

Tom Traubert's Blues

(Four Sheets to the Wind in Copenhagen)

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Slowly

Chord diagrams: F, Gm7, F/A, Bb

mf sempre legato

Chord diagrams: F/A, G7, C7

poco rit.

Verse 1.

Chord diagrams: Bb, F/A

1. Wast - ed and wound - ed, it ain't what the moon - did. I

a tempo
mf

Chord diagrams: Gm7, C7, F, C7/G, F/A, Bb

got what I - paid.. for now. - I see ya to - mor-row. Hey,

F/A



G9



C7



Frank, can I bor - row a cou - ple of bucks from you To go

poco rit.

Chorus:

F



Gm7



F/A



Bb



waltz - ing Ma - til - da, waltz - ing Ma - til - da,

a tempo

F/A



Gm7



C7



Verse 2.

You'll go waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me. 2. I'm an

Bb



F/A



in - no - cent vic - tim of a blind - ed al - ley, and I'm

Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A Bb

tired of all these sol - diers here. And no one speaks En - glish and

F/A G9 C7

ev - 'ry - thing's brok - en, and my stac - eys are soak - ing wet, — But who'll go

poco rit.

Chorus: F Gm7 F/A Bb

waltz - ing Ma - til - da, waltz - ing Ma - til - da,

a tempo







F/A Gm7 C7

You'll go waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me. Verse 3. 3. Now the


Bb  F/A 

dogs are bark - ing and the tax - i - cabs park - ing, A



Gm7  C7  F  C7/G  F/A  Bb 



lot they can do — for me. — I begged you to stab me, you




F/A  G9  C7 

tore my shirt o - pen, And I'm down on my knees — to - night. — Old



Bb  F/A 

Bush - mills, I stag - gered, you bur - y the dag - ger, Your



G9
x0 0

C7
0

sil - hou - ette win - dow light, To go

poco rit.

Chorus: F
x0 0 0 0 0 0

Gm7
x0 0 0 0 0 0

F/A
x0 0 0 0 0 0

Bb
x 0 0 0 0 0

waltz - ing Ma - til - da, waltz - ing Ma - til - da,

a tempo

F/A
x0 0 0 0 0 0

Gm7
x0 0 0 0 0 0

C7
0

Verse 4

You'll go waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me. 4. Now I've

Bb
x 0 0 0 0 0

F/A
x0 0 0 0 0 0

lost my Saint Christ - o - pher now that I've kissed her, And the

Gm7

C7

F

C7/G

F/A

Bb

one - armed ban - dit knows.

And the ma - ve - rick - Chi - na man, and the

F/A

Gm7

C7

To Coda

cold - blood - ed signs, -

and the girls down by the strip - tease shows - go ...

poco rit.

Chorus: F

Gm7

F/A

Bb

F/A

Waltz - ing Ma - til - da, waltz - ing Ma - til - da, You'll go waltz - ing Ma - til -

a tempo

Gm7

C7

C7

Verse 5.8.6.

Verse 7:

D.S. al Coda

da with me.

5. No, I
6. And you can

7. And it's a

Coda

Gm7 C7 F Gm7 F7/A Bb

shirt that is stained with blood and whis-key. And good-night to the street sweep-ers, the

F/A Gm7 C7 F Gm7 F/A

night watch-men, flame keep-ers, and good-night Ma-til-da, too.

ritard. *a tempo*

Bb F/A Gm7 C7 F

poco a poco ritard.

Verses:

5. No, I don't want your sympathy,
The fugitives say the streets aren't for dreaming now.
Manslaughter dragnets and the ghosts that sell memories,
They want a piece of the action anyhow. Go . . . (*Chorus*)
6. And you can ask any sailor,
And the keys from the jailer,
And the old men in wheelchairs know
That Matilda's the defendant, and she killed about a hundred,
And she follows wherever you may go. (*Chorus*)
- (*) 7. And it's a battered old suitcase to a hotel some place,
And a wound that will never heal.
No prima donna, the perfume is on an old (shirt . . . etc.) *To Coda*