

GUN STREET GIRL Tom Waits - Rain Dogs (1985)

Intro: **D5 D5 D5 D5**

Verse 1:

D5

D5

Falling James, in the Tahoe mud,

Dsus4 Dsus4

Stick around to tell us all the tale.

D5.

D5

D5

Well, he fell in love with a Gun Street girl,

D5

D5

D5

And now he's dancing in the Birmingham jail;
Dancing in the Birmingham jail.

Verse 2:

D5

He took a hundred dollars off a Slaughterhouse Joe,

Dsus4

Brought a brand new Michigan twenty-gauge.

D5

He got all liquored up on that road house corn, -
Blew a Hole in the hood of a yellow Corvette,
A hole in the hood of a yellow Corvette.

Verse 3: **D5**

He bought a second-hand Nova from a Cuban Chinese,

Dsus4

And dyed his hair in the bathroom of a Texaco.

D5

With a pawnshop radio, quarter past four -

He left for Waukegan at the slamming of the door,
Left for Waukegan at the slamming of the door.

Chorus **D5**

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. -

Verse 4:

D5

He's sitting in a sycamore, in St. John's wood,

Dsus4

Soaking day-old bread in kero-sene. - - -

D5

Well, he was blue as a robin's egg and brown as a hog, - -
He's staying out of circulation, 'till the dogs get tired,
Out of circulation, 'ti'l the dogs get tired.

Verse 5:

D5

Shadow fixed the toilet with an old trombone,

Dsus4 Dsus4

He never get up in the morning on a Saturday. - -

D5

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" -

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Verse 6:

D5

Now the rain's like gravel on an old tin roof,

Dsus4

And the Burlington Northern pulling out of the world.

D5

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.

Verse 7:

D5

Well he's riding in the shadow by the St. Joe ridge,

Dsus4

Hearing the click-clack tapping of a blind man's cane.

D5

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.

Verse 8:

D5

Miss Charlotte took her satchel down to King Fish Row,

Dsus4

Smuggled in a brand new pair of alligator shoes,

D5

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.

Chorus 2: **D5**

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.

D5

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.

D5

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.

Outro: **D5**