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