

# John Prine, Clay Pigeons

I'm goin' down to the Greyhound Station, gonna get a ticket to ride  
Gonna find that lady with two or three kids and sit down by her side  
Ride 'til the sun comes up and down around me 'bout two or three times  
Smokin' cigarettes in the last seat  
Tryin' to hide my sorrow from the people I meet

and get along with it all  
Go down where the people say "y'all"  
Sing a song with a friend  
Change the shape that I'm in,  
And get back in the game,  
And start playin' again

I'd like to stay but I might have to go to start over again  
Might go back down to Texas, might go to somewhere that I've never been  
And get up in the mornin' and go out at night  
and I won't have to go home  
Get used to bein' alone  
Change the words to this song  
Start singin' again

I'm tired of runnin' 'round lookin' for answers to questions that I already know  
I could build me a castle of memories just to have somewhere to go  
Count the days and the nights that it takes to get back in the saddle again  
Feed the pigeons some clay  
Turn the night into day  
Start talkin' again, when I know what to say

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Start talkin' again  
When I know what to say