

John Prine, Other Side Of Town

Why do you always seem to criticize me
Seems like everything I do just turns out wrong
Why dont you come on out and despise me
So I could pack my bag and baby Id be gone

Remember when you used to call me honey
Id turn around and call you honey too
You might think its a joke, but it aint funny
To hurt someone whos so in love with you

Chorus:

A clown puts his makeup on upside down
So he wears a smile even when he wears a frown
You might think Im here when you put me down
But actually Im on the other side of town.

My bodys in this room with you just catchin hell
While my soul is drinking beer down the road a spell
You might think Im listening to your grocery list
But Im leaning on the jukebox and Im about halfway there

Im sittin on a chair just behind my ear
Playing dominoes and drinking some ice cold beer
When you get done talking Ill come back downstairs
And assume the body of the person you presume who cares

Chorus

Im Across the river on the other side of town
In my mind Im on the other side of town