

John Prine "Clay Pigeons"

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I'm goin' down to the Greyhound station
Gonna buy a ticket to ride
I'm gonna find me a lady
With two or three kids
And sit down by her side
Ride till the sun comes up down
'round about two or three times
Smoking cigarettes in the last seat
Sing a song for the people I meet
And get along with it all
Where the people say y'all
Sing a song with a friend
Change the shape that I'm in
And get back in the game
And start playin' again
I'd like to stay
But I might have to go
And start over again
I might go back down to Texas
Or go to somewhere that I've never been
And get up in the morning
And go out at night
And I don't have to go home
Get used to being alone
Change the words to this song
And start singin' again

I'm tired of runnin' 'round lookin' for answers
To questions that I already know
I could build me a castle with memories
Just to have somewhere to go
Count the days and the nights
That it takes to get back in the saddle again
Feed the pigeons some clay
Turn the night into day
And start talkin' again
Where you know what to say

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When you know what to say

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