

JUST LIKE TOM THUMB'S BLUES

E - bpm 126 **E** root

1

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 Ave.
They got some hungry women there **B**
And they really make a mess outa you **E**

Bass and drums start here (bass riff at 14th b g Ab Eb E)

2

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 **B**
Won't even tell me what it is I've got **E**

3

Sweet Melinda, the peasants call her 'goddess of gloom'
She speaks good English and she takes you up into her room
And you're so kind and careful not to go to her too so oo oon
And she takes your voice **B**
And leaves you howling at the moon **E**

4

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 **B**
I do believe I've had enough **E**

Solo

I'm going back to New York City I do believe I've had enough **Bluesy ending**