

# The Junkie and the Juicehead, Minus Me

Kris Kristofferson

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