

# Tom Waits, Poor Edward

Did you hear the news about Edward?  
On the back of his head  
He had another Face  
Was it a woman's face  
Or a young girl  
They said to remove it would kill him  
So poor Edward was doomed

The Face could laugh and cry  
It was his Devil twin  
And at night she spoke to him  
Of things heard only in Hell  
They were impossible to separate  
Chained together for life

Finally the bell tolled his doom  
He took a suite of rooms  
And hung himself and her  
By the balcony irons  
Some still believe he was freed from her  
But I knew her too well  
I say she drove him to suicide  
And took Poor Edward to Hell