


## BIG BLACK MARIAH

Words and Music by Tom Waits

Moderate funky beat, with a slight  feel

G7



Cut - tin' through the cane - break,

*mf*



rat - tl - ing the sill, — Thun - der that the rain makes when the shad - ow -



— tops the hill. — Big light on the back - street hill — to ev - er more, — Pack -

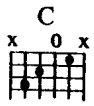


in' down the lad - der with the ham - mer to the floor. Here comes the

big Black Ma - ri - ah. Here comes the

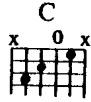
big Black Ma - ri - ah. Here comes the big Black Ma -

ri - ah. I see a big black Ford. 1. Well, he's all -



G

— boxed up on a red bell dame, — Hunt-ed Black John-ny with <sup>3</sup>a blind —



— man's cane. A yel-low bul-let with a rag — out in the wind, An

D



old blind tig - er, get an old — bell, Jim. — Here comes the

G7



big — Black Ma - ri - ah. Here comes the big — Black Ma -

ni - ah. Here come the big — Black Ma - ri - ah. (1.3.) Here comes the  
(2.) I see that

5

1. 2.

big black — Ford. Ford. Well, he's all —

3.

Ford.

*f*

*Additional Lyrics*

2. Sent to the skies on a Benny Jag Blue,  
Off to bed without his supper like the Linda brides do.  
He's got to do the story with the old widow Jones,  
Got a wooden coat, this boy is never comin' home.  
Here comes the big Black Mariah... (etc.)
3. Well, he's all boxed up on a red bell dame,  
Fat blue Johnny with a blind man's cane.  
A hundred yellow bullets, sugar rag out in a wind,  
And old blind tiger on a pair of new wings.  
Here comes the big Black Mariah... (etc.)