# Far From Me

## John Prine

As the cafe was closing on a warm summer night
And Cathy was cleaning the spoons
The radio played the hit parade
And I hummed along with the tune
She asked me to change the station
Said, the song just drove her insane
But it weren't just the music playing
It was me she was trying to blame
And the sky is black and still now
Up on the hill where the angels sing
Ain't it funny how an old broken bottle
Looks just like a diamond ring
But it's far, far from me
Well, I leaned on my left leg in the parking lot dirt
And Cathy was closing the lights
A June bug flew from the warmth he once knew
And I wished for once I weren't right
Why we used to laugh together
And we'd dance to any old song
Well, you know, she still laughs with me

But she waits just a second to long
And the sky is black and still now
Up on the hill where the angels sing
Ain't it funny how an old broken bottle
Looks just like a diamond ring
But it's far, far from me
Well, I started the engine and I gave it some gas
And Cathy was closing her purse
We hadn't gone far in my beat-up old car
And I was prepared for the worst
"Will you still see me tomorrow?"
"No, I got too much to do"
Well a question ain't really a question
If you know the answer too
And the sky is black and still now
Up on the hill where the angels sing
Ain't it funny how an old broken bottle
Looks just like a diamond ring

But it's far, far from me

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