JUST LIKE TOM THUMB'S BLUES Bob Dylan

Intro:

When you're lost in the rain, in Juarez, and it's Eastertime too

When 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've got some hungry women there and they'll really make a mess out of you

If you see Saint Annie, please tell her thanks a lot I cannot move and my fingers, they are all in a knot I don't have the strength to get up and take another shot And my best, my doctor, won't even say what it is that 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 vou'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 one or the other, though neither fo them ought to be what they claim And if you're lookin' to get silly, you better go back to from where you came Cause 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 one me, there was nobody there to even bluff I'm going back to New York City, I do believe I've had enough

BARRY ENDING