

Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

Bryan Ferry

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
They really make a mess outta you
Now if you see Saint Annie
Please tell her thanks a lot
I cannot move
My fingers are all in a knot
I don't have the strength
To get up and take another shot
And my best friend, my doctor
Won't even tell me what I've got
Sweet Melinda
The peasants call her the goddess of gloom
She speaks good English
And she takes you to her room
And you're so kind
You're careful not to go to her too soon
And she takes your voice
And leaves you howling at the moon
I started out on burgundy
But soon hit the harder stuff
Everybody said they'd stand behind me
When the game got rough
But the joke was on me
There was nobody to call my bluff
I'm going back to New York City
I think I've had enough

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