

T. Total Tommy

Mickey Newbury

To the sad-eyed misinterpreted
Hung-up child of clay
So the drunken poets pretty words
Didn't help you find your way Was it your mistake for thinking
He was born before his time?
Or was it his for thinking
He might save you with his flimsy rhyme? T Total Tommy took a toke of tea
Black cats backig' up a big oak tree
Tick tocks ticking out a tune on time
Last words looking for a line to rhyme
Saw fish swimming in the sea-saw-sea
But me, well, I'm only looking
I see so many with no place tonight
Their sleepy heads to lay
With pen in hand I take a stand
I got nothing deep to say Some words are better left
To whisper only to the wind
Some men kill with bullets
Lord, others use a pen
Sidewalks singing of a troubled time
Small talks marching to a nursery rhyme
Day trippers tripping on a morning high
Stop watch watching for a chance to die
Bad dogs barking up an empty tree
But me, well, I'm only crying

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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