Tommy's Coming Home

Elvis Costello

(mccartney/macmanus)
She was counting out the window of the outbound train
All the poles of the telegraph
And the rock-a-bye rhythm in the song of the rails
Couldn't make the sweeper laugh
Down down down so deep
Down down drowning in his sleep
Tommy's coming home again
And a hawk hovered high above a skinny jackrabbit
Pursued by a hungry fox
And a broker awoke her from a fitful slumber
Then consulted his shares and his stocks
Down down down they go
Down down how he'll never know
Tommy's coming home again
And it's almost april fools' day
As he glanced on his paper looking through the veil (?)
He could see she was really upset
As she tucked back the ribbon in a velvet box
As he offered her a cigarette
Down down down she took a drag

Now he's covered in a flag
Tommy's coming home again
And it's almost april fools' day
Almost april fools' day
And the joke's on everyone
He had that premonition
Only dead men dwell upon
But how could he know that only twelve months later
She would wear her skirt up over her knee
And in the very same carriage she'd be flattened with roses
And forget the tears of bigotry (?)
Down down down they flow
Now now now it just don't matter anymore
Tommy made it home again
When it was almost april fools' day
Almost april fools' day
And the joke's on everyone

He had that premonition
Only dead men dwell upon
Tommy's coming home again
Tommy's coming home again
Tommy's coming home

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/