

Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

[Linda Ronstadt](#)

When you're lost in the rain in Juarez and it's Easter time too
And your gravity fails and negativity won't pull you through
Don't put on any airs when you're down on Rue Morgue Avenue
They got some hungry women there
And they'll really make a mess out of you Well, if you see Saint Annie please tell her thanks a lot
I cannot move and my fingers they are all in a knot
I don't have the strength to get up and take another shot
And my best friend the doctor won't even say what it is I got Sweet Melinda, the peasants call her the goddess of
gloom
She speaks good English and she invites you up into her room
And you're so kind and careful not to go to her too soon
And she takes your voice and she leaves you howling at the moon Well, up on housing project hill
It's either fortune or fame
You must pick one or the other
Though neither of them are to be what they claim And if you're looking to get silly
You better go back to from where you came
Because the cops don't need you
And man they expect the same Now all the authorities they just stand around and boast
How they blackmailed the sergeant-at-arms into leaving his post
And picking up Angel who just arrived here from the coast
Who looked so fine at first and she left looking just like a ghost Well, I started out on burgundy but soon hit the
harder stuff
Everybody said they'd stand beside me when the game got rough
But the joke was on me there was nobody even there to bluff
I'm going back to New York City, I do believe I've had enough

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