

Spanish Pipedream

- John Prine

C C
She was a level-headed dancer on the road to alcohol,
G C F
and I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal
F
Well, she pressed her chest against me about the time the juke box broke
G
Yeah, she gave me a peck on the back of the neck,
C
and these are the words she spoke
C G C
Blow up your TV, throw away your paper. Go to the country, build you a home
G C
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches. Try and find Jesus, on your own
C F
Well, I sat there at the table, and I acted real naive
G C
For I knew that topless lady had somethin' up her sleeve
F
Well, she danced around the bar room, and she did the hoochy-coo
G C
Yeah, she sang her song, all night long, tellin' me what to do
C G C
Blow up your TV, throw away your paper. Go to the country, build you a home
G C
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches. Try and find Jesus, on your own
C F
Well, I was young and hungry, and about to leave that place.
G C
When just as I was leavin', well, she looked me in the face
F
I said, "You must know the answer". She said, "No, but I'll give it a try"
G C
And to this very day we've been livin' our way, and here is the reason why
C G C
We blew up our TV, threw away our paper. Went to the country, built us a home
Had a lot of children, fed 'em on peaches.
G C C / F // C /
They all found Jesus on their own