

Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues (Bob Dylan, 1965)

When you're [C] lost in the rain in [F] Juarez when it's Easter time [C] too.
And your gravity fails and nega[F]tivity don't pull you [C] through.
Don't [F] put on any airs when you're down on Rue Morgue [C] Avenue.
They got some [G] hungry women there and they [F] really make a mess outa [C] you.

Now if you see Saint Annie, [F] please tell her thanks a [C] lot.
I cannot move. My [F] fingers are all in a [C] knot.
I [F] don't have the strength to get up and take another [C] shot.
And my [G] best friend, my doctor [F] won't even say what it is I've [C] got.

Sweet Melinda, the [F] peasants call her the goddess of [C] gloom.
She speaks good English and she [F] invites you up into her [C] room.
And [F] you're so kind and careful not to go to her too [C] soon.
And she [G] takes your voice and [F] leaves you howling at the [C] moon.

Up on Housing Project Hill, [F] it's either fortune or [C] fame.
You must pick one or the other, though [F] neither of them are to be what they [C] claim.
If you're [F] lookin' to get silly you better go back to from where you [C] came.
Because the [G] cops don't need you, and [F] man they expect the [C] same.

Now all the authorities, [F] they just stand around and [C] boast.
How they blackmailed the sergeant-at-[F]-arms into leaving his [C] post.
And [F] picking up Angel who just arrived here from the [C] coast.
Who looked [G] so fine at first but [F] left looking just like a [C] ghost.

I started out on burgundy but [F] soon hit the harder [C] stuff.
Everybody said they'd stand be[F]hind me when the game got [C] rough.
But the [F] joke was on me there was nobody even there to [C] bluff.
I'm going [G] back to New York City, I [F] do believe I've had [C] enough.