

The Ballad of Blind Tom

Elton John

Say that boy's a wonderment
No! The kid's a freak
But that kid he don't care none
His black hands resting on the keys
Hoppin' like a big old frog
And hissin' like a train
Entertaining royalty
All points east, west and in-between General he's a fine old man
Treat him like his own
Boy wouldn't know from money
Just throw old Blind Tom a bone
From the times of King Cotton
May we present to you
All you Jim Crow monkeys
From Harlan County down to Tuscaloo Play me anything you like
I'll pay it back to you
Be careful what you call me though
Some things cut clear on through
I may be an idiot
I may be a savant
I didn't choose this life for me
But it's something that I want Cocks that old big head aside
Grunts a word or two
Keeps 'em guessin' every night
Is he really gonna make it through
Faint hearts with their fans out
Starched collars and cigars
He weren't no use for slavin'
I wouldn't want him in my yard Play me anything you like
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