

Waltzing Matilda (Tom Traubert's Blues)

Words & Music by Tom Waits
Piano & Vocals: Frank Blueka
Drums & Bass: Frank Blueka
Strings & Pads: Phantom ensemble

Wasted and wounded,
it ain't what the moon did,
I've got what I paid for now
See you tomorrow, hey Frank can I borrow
a couple of bucks from you
To go waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

And I'm an innocent victim of a blinded alley
And I'm tired of all these soldiers here
No one speaks English and everything's broken,
and my Stacys are soaking wet
So go waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
go waltzing Mathilda with me

The dogs are barking and the taxi cab's parking
A lot they can do for me
I begged you to stab me
you tore my shirt open and I'm down on my knees tonight
Old Bushmill's I staggered you'd bury the dagger
In your silhouette window light
Waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

And it's a battered old suitcase
of a hotel someplace,
And a wound that will never heal
No prima donnas , the perfume is on an
Old shirt that is stained with blood and whiskey
Goodnight to the street sweepers,
the watchman the flame keepers
And goodnight to Mathilda, too (3x)

Cinnamon Girl

Words & Music by Neil Young
Vocals & Electric Guitar: Frank Blueka
Electric Piano, Bass & Drums: Frank Blueka
Strings: Phantom ensemble

I wanna live with
a cinnamon girl
Could be happy
the rest of my life
with a cinnamon girl...
Dreamer of pictures
a girl in the night
see us together
chasin' the moonlight
my cinnamon girl...

Mama sent me money now
I'm gonna make it somehow
I need another chance
Your baby likes to dance

Ten silver saxes
a bass with a bow
The drummer relaxes
and waits between shows
For his cinnamon girl...
Dreamer of pictures
A girl in the night
You see us together
chasing the moonlight,
My cinnamon girl.

Mama sent me money now
I'm gonna make it somehow
I need another chance
You see your baby loves to dance

Yesterday Is Here

Words & Music by Tom Waits
Lyrics free arranged by Frank Blueka
Vocals & Electric Guitar: Frank Blueka
Electric Piano, Bass & Drums: Frank Blueka

If you want money in your pocket
some Gucci on your skin
stambling on the Boulevard
It's not a bad begin

Today is grey skies
tomorrow is tears
you'll have to wait
Until yesterday is here

Well I'm going to
New York City
and I'm leaving on a plain
and if you wanna stay behind
til I come back again

well today is grey skies...(chorus)

And if you wanna know
where the rainbows end
you'll have to say goodbye
all your dreams come true
baby's up ahead it's out where the memories lie

Well the road's out before me
and the moon is shining bright
and I want you to remember
as I disappear tonight

today is grey skies... (chorus 2 times)
you'll have to wait...til yesterday...is here

Rain Dogs

Words & Music by Tom Waits
Acoustic Guitar & Vocals: Frank Blueka
Synth Pads: Frank Blueka

Inside a broken clock
Splashing the wine
With all the rain dogs
Taxi, we'd rather walk
Huddle the doorway with the rain dogs
Cause I'm a rain dog too

It's how we dance
and we swallow the night
For it was all ripe for dreaming
Oh, how we dance all away from the light
We've always been out of our minds

The rum pours strong and thin
Beat out the dustman
With the rain dogs
Aboard a shipwreck train
Give my umbrella to the rain dogs
For I am a rain dog too

And how we danced with the
Rose of Tralee
Her long hair black as a raven
And how we danced
You whispered to me
You'll never be going back home

It's how we danced with the
Rose of Tralee, her long hair black
as a raven
And as she danced, she whispered to me
You'll never be going back home