

# John Prine "Come Back To Us Barbara Lewis Hare Krishna Beauregard"

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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 horse head 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 Quaalude's on the phone  
Hey, you talk about, a paper route  
She's a shut in without a home

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

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