

Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

When you're lost in the rain in juarez and it's eastertime too,
And your gravity fails and negativity don'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 really make a mess outta you!

Sweet melinda, the peasants call her the goddess of doom,
She speaks good english and she invites you up into her room.
And you're so kind, too careful not to go to her too soon,
Then she steals your voice and leaves you howling at the moon!

Up on housing project hill it's either fortune or fame,
You must pick one or the other though neither of them is what they claim,
If you're lookin' to get silly you'd better go back to from where you came,
Because the cops don't need you and man they expect the same!

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 there to even call my bluff,
I'm going back to new york city I do believe I've had enough,
I'm going back to new york city I do believe I've had enough!