

John Prine, Often Is A Word I Seldom Use

I know that you're sad
I know that you're lonely
you lie awake 'till way past when
I want you to know
that I'm leaving you only
'cause I might not get the chance again.

Chorus:
I'm cold and I'm tired
and I can't stop coughing
long enough to tell you all of the news
I'd like to tell you
that I'll see you more often
but often is a word I seldom use
often is a word I seldom use.

Tell me, where did the weekend go?
Tell me, where did the weekend go?
Went like thunder, felt like snow.
Went like thunder, felt like snow.

You must think my life's a circus
watching me laughing
and slapping my thighs
how'd ya like to die
in the house of mirrors
with nobody around to close your eyes.

Chorus:

Going down to the Greyhound station
going back home
and get what's mine
got me a date
with the ten o'clock special
gonna be there at a quarter to nine.

Chorus: