

Tom Traubert's Blues - Tom Waits

Chords Used:

F
 III V
 F C F A C F

Gm7
 III 3
 G D F Bb D G

Bb (X)
 1
 F Bb F Bb D F

G7
 III V
 G B D G B F

C7 (X) O
 1
 E C E Bb C E

C O
 III V
 E C E G C E

Intro:

F - Gm7 - F - Bb - F - G7 - C7

Verse 1:

Bb F Gm7 C7 F C
 Wasted and wounded, it ain't what the moon did, I've got what I paid for now
 Bb F G C7
 See you tomorrow, hey Frank, can I borrow a couple of bucks from you
 F Gm7 F Bb
 To go waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
 F Gm7 C7
 You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

Verse 2:

Bb F
 I'm an innocent victim of a blinded alley
 Gm7 C7 F C
 And I'm tired of all these soldiers here
 Bb F G C7
 No one speaks English, and everything's broken, and my Stacys are soaking wet
 F Gm7 F Bb
 To go waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
 F Gm7 C7
 You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

Verse 3:

Now 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 to go
waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

Verse 4:

Now I lost my Saint Christopher now that I've kissed her
And the one-armed bandit knows
And the maverick Chinamen, and the cold-blooded signs,
And the girls down by the strip-tease shows, go
waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

Verse 5:

No, I don't want your sympathy, the fugitives say
That the streets aren't for dreaming now
And manslaughter dragnets and the ghosts that sell memories,
They want a piece of the action anyhow
Go waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

Verse 6:

And you can ask any sailor, and the keys from the jailor,
And the old men in wheelchairs know
Mathilda's the defendant, she killed about a hundred,
And she follows wherever you may go

F Gm7 F Bb
waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
F Gm7 C7
You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me

Verse 7:

Bb F
And it's a battered old suitcase to a hotel someplace,
Gm7 C7 F C
And a wound that will never heal
Bb F
No prima donna, the perfume is on an
Gm7 C7 F
Old shirt that is stained with blood and whiskey
Bb F
And goodnight to the street sweepers, the night watchmen flame keepers
Gm7 C7 F
And goodnight to Mathilda, too