

John Prine, Same Thing Happened To Me

Moonlight shining on the back of my hand
Cat fight rattlin' the garbage can
Looks like somethin' chased you up a tree
Same thing, same thing happened to me

Wild wind blowing down the neck of my shirt
Old men sitting on a bench in the dirt
Seems that another ship has gone out to sea
Same thing, same thing happened to me

Shoe shine someone's got to tell ya the news
A fine line separates a boy from the blues
Looks like you could use some company
Same thing, same thing happened to me

Runnin', runnin' just as fast as I can
Someone, someone take a hold of my hand
Looks like somethin' chased you up a tree
Same thing, same thing happened to me
Same thing, same thing happened to me.