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
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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
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We are standing in soup lines, we are standing in soup lines

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