

Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

Bob Dylan

When you're lost in the rain in Juarez when it's Easter time, too
And your gravity fails and negativity don'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 really make a mess outta you
Now, if you see Saint Annie, please
tell her thanks a lot
I cannot move, my fingers are all in a knot
I don't have the strength to get up and take another shot
And my best friend, my doctor, won't even say what it is I've 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 leaves you howling at the moon
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
If you're lookin' 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 but left looking just like a ghost
I started out on burgundy but soon hit the harder stuff
Everybody said they'd stand behind 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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