

# John Prine, He Forgot That It Was Sunday

The motel lights were blinkin'  
On my chartreuse four door Lincoln  
On the dock the fish were stinkin'  
I simply didn't have a care

And the old men sit 'round the cracker barrels  
The children hum their Christmas carols  
The train tracks all run parallel  
But they'll all meet up one day

On a dusty pew in a vestibule  
Sits the Devil playing pocket pool  
He's waiting for the next poor fool  
Who forgot that it was Sunday

We used to tell each other lies  
With our orange plastic button eyes  
In a former life on a motel chair  
I was Charlie Parker's teddy bear

Yeah, me and Bird we'd stay up late  
I used to watch him contemplate  
While his horn would sit by the window and  
Wait till it was time for him to blow it

On a dusty pew in a vestibule  
Sits the Devil playing pocket pool  
He's waiting for the next poor fool  
Who forgot that it was Sunday

The only song I ever knew  
Was "Moonlight Bay on the Avenue"  
These are the tales from the Devil's chin  
Charlie I could've been a contender

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