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



Tom Waits

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With Till The ns Out

DOWNTOWN

By AH FONG

LITTLE TOKYO—eelpants and the sugarman in the temple street gloom, drinkin chevis regal in a four dollar room, just another dead soldier in a powder blue night, sugarman says baby everythins alright, goin downtown down downtown.

montclaire de havelin doin the st. vitus dance, lookin for someone to chop the lumber in his pants, how am i gonna unload all of this ice and all this mink, all the traffic in the street but its so hard to think, goin down town down downtown.

frankies wearin lipstick pierre cardin, i swear to god i seen him holdin hands with jonny bond, sallys high on crank and hungry for some sweets, shes lein in the sheets but shes butch in the streets, goin down-

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On The Nickle

By CLANCY CHURCH

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 lullabuye 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 get 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 baby, 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.

its 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 mockingbird, roosevelt knows where, you can skip the light, with grady 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, once you get out on your own,

ARMS

R CRAM

Shortly before dawn Sunday this South Central Los Angeles man was seen leaving the corner of Western and 110th St. in bullet-ridden Chrysler Imperial and heading in the direction of the San Bernardino Mts.

Savin All My Love For You

By PRESTON GLASS

NEW ORLEANS—its too early for the circus, its to late for the bars, no cops shoppin, but the sweetboys, i paid fifteen dollars for a prostitute, with to much makeup and a broken shoe, but her eyes were just a

Heartattack And Vine

By TRACIE O'HARA

HOLLYWOOD—liar line ... ch your pants on fire, white sp... es hangin on the telephone wire, gamblers revaluate along the dotted line, youll never recognize yourself on heartattack and vine.

doctor layer beggar man thief, philly 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.

honeys high on china white, shorty found 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 iowa against your scrambled eggs, that crawling down cabanega on a broken pair of legs, youll find your ignorance is blissfull every goddamn time, your waitin for the rid on heartattack and vine.

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MR. SEIGAL

By BELMONT RIVERA

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 burgundy 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, im goin to burn this hotel down.

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

well i dropped thirty grans on the nugget slots, i had to sell my ass on fremont street, and the drummer said theres santuary, over at the bugdad 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. seigle, how do i get out of here.

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

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

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

Jersey Girl

By CHARLES SLATER

NEW YORK—got no time for the corner boys, down in the st. makin all that noise, dont want no whores on eighthavenue, 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 la sha la al al.

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 la sha la la al.

you know she thrills me with all her charms, when im wrapped up in my babys arms, my little angle gives me everything, i know someday that shell wear my ring.

so dont bother me cause i got no time, im on my way to 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 nickel* (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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