

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)