

John Hiatt, Back On The Corner

Back on the corner
I'm singing the blues
I can see my reflection
in the shine of your shoes

Like Momma used to say
No news is good news
And I'm back on the corner again

Back on the corner
Got my seeing-eye dog
He's blind as justice
And hungry as a hog

I feel like a prince
But I look like a frog
And I'm back on the corner again
Back on the corner
Pitching pennies and dimes
Hell, I don't even know
How I got here this time

Singing for my supper at 12th Street and Vine
Back on the corner again

Used to take seven pills
Just to get up in the morning
From seven different doctors
With seven different warnings

I'd call 'em up to say I'm coming apart
They'd say call us back when the fireworks start

Well I lost my address
I lost my wife
I lost my children
I lost my knife

But if you trifle with me
It's my life against your life
Back on the corner again

Back on the corner
Something's sticking in my craw
How come everything I do
Is up against the law

You can't arrest a man, can you
For trying to break his own fall
Back on the corner again

Back on the corner
Got a pidgeon for a friend
He said he'd come to see me
But he did not say when

One of these days
He's gonna fly back home and then
Back on the corner again

Every long, drawn step it took to get me here
Was full of best intentions

Bright hopes and good cheer

With dreams made out of silk
Lined with silver and gold
Too beautiful to mention
Too heavy to ever hold

Well, I'm back on the corner
With the pimps and the whores
Least I know what they're standing here for
She smiles, tips me a dollar,
and I play her one more

Back on the corner again
Back on the corner again
Back on the corner again