

# Blind Tom

Grant-Lee Phillips

Tom's at the piano talkin' to a ghost  
Playin' with his eyes shut tight  
Here's a little song I learnt it from the wind  
I heard it on the wind last night

Beats workin' in the field for a little blind boy  
Playin' in the dime museum  
Day the colonel came and he take ya by the hand  
What a lucky day for him

When Tom is at the bench his hands are not his own  
Some spirit in the room takes hold  
Never seen the sun much less read a note  
But he makes ya wanna tap your toes

Make your daddy proud oh make your daddy rich  
Some candy and cake for Tom  
Till the crowd dies down and the colonel's in the grave  
And the candy and the cake are gone

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