

John Prine "Bruised Orange"

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My heart's in the ice house, come hill or come valley
Like a long ago Sunday when I walked through the alley
On a cold winter's morning to a church house
Just to shovel some snow

I heard sirens on the train track howl naked gettin'
nuder
An altar boy's been hit by a local commuter
Just from walking with his back turned
To the train that was coming so slow

You can gaze out the window, get mad and get
madder
Throw your hands in the air, say what does it matter?
But it don't do no good to get angry so help me, I know

For a heart stained in anger grows weak and grows
bitter
You become your own prisoner as you watch yourself
sit there
Wrapped up in a trap of your very own chain of sorrow

I've been brought down to zero, pulled out and put
back there
I sat on a park bench, kissed the girl with the black hair
And my head shouted down to my heart
"You better look out below"

Hey, it ain't such a long drop, don't stammer don't
stutter
From the diamonds in the sidewalk to the dirt in the
gutter
And you carry those bruises to remind you wherever
you go

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