

Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

Judy Collins

When you're lost in the rain in Juarez
And it's Easter time too
And your gravity fails
And negativity don't pull you through
Don't put on any airs
When you're down on Rue Morgue Avenue
They got some hungry women there
And man, they'll really make a mess out of you
Now if you see Saint Annie
Please tell her "Thanks a lot"
I cannot move
And my fingers are all in a knot
And I haven't got the strength
To get up and take another shot
And my best friend, the doctor
Won't even say what it is I've got
Sweet Melinda
The peasants call her the goddess of gloom
She speaks good English
And she invites you up into her room
And you're so kind and careful
Not to go to her too soon
And then she takes your voice
And leaves you howling at the moon
Up on Project Hill
It's either fortune or fame
You can take one or the other
Though neither of them are to be what they claim
And if you're lookin' to get silly
You'd better go back to from where you came
Because the cops don't need you
And man, they expect the same
All the authorities
They just stand around and boast
How they blackmailed the sergeant-at-arms
Into leaving his post
And picking up my brother Carl
Who just arrived here from the coast
Who looked so fine at first

But left looking just like a ghost
Well that's it folks that's it, that's it
Well, I started out on burgundy
But soon hit the harder stuff
Everybody said they'd stand behind me
When the game got rough
Ah, but the joke was on me
There was no one there even to bluff
I'm going back to New York City
I do believe I've had enough

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