

John Wesley Harding

"Things Snowball"

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One, two, three

You might remember this conversation when you get
older

You may recall the warning signs by the road
But if you lose all recollection or misplace your sense
of direction
Here's a quarter, taped to the number of my phone

When childish habits are slow to die
You might look up and wonder why
Things snowball in the twinkling of an eye

You could be paying for the present on expenses
You might realize your biggest lies on a movie screen
You could be living in a mansion, your corporation in
expansion
With a broken heart, that far exceeds your wildest
dreams

When childish habits are slow to die
You might look up and wonder why
Things snowball in the twinkling of an eye

Somewhere way under the rainbow
Dragging round an empty pot of glue
Bruised and confused, it could happen to you
Seeing for the first time that dreams can come true

I was living free up the stairs from a mortuary
He could hear me bring the bodies home at night
He tried to say, "I was just like you", I shouted back,
"You're an old fool"
He said, "Listen" and I told him, "I'd rather die", but I
changed my mind

'Cause childish habits are slow to die
You might look up and wonder why
Things snowball, things snowball, things snowball
In the twinkling of an eye

