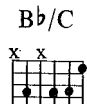
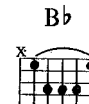
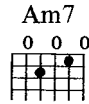
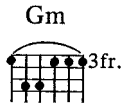


Christmas Card from a Hooker in Minneapolis

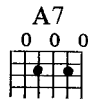
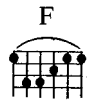
Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Freely (rubato)

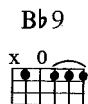
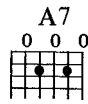
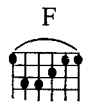


3
mf legato

4/4 2/4 4/4



Hey, Char - lie, I'm preg - nant, liv - in' on Ninth Street, —



Right a - bove the dirt - y book - store — off Euc - lid Av - e - nue. —

F

A7

Bb9



I stopped tak - in' dope

and I quit

drink-in' whis - key, —

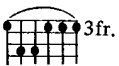
my

Gm7

F/A

Bb9

Bb/C



old man

plays the trom - bone —

and works out

at the track. —

F

C11

F

F

A7



He says that he loves me,

Bb9

F

A7



e - ven though it's not his ba - by, —

he says that he'll raise him up like he

Bb9 F A7

would his own son. — He gave me a ring that was

Dm7 F/Eb Bb9 Bb/C C7

worn — by his moth-er, — and he takes me out danc - in' — ev - 'ry

Bb9 C11 F C11 F C11 F A7

Sat - ur - day night. — Hey, Char - lie, I think a - bout you

3

Bb9 F A7

ev - 'ry time I pass the fill - in' sta - tion, on ac - count of all the grease — you used to

Bb9 F A7

wear in your hair. — I still have that rec - ord — of

Dm7 F/Eb Bb9

Lit - tle An - tho - ny and the Im - pe - ri - als, — but some - one stole my rec - ord play - er, — now

C11 F C11 F A7

how do you like — that! —

Dm7 F/C Gm7 Fadd9/A

And hey, Char - lie, I al - most went cra - zy — af - ter Mar - i - o got bust - ed, —

Bb9

Bb/C

C7

F

A7



3

So I went back to O-ma-ha _____ to live with my folks. _____

Dm7

F/C

Bb9



But ev-'ry-one I used to know_ was ei-ther dead or in pris-on, _____

Gm7

Fadd9/A

Bb9

Bb/C

C7



So I came back to Min-ne-a-po-lis, this time I think I'm gon-na stay. _____

F

A7

Bb9

3



Hey, Char-lie, I think I'm hap-py _____ for the first time since my ac-ci-dent, _____

F A7 Bb9

And I wish I had all the mon-ey — you used to spend on dope. —

F A7 Dm7 F/Eb

I'd buy me a used car lot — and I would-n't sell an-y of 'em, — I'd just

Bb9 C11 Bb9 C11

drive a dif-f'rent car ev - 'ry day, — de - pend-in' on how I feel. —

F C11 F C11 F A7

Hey, Char-lie, — for Chris' sakes,

Bb9

F

A7



if you wan - na know the truth of it, —

I don't have a hus - band, —

Bb9

F

A7



he don't play the trom - bone. —

I need to bor - row mon - ey to

Dm7

F/Eb

Bb9



pay this law - yer. — Char - lie, hey,

I'll be el - i - gi - ble for pa - role, — come

C11

F



Val - en - tine's

Day. —

ritard.

C11