Far from Me

John Prine

As the cafe was closing
On a warm summer night
And Cathy was cleaning the spoons
The radio played the "Hit Parade"
And I hummed a long with the tune
She asked me to change the station
Said the song just drove her insane
But it weren't just the music playing
It was me that she was trying to blame.

And the sky is black and still now
On the hill where the angels sing
Ain't it funny how an old broken bottle
Looks just like a diamond ring
But it's far, far from me

Well, I leaned on my left leg
In the parking lot dirt
And Cathy was closing the lights
A June bug flew from the warmth he once knew
And I wished for once I weren't right
Why we used to laugh together
And we'd dance to any old song.
Well, ya know, she still laughs with me
But she waits just a second too long.

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Well, I started the engine
And I gave it some gas
And Cathy was closing her purse
Well, we hadn't gone far in my beat old car
And I was prepared for the worst.
"Will you still see me tomorrow?"
"No, I got too much to do."
Well, a question ain't really a question
If you know the answer too.

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