

# 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