Small Change (got Rained On With His Own .38)

Tom Waits

Small Change got rained on with his own .38
And nobody flinched down by the arcade
And the marquees weren't weeping
They went stark-raving mad
And the cabbies were the only ones
That really had it madeAnd his cold trousers were twisted and the sirens high and shrill
And crumpled in his fist was a five-dollar bill
And the naked mannequins with their cheshire grins
And the raconteurs and roustabouts said "Buddy, come on in"
'Cause, 'cause the dreams ain't broken down here now
They're walking with a limpNow that Small Change got rained on with his own .38
And nobody flinched down by the arcade
And the burglar alarms been disconnected
And the newsmen start to rattle
And the cops are telling jokes
About some whorehouse in SeattleAnd the fire hydrants plead the 5th Amendment
And the furniture is bargains galore
But the blood is by the jukebox on an old linoleum floor
And what a hot rain on 42nd Street
And now the umbrellas ain't got a chance
And the newsboy's a lunatic with stains on his pants'Cause, 'cause Small Change got rained on with his own .38
And no one's gone over to close his eyes
And there's a racing form in his pocket circled 'Blue Boots' in the third
And the cashier at the clothing store didn't say a word
As the siren tears the night in half and someone lost his wallet
Well, a surveillance of assailants if that's what you wanna to call it
And the whores hike up their skirts and fish for drug-store prophylacticsWith their mouths cut just like razor blades
And their eyes are like stilettos and her radiator's steaming
And her teeth are in a wreck, and nah
She won't let you kiss her but what the hell do you expect?
And the gypsies are tragic and if you want to buy perfume
Well, they'll bark you down like carnys
Sell you Christmas cards in JuneBut, but Small Change got rained on with his own .38
And his headstone's a gum ball machine
No more chewing gum or baseball cards or overcoats or dreams
Someone's hosing down the sidewalk, and he's only in his teens'Cause, 'cause Small Change got rained on with his own .38
And a fistful of dollars can't change that

And someone copped his watch fob, and someone got his ring
And the newsboy got his pork pie Stetson hat
And the tuberculosis old men at the Nelson wheeze and cough
And someone will head south until this whole thing cools off'Cause, 'cause Small Change got rained on with his own .38
Yeah, Small Change got rained on with his own .38

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