

## We're All Mad Here - 1/1

**Interprété par Tom Waits.**

You can hang me in a bottle like a cat  
Let the crows pick me clean but for my hat  
Where the wailing of a baby  
Meets the footsteps of the dead  
We're all mad here  
As the devil sticks his flag into the mud  
Mrs Carol has run off with Reverend Judd  
Hell is such a lonely place  
And your big expensive face will never last

And you'll die with the rose still on your lips  
And in time the heart-shaped bone that was your hips  
And the worms, they will climb the rugged ladder of your spine  
We're all mad here

And my eyeballs roll this terrible terrain  
And we're all inside a decomposing train  
And your eyes will die like fish  
And the shore of your face will turn to bone