

# Bobbie Gentry, Apartment 21

Rain on my Sunday shoes  
Pick up the daily news  
Looks like tomorrows blues  
But its better than none

Call on the telephone  
knowin' that he's not home  
I'll put on the Rollin' Stones  
And I can have me some fun

Start up a flight of stairs  
Stand up and comb your hair  
Try not to change things  
More than you can withstand

Get into something new  
That's made for a year or two  
Pick up the pieces  
Where you think they might land

Everyday goes  
Another days gone  
Hate to say so but I'm getting older  
Day by day

Take off all your clothes  
Stand up and wipe your nose  
Cry for your daddy  
Who died so long ago

Jump on another plane  
Today it's all the same  
You can catch me in Boston  
'Cause that's how it goes

I'm here in apartment 21  
Stop by and have some fun  
Say how ya doin', ya old son of a gun

Look at a photograph  
Lord, don't it make you laugh  
For all these changes  
What have you done?

La la la, la la la, la la la la  
Lla la la la, la la la, la la la la  
La la la, la la la, la la la la  
La la la la, la la la, la la la la

Sit down and write a song  
Wait till the days grow long  
And wait fir the autumn wind  
To blow me away

La la la, la la la, la la la la  
Lla la la la, la la la, la la la la  
La la la, la la la, la la la la  
La la la la, la la la, la la la la  
(repeat)