

# 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 too 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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