

Tango Till They're Sore

Tom Waits

Intro: [Am] [Dm] [E7] [Am]

Well ya play that tarantella, all the [Dm] hounds will start to roll.
The [E7] boys all go to hell, And then the [Am] Cubans hit the floor.
And they drive along the pipeline. They [Dm] tango 'till they're sore.
They [E7] take apart their nightmares, And they [Am] leave 'em by the door.

Let me [Dm] fall out of the window with con[E7]fetti in my hair.
[Am] Deal out Jacks or better on a [Dm] blanket by the stairs.
I'll [E7] tell you all my secrets, But I [Am] lie about my past.
So [Dm] send me off to [E7] bed for ever [Am] more.

Make sure they play my theme song. I guess [Dm] daisies will have to do.
Just [E7] get me to New Orleans, and paint [Am] shadows on the pews.
Turn the spit on that pig, and kick the [Dm] drum and let me down.
Put my [E7] clarinet beneath my bed Till [Am] I get back in town.

Let me [Dm] fall out of the window with con[E7]fetti in my hair.
[Am] Deal out Jacks or better on a [Dm] blanket by the stairs.
I'll [E7] tell you all my secrets, But I [Am] lie about my past.
So [Dm] send me off to [E7] bed for ever [Am] more.

Just make sure she's all in calico, in the [Dm] color of a doll
Wave the [E7] flag on Cadillac day, And a [Am] skillet on the wall
Cut me a switch or hold your [Dm] breath till the sun goes down
Write my [E7] name on the hood. Send me off [Am] to another town

Let me [Dm] fall out of the window with con[E7]fetti in my hair.
[Am] Deal out Jacks or better on a [Dm] blanket by the stairs.
I'll [E7] tell you all my secrets, But I [Am] lie about my past.
So [Dm] send me off to [E7] bed for ever [Am] more.