



trying to find her own way home, boys, she's



try - ing to find her own way home. My



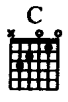
legs ache, my heart is sore,

*p* *rit.*

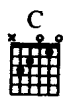


the well is full of pen - nies.

*slowly*

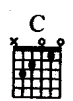
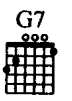
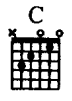
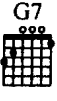


*a tempo*

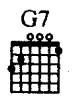
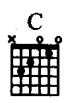
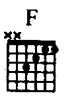


hard to say grace and to sit in the place of some - one miss - ing

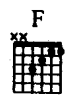
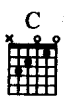
*p a tempo*



at the tab - le. Mom's hair sprayed tight and her



face in her hands, Watch - ing T. V. for an - swers to



me. Af - ter all, she's on - ly hu - man, and she's

*mp*



Why cook din - ner, why make my bed,

*mp*



Why come home at \_\_\_\_\_ all?

*cresc.*



Out the door and through the woods \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*



There's a world where noth - ing \_\_\_\_\_ grows. It's

*mp* *rit.*

F C G7

killed in a to game, with guns too big for their  
 hell and to ruin, Troy's kil - ler was nev - er caught, they

C F

hands. Just off St. Charles in no man's land; And you'll  
 say. Young Nick, he just went bad that day; Now he'll

C G7 C F/A C

have to find your own way home, — boys, — you'll have to find your  
 have to find his own way home, — boys, — he'll have to find his

G7 1. C G7 2. C

own way home. — 2. The home. —

# FALL OF TROY

Words and Music by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan

Moderately slow, gravely

C G7 C 1. G7 2. G7

1. It's the

*p*

C F C/G

\* melody sung an octave lower

same with men as with hors - es and dogs, Noth - ing —  
old - est was Troy, an eight - een year old boy, Shot dead — in

*p*

G7 C G7 C

wants to die. Eth - el and James ——— they  
March in a rob - b'ry. His broth - ers start - ed out ——— to

*p*