

# 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