

# Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

Adam Zwig

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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