

# It'll Come To You

John Hiatt

That girl you were seein' back in '72  
Somethin' 'bout a hotel room and bath water in your shoes  
Were you into your Catholic thing then or some other stew  
Were you both holed up in that hotel room practicing voodoo

It'll come to you  
Don't look back, it'll come to you  
In the middle of the night, with you covers pulled up tight  
It'll come to you

And that business partner you took for every red cent  
You can't even remember where all of that money went  
Some on liquor and women, maybe a little rent  
But as far as paying it back, Buddy, you ain't made a dent

Yes they'll all be standin' 'round you in your sleep  
Askin' for a promise you couldn't keep  
'Cause back when you were hollow inside  
You were tryin' to puff yourself up with your own foolish pride

Now you're happily married with a wife and kids of you're own  
But sometimes in the closet at night you can hear them rattlin'  
bones  
Takin' bets on your future and your current postal zone  
It's a spooky equation, but check out yourself, Jack, you're th  
e great unknown