

# Back On the Corner

John Hiatt

Back on the corner  
I'm singing the blues  
I can see my reflection  
In the shine of your shoes Like Momma used to say  
No news is good news  
And I'm back on the corner again Back on the corner  
Got my seeing eye dog  
He's blind as justice  
Hungry as a hog Feel like a prince  
But I look like a frog  
And I'm back on the corner again Back on the corner  
Pitching pennies and dimes  
Hell, I don't even know  
How I got here this time Singing for my supper  
At 12th Street and Vine  
And I'm back on the corner again Used to take seven pills  
Just to get up in the morning  
From seven different doctors  
With seven different warnings I'd call 'em up to say I'm coming apart  
They'd say call us back when the fireworks start Well, I lost my address  
I lost my wife  
I lost my children  
I lost my knife But if you trifle with me  
It's my life against your life  
Back on the corner again  
I'm back Back on the corner  
Something's sticking in my craw  
How come everything I do  
Is up against the law? You can't arrest a man, can you  
Trying to break his own fall?  
Back on the corner again Back on the corner  
Got a pigeon for a friend  
He said he'd come to see me  
But he did not say when One of these days  
Gonna fly back home and then  
Back on the corner again Every long, drawn step it took to get me here  
Was full of best intentions  
Bright hopes and good cheer With dreams made out of silk  
Lined with silver and gold

Too beautiful to mention  
Too heavy to ever hold Well, I'm back on the corner  
With the pimps and the whores  
Least I know what they're standing here for  
She smiles, tips me a dollar  
And I play her one more Back on the corner again, that's right  
Back on the corner again  
Back on the corner again

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