

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

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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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