

Small Change (Got Rained on With His Own .38)

Tom Waits

Small Change got rained on with his own .38

And nobody flinched down by the arcade

And the marquees weren't weeping

They went stark-raving mad

And the cabbies were the only ones

That really had it madeAnd his cold trousers were twisted and the sirens high and shrill

And crumpled in his fist was a five-dollar bill

And the naked mannequins with their cheshire grins

And the raconteurs and roustabouts said "Buddy, come on in"

'Cause, 'cause the dreams ain't broken down here now

They're walking with a limpNow that Small Change got rained on with his own .38

And nobody flinched down by the arcade

And the burglar alarms been disconnected

And the newsmen start to rattle

And the cops are telling jokes

About some whorehouse in SeattleAnd the fire hydrants plead the 5th Amendment

And the furniture is bargains galore

But the blood is by the jukebox on an old linoleum floor

And what a hot rain on 42nd Street

And now the umbrellas ain't got a chance

And the newsboy's a lunatic with stains on his pants'Cause, 'cause Small Change got rained on with his own .38

And no one's gone over to close his eyes

And there's a racing form in his pocket circled 'Blue Boots' in the third

And the cashier at the clothing store didn't say a word

As the siren tears the night in half and someone lost his wallet

Well, a surveillance of assailants if that's what you wanna to call it

And the whores hike up their skirts and fish for drug-store prophylacticsWith their mouths cut just like razor blades

And their eyes are like stilettos and her radiator's steaming

And her teeth are in a wreck, and nah

She won't let you kiss her but what the hell do you expect?

And the gypsies are tragic and if you want to buy perfume

Well, they'll bark you down like carnys

Sell you Christmas cards in JuneBut, but Small Change got rained on with his own .38

And his headstone's a gum ball machine

No more chewing gum or baseball cards or overcoats or dreams

Someone's hosing down the sidewalk, and he's only in his teens'Cause, 'cause Small Change got rained on with his own .38

And a fistful of dollars can't change that

And someone copped his watch fob, and someone got his ring

And the newsboy got his pork pie Stetson hat

And the tuberculosis old men at the Nelson wheeze and cough

And someone will head south until this whole thing cools offCause, 'cause Small Change got rained on with
his own .38

Yeah, Small Change got rained on with his own .38

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