**A Young Tom Sawyer**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Key of D – 195 bpm**

Feel like I’m floating down a river on a lark on a raft in the dark, just a mark for a shark who barks that his name is Injun Joe

Every evil thought that forgot to be shot he’s a bringing up over and over as If I ought to know

Water rushing by my ears, flushing out the fears, washing salty tears from years of ceaseless pain

And just like a young Tom Sawyer, I could use a lawyer to sue the man named Sam who dealt me this hand goes by the name of Mr. Twain

**Chorus:**

Just like a young Tom Sawyer, I want to ramble, I want to gamble, but I’ve got a fence to paint

The summer sun is relentless; it burns me up and shuts me down and leaves me feeling faint

200 feet of rusty wrought iron waiting for me like an enemy about to blow my mind

But just like a young Tom Sawyer, I got my eye on a passerby who’s gonna paint while I unwind

Somehow, I lost Huck Finn; yeah someone did him in; for the original sin of being born dirt poor

They let him throw his life away on an ocean of decay I’ve even heard them say he’s rotten to the core

Sent him down a river on a boat carrying a note, explaining that his vote was joke like the vote of nigger Jim

Until he drifted to the sea soaked in misery trying to get free from the man he used to be and I wish that I could see what’s become of him

Chorus:

Staring at two hundred feet of railing with a fear of failing, clinging to a paint brush with arthritic hands

Swollen with a pain stolen from a brain that was driven insane in the rain while living off the land

This job is bigger than my dreams, going to extremes, bursting at the seams, with themes that I cannot explain

Feeling like a young Tom Sawyer sitting in a foyer, peeking like a voyeur at little miss Becky Thatcher; watching her toy with Old Man Twain

Chorus: