Tommy

Kelly Joe Phelps

Tommy had a watch, a good kind of watch
It wouldn't tell time if you asked it
Didn't have a face, just an ear and an eye
To see him withTommy stole candy from the corner store
And gave it to the mice he built a home for
By the side of the heater, next to his guitar
That he could neither play nor destroyTommy wrote a letter to the office of iniquity
Demanding a history of his actions
But the letter was returned just 2 days gone
There was no office of iniquityTommy couldn't see so well and he didn't have a radio
He'd talk to himself in different voices
Or sing to himself in a Russian dialect
Invented on a Sunday afternoonTommy stole a limp and he borrowed a demeanor
So he'd scare anybody who'd want to talk away
'Cause they frightened him so bad that he'd pee down his legs
As he tried, very hard, to find the wordsTommy wore the helmet of a frustrated miner
Digging for words as though gold
Standing in the mud in his dark gray fedora
Wearing his knee-patched dungareesTommy was alone when the fire started
High behind the wheel of a colt 45
With a clip full of ether and a bucket full of gas
And a belly full of turpentineTommy made sure there was no one in danger
By knocking on each door like a madman
Then he locked himself in and did the whirling dervish
Tipped the candle over on the floorTommy fell asleep before the firemen came
Which was good because they scared him anyway
All that they found were the mice inside the fridge
In a box, with some cheese
And a hand warmer, run on batteriesTommy was a good man. Nobody Knew
Tommy was a good man. Nobody Knew

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