

BALLAD OF A THIN MAN

Am Eaug/G# C/G C D7/F# F Dm Em G7

You walk into the room - With your pencil in your hand
You see somebody naked - And you say, "Who is that man?"
You try so hard - But you don't understand
Just what you'll say - When you get home

**Because something is happening here But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?**

You raise up your head - And you ask, "Is this where it is?"
And somebody points to you and says - "It's his"
And you say, "What's mine?" And somebody else says, - "Where what is?"
And you say, "Oh my God - Am I here all alone?" *CHORUS*

You hand in your ticket - And you go watch the geek
Who immediately walks up to you - When he hears you speak
And says, "How does it feel - To be such a freak?"
And you say, "Impossible" - As he hands you a bone *CHORUS*

You have many contacts - Among the lumberjacks
To get you facts - When someone attacks your imagination
But nobody has any respect - Anyway they already expect you
To just give a check - To tax-deductible charity organizations *CHORUS*

You've been with the professors - And they've all liked your looks
With great lawyers you have - Discussed lepers and crooks
You've been through all of - F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
You're very well read - It's well known *CHORUS*

Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you - And then he kneels
He crosses himself - And then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice - He asks you how it feels
And he says, "Here is your throat back - Thanks for the loan" *CHORUS*

Now you see this one-eyed midget - Shouting the word "NOW"
And you say, "For what reason?" - And he says, "How?"
And you say, "What does this mean?" - And he screams back, "You're a cow
Give me some milk - Or else go home" *CHORUS*

Well, you walk into the room - Like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket - And your nose on the ground
There ought to be a law - Against you comin' around
You should be made - To wear earphones *CHORUS*