

Come Back to Us Barbara Lewis Hare Krishna Beauregard

John Prine

The last time that I saw her
She was standing in the rain
With her overcoat under her arm
Leaning on a horsehead cane
She said "Carl, take all the money"
She called everybody Carl
"My spirit's broke"
"My mind's a joke,"
"And getting up's real hard"

Don't you know her
When you see her?
She grew up
In your back yard
Come back to us
Barbara Lewis
Hare Krishna
Beauregard

Selling bibles at the airports
Buying Quaaludes on the phone
Hey, you talk about
A paper route
She's a shut in without a home
God save her, please
She's nailed her knees
To some drugstore parking lot
Hey, Mr. Brown
Turn the volume down
I believe this evening's shot

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Can't you picture her next Thursday?
Can you picture her at all?
In the Hotel Boulderado
At the dark end of the hall
I gotta shake myself and wonder
Why she even bothers me
For if heartaches were commercials
We'd all be on T.V.

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