

## Gordon Lightfoot "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues"

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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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