

# Living in the Future

John Prine

Jehoshaphat, mongrel cat  
Jumped off the roof today  
Some say he fell but I could tell  
He did himself away His eyes weren't bright like they were the night  
We played checkers on the train  
Well God bless his soul he was a tootsie roll  
But he's dead cat just the same We are living in the future I'll tell you how I know  
I read it in the paper fifteen years ago  
We're all driving rocket ships and talking with our minds  
And wearing turquoise jewelry and standing in soup lines  
We are standing in soup lines Jake the barber's lonely daughter  
Went down to her daddy's shop  
She plugged herself to the barber pole  
And took a little off the top There was pressure on the left, pressure on the right  
Pressure in the middle of the hole  
I'm going to Maine on a forty foot crane  
I'm gonna use it for a fishing' pole We are living in the future I'll tell you how I know  
I read it in the paper fifteen years ago  
We're all driving rocket ships and talking with our minds  
And wearing turquoise jewelry and standing in soup lines  
We are standing in soup lines Old Sarah Brown sells tickets down  
At the all night picture show  
Where they grind out sex and they rate it with an "X"  
Just to make a young man's pants grow No tops no bottoms just the hands and feet  
Screaming the posters out on the street  
Strangling the curious and the weak  
Yeah, we give 'em what they want to see, oh  
Yeah, we give 'em what they want to see We are living in the future I'll tell you how I know  
I read it in the paper fifteen years ago  
We're all driving rocket ships and talking with our minds  
And wearing turquoise jewelry and standing in soup lines  
We are standing in soup lines, we are standing in soup lines

Songwriters

John Prine Published by

BRUISED ORANGES MUSIC, INC.; BIG EARS MUSIC, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent  
9401941. Other patents pending.

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