

John Prine, Common Sense

You can't live together
You can't live alone
Considering the weather
Oh my, how you've grown
From the men in the factories
To the wild kangaroo
Like those birds of a feather
They're gathering together
And feeling
Exactly like you

They got mesmerized
By lullabies
And limbo danced
In pairs
Please lock that door
It don't make much sense
That common sense
Don't make no sense
No more

Just between you and me
It's like pulling
When you ought to be shovin,
Like a nun
With her head in the oven
Please don't tell me
That this really wasn't nothing

One of these days
One of these nights
You'll take off your hat
And they'll read you
Your rights
You'll wanna get high
Every time you feel low
Hey, Queen Isabella
Stay away from that fella
He'll just get you
Into trouble, you know?

But they came here by boat
And they came here by plane
They blistered their hands
And they burned out their brain
All dreaming a dream
That'll never come true
Hey, don't give me no trouble
Or I'll call up my double
We'll play piggy-in-the-middle
With you

You'll get mesmerized
By alibis
And limbo dance in pairs
Please lock that door
It don't make much sense
That common sense
Don't make no sense
No more