

# John Prine, Down By The Side Of The Road

Her Father was a failure  
Her Mother was a comfort  
To a doctor and lawyer and Indian Chief.  
The shirt ran out of buttons  
He lost all his marbles at a baseball game  
And they went on Relief.  
The bank took away their diplomas  
They locked them up inside of the chest  
And she moved away to Oklahoma  
And got a tattoo on the side of her breast  
"God-Damn, My socks are still hard"  
From lying on the sofa on the night she was over in my backyard  
Yeah, We was shooting the breeze out amongst the trees  
When a shot rang low  
And left her standing down by the side of the road  
Down by the side of the road

Father have mercy, Whoo Whoo  
Get her a nurse please  
She's almost alone  
I saw her hand reaching out for the telephone  
We rather see her locked up inside a home  
Than see her standing down by the side of the road  
Down by the side of the road  
Headlights flashing on her skirt in the wind.  
Yonder comes a truck it drove by two men.  
Shotgun man leaned out and said do you want to take a ride?  
Out in the pale moonlight Light light Light Lie Lie Lie lie

Too long in the hot sun  
She could've be Miss Wisconsin a long time ago  
Spent too much time inside of the early show  
We'd bought her a ticket but she didn't want to go  
She was standing down by the side of the road  
Down by the side of the road

Headlights flashing, caught a skirt in the wind.  
Yonder comes a truck it drove by two men.  
Shotgun man leaned out and said do you want to take a ride?  
Out in through the pale moonlight

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God-Damn, My thoughts are still hard.  
From lying on the sofa on the night she was over in my backyard

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