

Small Change

Tom Waits

Well small change got rained on with his own .38
And nobody flinched down by the arcade
And the marquise weren't weeping
They went stark-raving mad
And the cabbies were the only ones
That really had it made
And his cold trousers were twisted,
And the sirens high and shrill
And crumpled in his fist was a five-dollar bill
And the naked mannikins with their
Cheshire grins
And the raconteurs
And roustabouts said buddy
Come on in
Cause the dreams ain't broken down here now
Now ...they're walking with a limp
Now that

Small change got rained on with his own .38"
And nobody flinched down by the arcade
And the burglar alarm's been disconnected
And the newsmen start to rattle
And the cops are tellin' jokes
About some whore house in Seattle
And the fire hydrants plead the 5th Amendment
And the furniture's bargains galore
But the blood is by the jukebox
On an old linoleum floor
And it's a hot rain on 42nd Street
And now the umbrellas ain't got a chance
And the newsboy's a lunatic
With stains on his pants cause

Small change got rained on with his own .38
And no one's gone over to close his eyes
And there's a racing form in his pocket
Circled "Blue Boots" in the 3rd
And the cashier at the clothing store
He didn't say a word as the
Siren tears the night in half
And someone lost his wallet
Well it's surveillance of assailants
If that's whatchawannacallit
And the whores hike up their skirts
And fish for drug-store prophylactics*
With their mouths cut just like
Razor blades and their eyes are like stilettos
And her radiator's steaming
And her teeth are in a wreck
Now she won't let you kiss her
But what the hell do you expect
And the Gypsies are tragic and if you
Wanna to buy perfume, well
They'll bark you down like
Carneys... sell you Christmas cards in June
But...

Small change got rained on with his own .38
And his headstone's
A gumball machine
No more chewing gum
Or baseball cards or
Overcoats or dreams and
Someone is hosing down the sidewalk
And he's only in his teens

Small change got rained on with his own .38
And a fistful of dollars can't change that
And someone copped his watch fob
And someone got his ring
And the newsboy got his porkpie Stetson hat
And the tuberculosis old men
At the Nelson wheeze and cough
And someone will head south
Until this whole thing cools off cause
Small change got rained on with his own .38
Yea small change got rained on with his own .38