

Ramblin' Jack Elliott

"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, man, they'll 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 howlin' at the moon

Up on Housing Project Hill
It's either fortune or fame
You must pick up on 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 leavin' his post

And pickin' up Angel
Who just arrived here from the coast
Who looked so fine at first
But left lookin' 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 call my bluff
I'm goin' back to New York City
I do believe I've had enough

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