

John Prine, The Late John Garfield Blues

Black faces pressed against the glass
Where rain has pressed it's weight
Wind blown scarves in top down cars
All share one western trait
Sadness leaks through tear-stained cheeks
From winos to dime-store Jews
Probably don't know they give me
These late John Garfield blues

Midnight fell on Franklin Street
And the lamppost bulbs were broke
For the life of me, I could not see
But I heard a brand new joke
Two men were standing upon a bridge
One jumped and screamed you lose
And just left the odd man holding
Those late John Garfield blues

An old man sleeps with his conscience at night
Young kids sleep with their dreams
While the mentally ill sit perfectly still
And live through life's in-betweens

I'm going away to the last resort
In week or two real soon
Where the fish don't bite but once a night
By the cold light of the moon
The horses scream- the nightmares dream
And the dead men all wear shoes
'Cause everybody's dancin'
Those late John Garfield blues