

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

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