

# Song for Mr. C

Shawn Phillips

Saturday morning, yeah  
I come in late  
Just to find if you were there  
Just to look at your long brown hair And dream a dream out in the hall  
Was that my name that's just been called?  
I don't know, it could be  
Have you got something to tell on me? If you got something to tell on me, babe  
It better be good  
Even though you hate me so much  
I'm still comin' back Like you knew I would  
You can't believe  
What I been through these last few months  
It's very difficult to tell the difference Between the trumps and the down home dumps  
Only one thing I can say to you  
Even if you don't believe it's true  
It's true It's our turn now  
To find out where we're going  
It's our turn now  
To find out where you've been It's our turn now  
To keep the new direction  
It's your turn now  
To cast off all your sin Fellatia, Fellatia, how do you plead?  
You don't have to plead  
For anything that you really need  
Plead, have mercy When the wind starts blowin' hard  
And this cardboard world we're livin' in  
It ain't forgotten, out in the yard  
Out in the yard Where the air is cold  
And there ain't no leaves to fall  
He's lookin' hard at the ground for somethin'  
Somethin' that won't show up I keep lookin' back over my shoulder  
Couple of good friends goin' by  
Pour some wine over their fire  
Don't let the tears stay in your eyes He's not gone so very far  
I know he's very near  
'Cause every time I call his name  
I know that he can hear It's our turn now  
To find out where we're going  
It's our turn now

To find out where you've been It's our turn now  
To keep the new direction  
It's your turn now  
To cast off all your sin Hey, Mr. Roberts, don't you tell me no lies  
I don't mind you being vain  
Pick up the phone in your whitewashed house  
Simpering that same refrain Three to five more years  
Is all you got  
For you to do your nasty thing  
Making rain, suffering pain Telling everybody that it's in his name  
His name, whose name  
What are you telling me?  
I don't believe your tales Too many people in this world  
Don't like being snails  
If you gonna do it  
Better get it together Better go and make the change  
Do it right now  
Do it while it's warm  
Do it while it's there within your range It won't be so very hard  
You better have no fear  
'Cause by the time you get it done  
It'll be so clear It's our turn now  
To find out where we're going  
It's our turn now  
To find out where you've been It's our turn now  
To keep the new direction  
It's your turn now  
To cast off all your sin

Songwriters

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