's a rose upon her breast  
where I long to lay my head and her hair was so yellow  
and the wine was so red back in the good old world

**Ralph Carney:** Baritone horn

**Clark Suprynowitz:** Bass

**Matthew Brubeck:** Cello

**Joe Gore:** Guitars, banjo

**Francis Thumm:** Harmonium

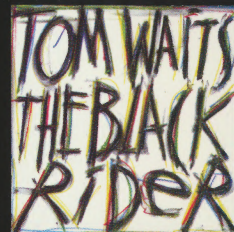
**Mule Patterson:** Drums, percussion, piano

**Josef Brinckmann:** Accordion

**Tom Waits:** Vocals, pump organ

©1992 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing

©1992 Jalma Music (ASCAP).



Produced by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan.

Recorded by Gerd Bessler at Music Factory, Hamburg, Germany.

Mixed by Biff Dawes at Sunset Sound Factory, Hollywood, CA.

Album cover concept and art: Robert Wilson. Design: Christie Rixford.

"The Black Rider" by Robert Wilson, Tom Waits, William Burroughs debuted in  
Hamburg, Germany at the Thalia Theatre, March 31, 1990.

## THE BLACK RIDER (3:21)

(T. Waits)

Come on along with the Black Rider  
we'll have a gay old time  
lay down in the web of the black spider  
I'll drink your blood like wine

So come on in  
it ain't no sin  
take off your skin  
and dance around in your bones  
So come along with the Black Rider  
we'll have a gay old time  
Anchors away with the Black Rider  
I'll drink your blood like wine  
I'll drop you off in Harlem with the Black Rider  
out where the bullets shine  
and when you're done  
you cock your gun  
the blood will run  
like ribbons through your hair  
So come along with the Black Rider  
we'll have a gay old time

Come on along with the Black Rider  
I've got just the thing for thee  
come on along with the Black Rider  
I want your company  
I'll have the veal  
a lovely meal  
that's how I feel  
may I use your skull for a bowl  
Come on along with the Black Rider  
we'll have a gay old time

**Greg Cohen:** Bass, percussion, banjo, viola

**Tom Waits:** Organ, vocal

©1993 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing

©1993 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

## NOVEMBER (2:53)

(T. Waits)

No shadow no stars  
no moon no cars  
November  
it only believes  
in a pile of dead leaves  
and a moon  
that's the color of bone

(continues...)

No prayers for November  
to linger longer  
stick your spoon in the wall  
we'll slaughter them all

November has tied me  
to an old dead tree  
get word to April  
to rescue me  
November's cold chain

Made of wet boots and rain  
and shiny black ravens  
on chimney smoke lanes  
November seems odd  
you're my firing squad  
November

With my hair slicked back  
with carrion shellac  
with the blood from a pheasant  
and the bone from a hare  
Tied to the branches  
of a roebuck stag  
left to wave in the timber  
like a buck shot flag

Go away you rainsnout  
go away blow your brains out  
November

**Tom Waits:** Piano, banjo, vocal

**Greg Cohen:** Bass, accordion

**Don Neely:** Musical saw

©1993 Island Records, Inc. Lyric reprint & Music publishing

©1993 Jalma Music (ASCAP).

Executive Producer: Matt Stringer  
Mastered by Andrew Nicholas at PolyGram Studios, Edison, NJ.  
Package Design: Christie Rixford & Hajdeja Ehline at Supernatural Design.  
Cover Photo Collage: Randall Ingalls.  
Photography: Betzy Bromberg.



*Just off the coast of PolyGram*

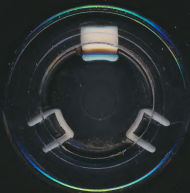
©1998 Island Records, Inc. All rights reserved. 314-524 519-2

## BEAUTIFUL MALADIES

# TOM WAITS

## THE ISLAND YEARS

1. Hang On St. Christopher (2:42)
2. Temptation (3:51)
3. Clap Hands (3:45)
4. The Black Rider (3:21)
5. Underground (1:51)
6. Jockey Full Of Bourbon (2:45)
7. Earth Died Screaming (3:36)
8. Innocent When You Dream (78) (3:31)
9. Straight To The Top (2:27)
10. Frank's Wild Years (1:51)
11. Singapore (2:43)
12. Shore Leave (4:16)



- (1:33) Johnsburg, Illinois .13
- (3:29) Way Down In The Hole .14
- (3:35) Strange Weather (Live) .15
- (3:25) Cold, Cold Ground (Live) .16
- (2:53) November .17
- (3:49) Downtown Train .18
- (3:46) Shells From A Thirty-Ought Six .19
- (3:18) Jesus Gonna Be Here .20
- (4:00) Good Old World (Waltz) .21
- (2:30) I Don't Wanna Grow Up .22
- (3:53) Time .23



This compilation produced by Tom Waits.  
314-524 519-2

Island Records, Inc. ©, a PolyGram company, 825 Eighth Ave., NY, NY 10019.  
This compilation ©©1998 Island Records, Inc. All rights reserved. Warning:  
Unauthorized reproduction of this recording is prohibited by federal law and  
subject to criminal prosecution. Made in the USA.