

Apartment 21

John Buck Wilkin

Rain on my Sunday shoes
Pick up the daily news
Looks like tomorrows blues
But its better than noneCall on the telephone
knowin' that he's not home
I'll put on the Rollin' Stones
And I can have me some funStart up a flight of stairs
Stand up and comb your hair
Try not to change things
More than you can withstandGet into something new
That's made for a year or two
Pick up the pieces
Where you think they might landEveryday goes
Another days gone
Hate to say so but I'm getting older
Day by dayTake off all your clothes
Stand up and wipe your nose
Cry for your daddy
Who died so long agoJump on another plane
Today it's all the same
You can catch me in Boston
'Cause that's how it goesI'm here in apartment 21
Stop by and have some fun
Say how ya doin', ya old son of a gunLook at a photograph
Lord, don't it make you laugh
For all these changes
What have you done?La la la, la la la, la la la la
Lla la la la, la la la, la la la la
La la la, la la la, la la la la
La la la la, la la la, la la la laSit down and write a song
Wait till the days grow long
And wait fir the autumn wind
To blow me awayLa la la, la la la, la la la la
Lla la la la, la la la, la la la la
La la la, la la la, la la la la
La la la la, la la la, la la la la
(repeat)

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