

# GUN STREET GIRL

TOM WAITS

**Dm** **Dm**  
FALLING JAMES IN THE TAHOE MUD  
**Dm** **Am7**  
STICK AROUND TO TELL US ALL THE TALE  
**Dm**  
WELL HE FELL IN LOVE WITH A GUN STREET GIRL  
**Dm**  
AND NOW HE'S DANCING IN THE BIRMINGHAM JAIL  
**Dm**  
DANCING IN THE BIRMINGHAM JAIL

**Dm**  
HE TOOK A HUNDRED DOLLARS OFF A SLAUGHTERHOUSE JOE  
**Dm** **Am7**  
BROUGHT A BRAND NEW MICHIGAN TWENTY-GAUGE  
**Dm**  
HE GOT ALL LIQUORED UP ON THAT ROAD HOUSE CORN  
**Dm**  
BLEW A HOLE IN THE HOOD OF A YELLOW CORVETTE  
**Dm**  
A HOLE IN THE HOOD OF A YELLOW CORVETTE

**Dm**  
HE BOUGHT A SECOND-HAND NOVA FROM A CUBAN CHINESE  
**Dm** **Am7**  
AND DYED HIS HAIR IN THE BATHROOM OF A TEXACO  
**Dm**  
WITH A PAWNSHOP RADIO, QUARTER PAST FOUR  
**Dm**  
HE LEFT FOR WAUKEGAN AT THE SLAMMING OF THE DOOR  
**Dm**  
LEFT FOR WAUKEGAN AT THE SLAMMING OF THE DOOR

## Chorus:

**Dm**  
I SAID JOHN, JOHN, HE'S LONG GONE  
**Dm**  
GONE TO INDIANA, AIN'T NEVER COMING HOME  
**Dm**  
I SAID JOHN, JOHN, HE'S LONG GONE  
**Dm**  
GONE TO INDIANA, AIN'T NEVER COMING HOME

HE'S SITTING IN A SYCAMORE IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD  
SOAKING DAY-OLD BREAD IN KEROSENE  
WELL HE WAS BLUE AS A ROBIN'S EGG AND BROWN AS A HOG  
HE'S STAYING OUT OF CIRCULATION 'TIL THE DOGS GET TIRED  
OUT OF CIRCULATION 'TIL THE DOGS GET TIRED

SHADOW FIXED THE TOILET WITH AN OLD TROMBONE  
HE NEVER GET UP IN THE MORNING ON A SATURDAY  
SITTING BY THE ERIE WITH A BULL-WHIPPED DOG  
TELLING EVERYONE HE SAW, "THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY, BOYS"  
TELLING EVERYONE HE SAW, "THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY"

NOW THE RAIN'S LIKE GRAVEL ON AN OLD TIN ROOF  
BURLINGTON NORTHERN PULLING OUT OF THE WORLD  
NOW A HEAD FULL OF BOURBON AND A DREAM IN THE STRAW  
AND A GUN STREET GIRL WAS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL  
A GUN STREET GIRL WAS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL

WELL HE'S RIDING IN THE SHADOW BY THE ST. JOE RIDGE  
HEARING THE CLICK-CLACK TAPPING OF A BLIND MAN'S CANE  
HE WAS PULLING INTO BAKER ON A NEW YEAR'S EVE  
ONE EYE ON A PISTOL AND THE OTHER ON THE DOOR  
ONE EYE ON A PISTOL AND THE OTHER ON THE DOOR

MISS CHARLOTTE TOOK HER SACHEL DOWN TO KING FISH ROW  
SMUGGLED IN A BRAND NEW PAIR OF ALLIGATOR SHOES  
WITH HER FIREMAN'S RAINCOAT AND HER LONG YELLOW HAIR  
WELL THEY TIED HER TO A TREE WITH A SKINNY MILLIONAIRE  
THEY TIED HER TO A TREE WITH A SKINNY MILLIONAIRE

**Dm**

I SAID JOHN, JOHN, HE'S LONG GONE

**Dm**

GONE TO INDIANA, AIN'T NEVER COMING HOME

**Dm**

I SAID JOHN, JOHN, HE'S LONG GONE

**Dm**

GONE TO INDIANA, AIN'T NEVER COMING HOME

BANGING ON THE TABLE WITH AN OLD TIN CUP  
SING I'LL NEVER KISS A GUN STREET GIRL AGAIN  
NEVER KISS A GUN STREET GIRL AGAIN  
I'LL NEVER KISS A GUN STREET GIRL AGAIN

I SAID JOHN, JOHN, HE'S LONG GONE  
GONE TO INDIANA, AIN'T NEVER COMING HOME  
I SAID JOHN, JOHN, HE'S LONG GONE  
GONE TO INDIANA, AIN'T NEVER COMING HOME

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