The Junkie and the Juicehead Minus Me

Johnny Cash

I was a stumble bummin' down the neon Music City sidewalks With the Junkie and the Juicehead who had problems of their own Stuck with luck it kept me standin' just a step away from starv in' And the talent that I swore I'd show before I'd go back home

Ninety days I looked the army makin' neither love nor money And my only set of clothes was gettin' closer to the bone And the Junkie placed an order with the Prophet on the corner And he told him of the soul that he'd been sellin' for a song He said my future was my fortune but I let it slip away Slowly smokin' myself broke on eighty cigarettes a day Findin' out that crime ain't all there is that doesn't pay And writin' words that no one's gonna see but did you said it w ho said it

I can read my fortune in the bottom of a glass And I can see it's time for me to make my last request Won't you fill my grave with whiskey when I'm laid away to rest So the boys can say I drank myself to dead

Well I drank the whole thing over puttin' one and two together And it added up to more of what I didn't want to be I ain't blamin' Music City but it's only gonna see me

One more day and the wake up and the time it takes to leave 'Cause I got a dirty picture of what could have been my future In a Prophet pushin' day dreams on a corner for a fee

And the wino lookin' lonely at a bottle gettin' empty And a hungry lookin' junkie huntin' tea in sympathy And I bet that junkie's laughin' after the life he threw away Slowly smokin' himself broke on eighty cigarettes a day Pleadin' down the Prophet to a price that he can pay And writin' words that no one's gonna see but did you said it w ho said it

Every empty bottle is my private crystal ball And starin' into the future findin' nothin' there at all Which is what I'll miss tomorrow when the neon shadows fall On the Junkie and the Juicehead minus me