

I'm Still Here

John Hartford

Now trains are runnin' towards each other
Shotguns are pointed at my head
Tornado clouds are formin' o'er the crossroads
H-bombs are fallin' towards my bed
But I'm still here
I'm still here. Now, how 'bout that?
My city may be fallin'
But I'm still here

The assassination squad has got their orders
Repossession man is on his way
Landlady's given me her notice
I'll get pitched out in the trash just any day
But I'm still here
I'm still here. Now, how 'bout that?
I may have lost my lunchbox
But I'm still here

Well, the moths make my shirt, my britches
They're workin' on my hat, but I don't care
I haven't had a meal since the fire went out
An' all you do is stand around and stare
But I'm still here
I'm still here. Now, how 'bout that?
I might not hear you laughin'
But I'm still here