

Don't Wait for Tom

Over the Rhine

He's got the hands of a blind piano player
He's got a feel for the dark like a soothsayer
He takes a little bow and tips his fedora
Shouts like he's gonna save Sodom and Gomorrah

Workin' for the circus ex-railroad bum
Carnival barker for kingdom dot come
Dusty ol' Gibson, opposable thumb
Bangs out the rhythm on a fifty gallon drum

Don't wait for Tom, Tom's long gone, he's already moved on
Don't wait for Tom
I saw an ol' '55 Buick just before the dawn
I said, Hey, hey Tom, the sun's comin' up, you got your wipers on

Are you tryna make it rain again?
Are you tryna make it rain again?
Is it rainin' just around your bend?
Are you tryna make it rain again?

Sittin' in a corner with his pet muskrat
Tossin' his cards into an old man's hat
He grins at the girls and they always grin back
He bets an old waltz he could get 'em in the sack

He makes his own music from the bell of a 'bone
A waitress's falsie and a railroad phone
Bobs on his knees to an old tarantella
South of the border he stole it from a fella

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His triple jointed juke fingers splay like a scarecrow
He kneels down and whistles to a fallen sparrow
His eyes light up when they wheel in a piano
He reads a dirty joke out of an old Baptist hymnal

He wears a tuxedo made of sackcloth and ashes
Has a tattoo of a girl who can bat her eyelashes
Down on the river he was fishin' with a sword
He knocked off John the Baptist for a word from the Lord

He takes his coffee with the blood of a turnip
Blushes his cheeks with an Amsterdam tulip
Choppin' up a rooster for a pullet surprise
If the gravy don't getcha, he'll getcha with his eyes, don't wait

Hey Tom, sun's comin' up, you got your wipers on
Don't wait for Tom, sun's comin' up, you got your wipers on

Hey Tom, oh, oh, Tom