

# He Forgot That It Was Sunday

John Prine

The motel lights were blinking  
On my chartreuse four door Lincoln  
On the dock, the fish were stinking  
I simply didn't have a care  
And the old men sit 'round the cracker barrels  
The children hum their Christmas carols  
The train tracks all run parallel  
But they'll all meet up one day  
On a dusty pew in a vestibule  
Sits the Devil playing pocket pool  
He's waiting for the next poor fool  
Who forgot that it was Sunday  
We used to tell each other lies  
With our orange plastic button eyes  
In a former life on a motel chair  
I was Charlie Parker's teddy bear  
Yeah, me and Bird, we'd stay up late  
I used to watch him contemplate  
While his horn would sit by the window and wait  
'Til it was time for him to blow it  
On a dusty pew in a vestibule  
Sits the Devil playing pocket pool  
He's waiting for the next poor fool  
Who forgot that it was Sunday  
The only song I ever knew  
Was 'Moonlight Bay on the Avenue'  
These are the tales from the Devil's chin  
Charlie, I could've been a contender  
And the old men sit 'round the cracker barrels  
The children hum their Christmas carols  
The train tracks all run parallel  
But they'll all meet up one day  
On a dusty pew in a vestibule  
Sits the Devil playing pocket pool  
He's waiting for the next poor fool  
Who forgot that it was Sunday  
He forgot that it was Sunday  
On a dusty pew in a vestibule  
Sits the old red Devil playing pocket pool

He's waiting for the next poor fool  
Who forgot that it was Sunday  
And the old men  
Why, they're sitting 'round their cracker barrels  
And the children  
Yeah, they're out humming those Christmas carols  
And all those old rusty train tracks  
They're running parallel  
But they'll all meet up one day

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