

# My Dwarf Is Getting Tired

Ry Cooder

A mobile home in Anaheim  
It's double-wide it's new, it's clean  
It's a friendly town I think it's time  
it's what we need  
We had a long run together a life you can't compare  
But the world is changing and it's getting strange out there

Forty years of motel rooms cigarettes and magazines  
From Spokane clear down to Bakersfield  
You might have seen us on the highway so many times before  
But my dwarf is getting tired and my fat man just won't travel  
anymore

Skinny-looking farmers brought their families down Looking for  
a fat time  
Had to work all day just to make them spend one thin dime  
Like hot dog contests man you could eat 'em  
Might raise a buck or two  
Boxing matches you couldn't beat 'em  
That midget kangaroo was a little too fast for you

We came down here to say good by to an old-time friend of mine  
He died Inside his rubber suit out on the street of dreams  
It was a hot July Sunday and he was working over time  
Cause the people like seeing Mickey walk by down in Anaheim  
Dwarves and fat men just might do the very best they can  
But they can't compare with Tomorrow Land it seems  
We had some real Western times together but it can't be like be  
fore  
Cause my dwarf is getting tired and my fat man just won't trave  
l anymore  
No we won't be seen from Bakersfield clear up to Spokane anymor  
e