

# No Ordinary Blue

John Prine

Last night  
Turned on the TV  
Looked out the window  
And then pulled down the shades  
And I came to  
The conclusion  
My mind could not be made

She said "Well what're you thinkin'?"  
I'm just a-wonderin'  
Is it somethin' that I did?"  
I said "It's nothin'  
Just somethin'  
I picked up as a kid"

I hear a lot of empty spaces  
I see a big hole in the view  
I feel an outline that traces  
An imaginary path back to you  
This ain't no ordinary blue

Last night  
For a split sec  
I was a train-wreck  
I was a complicated guy  
I hope we don't find  
This's the last time  
We ever say "Goodbye"

The orange gleam  
Is risin'  
On the horizon  
Of the outskirts of my mind  
I sat and listened  
As it glistens  
It says "Leave the past behind"

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An imaginary path back to you  
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Too cold to hold  
Too deep to swim to  
Too cold to hold  
Too deep to swim to

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