

# Bob Dylan, 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 outa 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 howling at the moon.

Up on Housing Project Hill  
It's either fortune or fame  
You must pick up 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 leaving his post  
And picking up Angel who  
Just arrived here from the coast  
Who looked so fine at first  
But left looking 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 bluff  
I'm going back to New York City  
I do believe I've had enough.