

Tiger Tom Dixon's Blues

Slaid Cleaves

Tiger Tom Dixon had a gift from god
he could hit you quick he could hit you hard
in a world where a mans hands are put to the test
Tiger Tom Dixon's hands were the best
before stepping into the ring
little joe would tie them gloves on tight
after humbling that man Tom would tie one on in spite
kick back into a whisky like it was an easy chair
drink to anything that the devil may carechorus:
men came from Boston and Ohio
corners of counties that you'll never know
barstools and bar rooms with nothing to show
'cept for the fist that they did throw at
Tiger Tom Dixon
now Tom held the future in his right fist
but there was no good time Tom Dixon could resist
was no neon in New England he hadn't passed out under
was no white lightening that hadn't felt his thunderas the seasons moved on so did Tom
till there wasn't a soul around who knew his given name
some say he was a man who ran from himself
some say he just played the hand he was dealtchorustougher than leather and quick as a cat
till a young man one day is no longer that
and the dreams of those around him sink to the quick
when he slows just enough for them to figure the trickcame a day in december the steely winds did blow
into that ring a man Tom Dixon did know
was himself without the bottle and the dream held fast
he took Tom's dream with him and he never looked back
so Tom rolled around in that bottle for a couple of years
till he was put in the ground by his own fears
now all that is left is the story I've told
and the dream that still waits to unfold for
Tiger Tom Dixon

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