

# The Ballad Of Blind Tom

Elton John

Say that boy's a wonderment  
No! The kid's a freak  
But that kid he don't care none  
His black hands resting on the keys  
Hoppin' like a big old frog  
And hissin' like a train  
Entertaining royalty  
All points east, west and in-between General he's a fine old man  
Treat him like his own  
Boy wouldn't know from money  
Just throw old Blind Tom a bone  
From the times of King Cotton  
May we present to you  
All you Jim Crow monkeys  
From Harlan County down to Tuscaloo Play me anything you like  
I'll pay it back to you  
Be careful what you call me though  
Some things cut clear on through  
I may be an idiot  
I may be a savant  
I didn't choose this life for me  
But it's something that I want Cocks that old big head aside  
Grunts a word or two  
Keeps 'em guessin' every night  
Is he really gonna make it through  
Faint hearts with their fans out  
Starched collars and cigars  
He weren't no use for slavin'  
I wouldn't want him in my yard Play me anything you like  
I'll pay it back to you  
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