

Grateful Dead "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues"

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When your lost in the rain
In Juarez and it's Easter time too
When your gravity is down
And negativity won't pull you through

Don't you put on any airs
When you down on Rue Morgue Avenue
They got some hungry creatures there
Surely make a mess out of you

Well, if you see St. Annie
Please tell her, thanks a lot
[Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible] are all in a knot

I don't even have the strength
To get up and crawl across the floor for another shot
And my best friend, my drummer
Won't even tell me, what it was that I dropped?

Yeah, sweet Melinda
The peasants call her the goddess of gloom
She has, speaks good English
As she invites you up into her room

And you, you were so kinda conscientious
Not to go to her too soon
But she steals your voice
And leaves you howling at the moon

Up on Housing Project Hill
It's either fortune or fame
You must choose one or the other
But neither are to be what they claim

If you're looking to get silly
You better get back to from where you came
Because the cops don't need you ever
And they expect the same

Now I started out on Heinakin
But I soon hit the harder stuff

Everybody swore they stand beside me
When the game got rough

But the joke was on me
There wasn't even anybody there to bluff
I'm goin' back to New York City
I do believe I've had enough

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