

John Prine, Third Of July

It was the third of July on a cool cloudy sky
I set in for a storm in the makin'
I relaxed as I sat up in our three room flat
while my wife was in the kitchen bakin'
Thoughts passed through my mind of no special kind
Like faces that look like the others
Tomorrow they say is Independence day
and I guess I'll go eat at my brother's

I believe that a thought has just gotten caught
In a place where words can't surround it
It concerns the years past and the shadows they cast
And my path as I walk around it.

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