

Crooked Piece of Time

John Prine

Things got rough
Things got tough
Things got harder than hard
We were just trying to make a livin'
In our back yard

We were born too late died too soon
Anxiety's a terrible crime
If you don't come now don't come at all
'cause it's a crooked piece of time.

It's a crooked piece of time that we live in
A crooked piece of time
All in all and all in all
It's a crooked piece of time.

Yesterday morning an ill wind came
Blew your picture
Right out of the picture frame
Even blew the candle out
From underneath the flame
Yesterday morning an ill wind came.