

# John Prine, Living In The Future

Jehosaphat the mongrel cat  
Jumped off the roof today  
Some would say he fell but I could tell  
He did himself away  
His eyes weren't bright like they were the night  
We played checkers on the train  
God Bless his soul he was a tootsie roll  
But he's a dead cat just the same

Chorus:

We are living in the future  
I'll tell you how I know  
I read it in the paper  
Fifteen years ago  
We're all driving rocket ships  
And talking with our minds  
And wearing turquoise jewelry  
And standing in soup lines  
We are standing in soup lines

Jake the barber's lonely daughter  
Went down to her daddy's shop  
She plugged herself to a barber pole  
And took a little off the top  
Pressure on the left. Pressure on the right  
Pressure in the middle of the hole  
I'm goin' to Maine on a forty foot crane  
I'm gonna use it for a fishin' pole

Repeat Chorus

Old Sarah Brown sells tickets down  
At the all night picture show  
Where they grind out sex  
And they rate it with an 'X'  
Just to make a young man's pants grow  
No tops no bottoms just hands and feet  
Screaming the posters out on the street  
Strangling the curious and the weak  
We give 'em what they want to see - O

Repeat Chorus