

My Dwarf Is Getting Tired

[Ry Cooder](#)

A mobile home in Anaheim
It's double-wide it's new, it's clean
It's a friendly town I think it's time
it's what we need
We had a long run together a life you can't compare
But the world is changing and it's getting strange out there
Forty years of motel rooms cigarettes and magazines
From Spokane clear down to Bakersfield
You might have seen us on the highway so many times before
But my dwarf is getting tired and my fat man just won't travel anymore
Skinny-looking farmers brought their
families down Looking for a fat time
Had to work all day just to make them spend one thin dime
Like hot dog contests man you could eat 'em
Might raise a buck or two
Boxing matches you couldn't beat 'em
That midget kangaroo was a little too fast for you
We came down here to say good by to an old-time friend of
mine
He died Inside his rubber suit out on the street of dreams
It was a hot July Sunday and he was working over time
Cause the people like seeing Mickey walk by down in Anaheim
Dwarves and fat men just might do the very best they can
But they can't compare with Tomorrow Land it seems
We had some real Western times together but it can't be like before
Cause my dwarf is getting tired and my fat man just won't travel anymore
No we won't be seen from Bakersfield clear up to Spokane anymore

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