Flashback Blues

John Prine

While window shopping through the past
I ran across a looking glass
Reflecting moments remaining in a burned out light
Tragic magic prayers of passion
Stay the same through changing fashions
They freeze my mind like water on a winter's nightSpent most of my youth
Out hobo cruising
And all I got for proof
Is rocks in my pockets and dirt in my shoes
So goodbye nonbeliever
Don't you know that I hate to leave here
So long babe, I got the flashback bluesPhotographs show the laughs
Recorded in between the bad times
Happy sailors dancing on a sinking ship
Cloudy skies and dead fruit flies
Waving goodbye with tears in my eyes
Well, sure I made it but ya know it was as hell of a tripSpent most of my youth
Out hobo cruising
And all I got for proof
Is rocks in my pockets and dirt in my shoes
And ten times what it grieves you
That's how much more I hate to leave you now
So long babe, I got the flashback blues

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