

# Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

Bryan Ferry

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 tell me what I've got. Sweet Melinda  
The peasants call her the goddess of gloom  
She speaks good English  
And she tekes 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.  
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 to call my bluff  
I'm going back to New York City  
I think I have enough.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>