

Tom Waits [Usa] Heartattack and Vine (Elektra - 1980 Réédition 199?)



Tom Waits

FRIDAY, JULY 8th

With Till The Money Runs Out
By [Author Name]

DOWNTOWN
By A.H. FONG
From Associated Press

LITTLE TOKYO—trampants and the signman in the temple street gloom, drinkin' chevis regal in a four dollar room, just another dead soldier in a powder blue night, sugarman says i baby everythin' alright, gonn downtown down downtown.

mountaine de haveln doin the st. vites dance, lookin for someone to chop the lumber in his pants, how am i gonna unload all of this lee and all this muck, all the traffic in the street but its so hard to think, gonn down town down downtown.

frankies wearin lipstuck pierre cardon, i swear to god i seen him holdin hands with jommy bond, sallys high on crack and hungry for some sweets, shes fat in the sheets but shes bitch in the streets, gonn downtown.

Phone Taps in Page 7 Col. 4

On The Nickle
By [Author Name]

LOS ANGELES—sticks and stones will break my bones, but i always will be true, and when your mama is dead and gone, ill sing this lullabye just for you, and what becomes of all the little boys, who never comb their hair, well theyre lined up all around the block, on the nickle over there.

so you better bring a bucket, there is a whole in the pail, and if you dont put my letter, then youll know that im in jail, and what becomes of all the little boys, who never say their prayers, well theyre sleepin like a babe, on the nickle over there.

and if you chew tobacco, and wish upon a star, well youll find out where the scarecrows sit, just like punchlines between the cars, and i know a place where a royal flush can never beat a pair, and even thomas jefferson, is on the nickle over there.

so ring around the rosie, youre sleepin in the rain, and youre always late for supper, and man you let me down again, i thought i heard a mockinbird, tommyevit knows where, you can skip the light, with grayly tick, on the nickle over there, so what becomes of all the little boys, who run away from home, well the world just keeps gettin bigger, and you get out on 1968 0918.

Heartattack And Vine
By TRAGIC O'HARA
From [Author Name]

HOLLYWOOD—bar first in your pants on fire, white spots hangin on the telephone wires, lambsars re above along the dotted line, youll never recognize yourself on heartattack and vine.

doctor layzr beggar man theif, phily joe remarkable looks on in disbelief, if you want a taste of madness, youll have to wait in line, youll probably see someone you know on heartattack and vine.

honey's high on china white, sherry foined a punk, dont you know there aint no devil, theres just god when hes drunk, well this stuff will probably kill you, lets do another line, what you say you meet me down on heartattack and vine.

better off in nowa against your scrambled eggs, that crawling down caberoga on a broken pair of legs, youll find your ignorance is blissfall every poddaron time, your waist for the ril on heartattack and vine.

Phone Taps in Page 24 Col. 3

MR. SEIGAL
By BELMONT RIVERA
Legal Affairs Writer

LAS VEGAS—i spent all my money in a mexican whorehouse, across the street from a catholic church, and then i wiped off my revolver, and i buttoned up my burundy shirt, i shot the morning in the back, with my red wings on, i told the sun hed better go back down, and if i can find a book of matches, let gonn to burn this hotel down.

you got to tell me mr. siegal, why are the wicked so strong, how do the angles get to sleep, when the devil leaves his poorlight on.

well i dropped thirty grams on the nigger slots, i had to sell my ass on fremont street, and the drummer said theres santuary, over at the bagdad room, and now its one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and go man go, you got to tell me mr. siegal, how do i get out of here.

well willands knocked me on a bottle of heat, drivin dangerous curves across the dirty sheets, he said man you ought to see her, when her pants are gone, man you ought to hear her when the sirens on.

you got to tell me brace captain, why are the wicked so strong, how do the angles get to sleep, when the devil leaves his poorlight on.

dont you know that aint no broken bottle, that i picked up in my headlights, on the other side of the Nevada line, where they live hard the young, and have a good lookin

Shortly before dawn Sunday this South Central Los Angeles street was seen leaving the corner of Thacker and 110th St. in bucket around Chrysler Imperial and heading in the direction of the San Bernardino Mts.

Savin All My Love For You
By PRESTON GLASS
Staff Sports Writer

NEW ORLEANS—its too early for the circus, its too late for the bars, its too close to home, but the music's hot.

i paid fifteen dollars for a prostitute, with too much makeup and a broken shoe, but her eyes were just a

Jersey Girl
By CHARLES SLATER
Staff Staff Writer

NEW YORK—got no time for the corner boys, down in the st. makin all that noise, dont want no whores on eightthavenue, cause tonight im gonna be with you.

cause tonight im gonna take that ride, across the river to the jersey side, take my baby to the carnival, and ill take you on all the rides, sing sha la la la sha la la.

down the shore everythings alright, you with your baby on a sat, night, dont you know that all my dreams come true, when im walkin down the street with you, sing sha la la la sha la la.

you know she thrills me with all her charms, when im wrapped up in my baby's arm, my little angle gives me everythin, i know someday that shell wear my ring.

so dont bother me cause i got to time, im on my way in see that girl

Le morceau-titre chanté par un gros chat à la voix grassement enrouée rôde entre jazz, blues et rock épuré et certains des suivants vont dans cette chouette direction (*Downtown*, 'Til the money runs out, Mr. Siegal...) alors que d'autres comme *In shades* appuient plus sur le côté blues cool. Avec *Saving all my love for you*, *Jersey girl*, *On the nickle* (repris entre autres par **BON JOVI** il fut un temps) et *Ruby's arms* on est carrément dans la ballade, certes éraillée mais parfois avec son embarrassant lot de violons et de clochettes (euarkh !).

Pas de crise cardiaque au programme donc, juste un album qui a ses bons moments mais souffre peut-être d'une variété stylistique très grand écart, entre le **Waits** millésimé et des morceaux à la limite du mièvre si on peut se faire maître.

"Blue Valentine" était pourtant du même genre, varié et tout, mais livrait des compositions tout de même un niveau au-dessus.

Et aucun faux-pas.

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