

# 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 with Tommy 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 destroy Tommy 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 iniquity Tommy 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 afternoon Tommy 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 words Tommy 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 dungarees Tommy 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 turpentine Tommy 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 floor Tommy 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 batteries Tommy was a good man. Nobody Knew  
Tommy was a good man. Nobody Knew

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