Clap Hands

Tom Waits

Sane, sane, they're all insane, fireman's blind, the conductor is lame
a cincinnati jacket and a sad-luck dame
hanging out the window with a bottle full of rain
clap hands, clap hands, clap hands, clap handssaid roar, roar, the thunder and the roar
son of a bitch is never coming back here no more
the moon in the window and a bird on the pole
we can always find a millionaire to shovel all the coal
clap hands, clap hands, clap hands, clap hands
said steam, steam, a hundred bad dreams
going up to harlem with a pistol in his jeans
a fifty-dollar bill inside a palladin's hat
and nobody's sure where mr. knickerbocker's atroar, roar, the thunder and the roar
son of a bitch is never coming back here no more
moon in the window and a bird on the pole
can always find a millionaire to shovel all the coal
clap hands, clap hands, clap hands, clap handsi said steam, steam, a hundred bad dreams
going up to harlem with a pistol in his jeans
a fifty-dollar bill inside a palladin's hat
and nobody's sure where mr. knickerbocker's at
shine, shine, a roosevelt dime
all the way to baltimore and running out of time
salvation army seemed to wind up in the hole
they all went to heaven in a little row boat
clap hands, clap hands, clap hands, clap hands
clap hands, clap hands, clap hands, clap hands
clap hands, clap hands, clap hands, clap hands
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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