

## 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