

John Prine

"Come Back To Us Barbara Lewis Hare-Krishna Beauregard (Live)"

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The last time that I saw her
She was standing in the rain
With her overcoat under her arm
Leaning on a horsehead cane

She said, "Carl, take all the money"
She called everybody Carl
"My spirit's broke, my mind's a joke
And getting up's real hard"

Don't you know her when you see her?
She grew up in your back yard
Come back to us Barbara Lewis
Hare-Krishna Beauregard

Selling Bibles at the airports
Buying quayludes on the phone
Hey, you talk about a paper route
She's a shut in without a home

Well, God save her, please
She's nailed her knees
To some drugstore parking lot
Hey, Mr. Brown, turn the volume down
I believe this evening's shot

Don't you know her when you see her?
She grew up in your back yard
Come back to us Barbara Lewis
Hare-Krishna Beauregard

Can't you picture her next Thursday?
Can you picture her at all?
In the Hotel Boulderado
At the dark end of the hall

I gotta shake myself and wonder
Why she even bothers me
For if heartaches were commercials
We'd all be on TV

Don't you know her when you see her?
She grew up in your back yard
Come back to us Barbara Lewis
Hare-Krishna Beauregard

Come back to us Barbara Lewis
Hare-Krishna Beauregard

Come on home, Barbara

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