

# John Prine, Flashback Blues

While window shopping through the past  
I ran across a looking glass  
Reflecting moments remaining in a burned out light  
Tragic magic prayers of passion  
Stay the same through changing fashions  
They freeze my mind like water on a winter's night

Spent most of my youth  
Out hobo cruising  
And all I got for proof  
Is rocks in my pockets and dirt in my shoes  
So goodbye nonbeliever  
Don't you know that I hate to leave here  
So long babe, I got the flashback blues.

Photographs show the laughs  
Recorded in between the bad times  
Happy sailors dancing on a sinking ship  
Cloudy skies and dead fruit flies  
Waving goodbye with tears in my eyes  
Well, sure I made it but ya know it was as hell of a trip.

Spent most of my youth  
Out hobo cruising  
And all I got for proof  
Is rocks in my pockets and dirt in my shoes  
And ten times what it grieves you  
That's how much more I hate to leave you now  
So long babe, I got the flashback blues.

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