

# Over The Rhine, Don't Wait For Tom

He's got the hands of a blind piano player  
He's got a feel for the dark like a soothsayer  
He takes a little bow and tips his fedora  
Shouts like he's gonna save Sodom and Gomorrah

Workin' for the circus ex railroad bum  
Carnival barker for kingdom dot come  
Dusty ol' Gibson opposable thumb  
Bangs out the rhythm on a fifty gallon drum

Don't wait for Tom  
Tom's long gone  
He's already moved on  
Don't wait for Tom  
I saw an ol' '55 Buick  
Just before dawn  
I said hey, hey Tom  
The sun's comin' up  
You got your wipers on

Are you tryin'a make it rain again?  
Are you tryin'a make it rain again?  
Is it rainin' just around your bend?  
Are you tryin'a make it rain again?

Sittin' in the corner with his pet muskrat  
Tossin' his cards into an old man's hat  
He grins at the girls and they always grin back  
He bets an old waltz he could get 'em in the sack

He makes his own music from the bell of a bone  
A waitress' falsie and a railroad phone  
Bobs on his knees to an old tarantella  
South of the border he stole it from a fella

Don't wait for Tom

His triple-jointed juke fingers splay like a scarecrow  
He kneels down and whistles to a fallen sparrow  
His eyes light up when they wheel in a piano  
He reads a dirty joke out of an old Baptist hymnal

He wears a tuxedo made of sackcloth and ashes  
Has a tattoo of a girl who can bat her eyelashes  
Down on the river he was fishin' with a sword  
He knocked off John the Baptist for a word from the Lord

He takes his coffee with the blood of a turnip  
Blushes his cheeks with an Amsterdam tulip  
Choppin' up a rooster for a pullet surprise  
If the gravy don't getcha he'll getcha with his eyes

Don't wait

Hey Tom