

Clay Pigeons

John Prine

I'm goin' down to the Greyhound Station, gonna get a ticket to
ride
Gonna find that lady with two or three kids and sit down by her
side
Ride 'til the sun comes up and down around me 'bout two or three
times
Smokin' cigarettes in the last seat
Tryin' to hide my sorrow from the people I meet

And get along with it all
Go down where the people say "y'all"
Sing a song with a friend
Change the shape that I'm in,
And get back in the game,
And start playin' again

I'd like to stay but I might have to go to start over again
Might go back down to Texas, might go to somewhere that I've ne-
ver been
And get up in the mornin' and go out at night
And I won't have to go home
Get used to bein' alone
Change the words to this song
Start singin' again

I'm tired of runnin' 'round lookin' for answers to questions th-
at I already know
I could build me a castle of memories just to have somewhere to
go
Count the days and the nights that it takes to get back in the
saddle again
Feed the pigeons some clay
Turn the night into day
Start talkin' again, when I know what to say

I'm goin' down to the Greyhound Station, gonna get a ticket to
ride
Gonna find that lady with two or three kids and sit down by her
side
Ride 'til the sun comes up and down around me 'bout two or three
times
Smokin' cigarettes in the last seat
Tryin' to hide my sorrow from the people I meet
And get along with it all

Go down where the people say "y'all"
Feed the pigeons some clay
Turn the night into day

Start talkin' again
When I know what to say