

SWORDFISHTROMBONE (Tom Waits) © 1983

INTRO:

(Am) Am(+b) Am (E) E7(+f) E7 (E) E7(+f) E7 (Am) Am(+b) Am	[x2]
: X /_/ /_/ / X /_/ /_/ / X /_/ /_/ / X /_/ /_/ / :	
1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4	

(Dm) Dm(+g) (Am) Am(+b) Am	[x3]	B7 E7
: X /_/ /_/ / X /_/ /_/ / :		/ / / / / / / /
1 2 C 3 4 1 2 3 4		1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

Ukulele tablature

Am	E	E	Am
[A]-----			
[E]--0-0-1-1-0-----			
[C]--0-0-2-2-0-----2-2-4-4-2-----2-2-4-4-2-----0-0-2-2-0--			
[G]-----4-4-5-5-4-----4-4-5-5-4-----2-2-4-4-2--			

Am	E	E	Am
[A]-----			
[E]--0-0-1-1-0-----			
[C]--0-0-2-2-0-----2-2-4-4-2-----2-2-4-4-2-----0-0-2-2-0--			
[G]-----4-4-5-5-4-----4-4-5-5-4-----2-2-4-4-2--			

Dm	Am	Dm	Am
[A]-----			
[E]--1-1-3-3-1-----0-0-1-1-0-----1-1-3-3-1-----0-0-1-1-0--			
[C]--2-2-4-4-2-----0-0-2-2-0-----2-2-4-4-2-----0-0-2-2-0--			
[G]-----			

Dm	Am	B	E7
[A]-----			
[E]--1-1-3-3-1-----0-0-1-1-0-----2-2-2-----0--0-----			
[C]--2-2-4-4-2-----0-0-2-2-0-----3-3-3-3-3-----2-----			
[G]-----4-4-4-----1-----1-2-4--			

32 sec.

1st not is higher note

Am e/a e/a f/d f/d e/a E d/b d/b e/c e/c d/b
Well he came home from the war with a party in his head

E d/b d/b e/c e/c d/b Am c/a c/a d/b d/b c/a
and modified Brougham DeVille

Am e/a e/a f/d f/d e/a E d/b d/b e/c e/c d/b
and a pair of legs that opened up like butterfly wings

E d/b d/b e/c e/c d/b Am e/a e/a f/d f/d e/a
and a mad dog that wouldn't sit still

Dm f/d f/d g/e g/e f/d Am e/a e/a f/d f/d e/a
he went and took up with a Salvation Army Band girl

Dm f/d f/d g/e g/e f/d Am e/a e/a f/d f/d e/a
who played dirty water on a swordfishtrombone

Dm f/d f/d g/e g/e f/d Am e/a e/a f/d f/d e/a
he went to sleep at the bottom of Ten-killer lake

B d#/b d#/b d#/b f#/d# d#/b E7 e/g# e/d G# A B
and he said "gee, but it's great to be home."

Well he came home from the war with a party in his head
and an idea for a fireworks display
and he knew that he'd be ready with a stainless steel machete
and a half a pint of Ballentine's each day
Then he holed up in room above a hardware store
cryin' nothing there but Hollywood tears
and he put a spell on some poor little Crutchfield girl
and stayed like that for 27 years

He packed up all his expectations he lit out for California
with a flyswatter banjo on his knee
with a lucky tiger in his angel hair and benzedrine for getting there
they found him in a eucalyptus tree
Lieu-tenant got him a canary bird and skanked her head with every word
and Chesterfielded moonbeams in a song
and he got 20 years for lovin' her from some Oklahoma governor
and everything this Doughboy does is wrong

Now some say he's doing the obituary mambo
Now some say he's hanging on the wall
Perhaps this yarn is the only thing that holds this man together
some say he was never here at all
Some say they saw him down in Birmingham,
sleeping in a boxcar going by
and if you think that you can tell a bigger tale
I swear to God you'd have to tell a lie...