

John Prine, Sleepy Eyed Boy

Where are the boot straps
To lift myself up?
Where is the well
Where I once filled my cup?
Where does this sorrow
All turn into joy?
And where oh where is the sleepy eyed boy?

Where is my true love
When the wind starts to moan?
Is she out in the wild,
Is she there all alone?
Have I cast her aside
Like an unwanted toy?
Tell me where oh where is the sleepy eyed boy?

He's goin' down the backroads
In a cold pourin' rain
He's a waitin' for a postcard
In the south coast of Spain
Postmarked from a sweetheart
Back in ol' Illinois
Sayin' where oh where is my sleepy eyed boy?