

John Prine

"He Forgot That It Was Sunday"

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The motel lights were blinking
On my chartreuse four door Lincoln
On the dock, the fish were stinking
I simply didn't have a care

And the old men sit 'round the cracker barrels
The children hum their Christmas carols
The train tracks all run parallel
But they'll all meet up one day

On a dusty pew in a vestibule
Sits the Devil playing pocket pool
He's waiting for the next poor fool
Who forgot that it was Sunday

We used to tell each other lies
With our orange plastic button eyes
In a former life on a motel chair
I was Charlie Parker's teddy bear

Yeah, me and Bird, we'd stay up late
I used to watch him contemplate
While his horn would sit by the window and wait
'Til it was time for him to blow it

On a dusty pew in a vestibule
Sits the Devil playing pocket pool
He's waiting for the next poor fool
Who forgot that it was Sunday

The only song I ever knew
Was 'Moonlight Bay on the Avenue'
These are the tales from the Devil's chin
Charlie, I could've been a contender

And the old men sit 'round the cracker barrels
The children hum their Christmas carols
The train tracks all run parallel
But they'll all meet up one day

On a dusty pew in a vestibule
Sits the Devil playing pocket pool

He's waiting for the next poor fool
Who forgot that it was Sunday
He forgot that it was Sunday

On a dusty pew in a vestibule
Sits the old red Devil playing pocket pool
He's waiting for the next poor fool
Who forgot that it was Sunday

And the old men
Why, they're sitting 'round their cracker barrels
And the children
Yeah, they're out humming those Christmas carols
And all those old rusty train tracks
They're running parallel
But they'll all meet up one day

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