

# BURMA SHAVE

TOM WAITS

**Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7**  
LICORICE TATTOO, TURNED A GUN METAL BLUE  
**Dm7 C7 Fm7 Eb G# C7**  
SCRAWLED ACROSS THE SHOULDERS OF A DYING TOWN  
**Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7**  
THE ONE EYED JACKS, ACROSS THE RAILROAD TRACKS  
**Dm7 C7 Fm7 Eb G# C7**  
AND THE SCAR ON ITS BELLY PULLED A STRANGER PASSING THROUGH  
**Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7**  
HE WAS A JUVENILE DELINQUENT, NEVER LEARNED HOW TO BEHAVE  
**Bbm7**  
BUT THE COPS WOULD NEVER THINK TO LOOK  
**C7 Dm7**  
IN BURMA SHAVE

2)

**Bbm7 C7 Dm7 C7**  
AND THE ROAD WAS LIKE A RIBBON, AND THE MOON WAS LIKE A BONE  
**Dm7 C7 Fm7 Eb G# C7**  
HE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE LIKE ANY GUY SHE'D EVER KNOWN  
**Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7**  
HE KINDA LOOKED LIKE FARLEY GRANGER, WITH HIS HAIR SLICKED BACK  
**Dm7 C7 Fm7 Eb G# C7**  
SHE SAYS I'M A SUCKER FOR A FELLA IN A COWBOY HAT  
**Dm7 C7**  
HOW FAR ARE YOU GOING  
**Dm7 Bbm7 C7**  
HE SAID DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU MEAN  
**Bbm7 C7**  
HE SAYS I'M ONLY STOP IN ' HERE TO GET SOME GASOLINE  
**Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7**  
I GUESS I'M GOING THATAWAY JUST AS LONG AS IT'S PAVED  
**Bbm7**  
AND I GUESS YOU'D SAY I'M ON MY WAY  
**C7 Dm7**  
TO BURMA SHAVE

**Bbm7 C7**  
AND WITH HER KNEES UP ON THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT,  
**Dm7 C7**  
TOOK OUT HER BARRETTES  
**Dm7 C Fm7**  
AND HER HAIR SPILLED OUT LIKE ROOT BEER

**G#** **C7**  
 AND SHE POPPED HER GUM AND ARCHED HER BACK  
**Dm7** **C7** **Dm7** **C7**  
 HELL MARYSVILLE AIN'T NOTHING , BUT A WIDE SPOT IN THE ROAD  
**Bbm7**  
 SOME NIGHT MY HEART POUNDS JUST LIKE THUNDER I DON'T KNOW  
**C7**  
 WHY IT DON'T EXPLODE  
**Dm7** **C7**  
 CAUSE EVERYONE IN THIS STINKING TOWN,  
**Dm7** **C7**  
 HAS GOT ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE  
**Bbm7**  
 AND I'D RATHER TAKE MY CHANCES  
**C7** **Dm7**  
 OUT IN BURMA SHAVE

**Dm7** **C7** **Dm7** **C7**  
 PRESLEY'S WHAT I GO BY, WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE THE STATION  
**Dm7** **C** **Fm7** **G#** **C7**  
 COUNT THE GRAIN ELEVATORS IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR  
**Dm7** **C7**  
 MISTER ANYWHERE YOU POINT THIS THING,  
**Dm7** **C7**  
 Has Got To Beat The Hell Out Of The Sting  
**Dm7** **C#** **C7** **Dm7** **C7**  
 OF GOING TO BED WITH EVERY DREAM THAT DIES HERE EVERY MORNIN,  
**Bbm7** **C7**  
 AND SO DRILL ME A HOLE  
**Dm7**  
 WITH A BARBER POLE  
**Bbm7** **C7** **Dm7** **C7**  
 I'M JUMPING MY PAROLE JUST LIKE A FUGITIVE TONIGHT  
**Bbm7** **C7** **Dm7** **C7**  
 WHY DON'T YOU HAVE ANOTHER SWIG, AND PASS THAT CAR IF YOU'RE SO BRAVE  
**Bbm7**  
 I WANNA GET THERE BEFORE THE SUN COMES UP IN  
**C7** **Dm7**  
 BURMA SHAVE

**Dm7** **C** **Fm7** **Eb** **G#** **C7**  
 AND THE SPIDER WEB CRACK AND THE MUSTANG SCREAMED  
**Dm7** **C** **Fm7** **Eb** **G#** **C7**  
 SMOKE FROM THE TIRES AND THE TWISTED MACHINE

