

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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