

SPANISH PIPEDREAM

Written by John Prine

G C
She was a level-headed dancer on the road to alcohol
D7 G
And I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal

Well she pressed her chest against me
C
About the time the jukebox broke
D7
Yeah she gave me a peck on the back of the neck
G N.C.
And these are the words she spoke

G
Blow up your TV, throw away your paper
D G
Go to the country, build you a home

Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches
D G D G
Try and find Jesus on your own

G C
Well I sat there at the table and I acted real naive
D7 G
For I knew that topless lady had something up her sleeve

Well she danced around the bar room
C
And she did the hoochy-coo
D7
Yeah she sang her song all night long
G N.C.
Telling me what to do

G
Blow up your TV, throw away your paper
D G
Go to the country, build you a home

Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches
D G D G
Try and find Jesus on your own

G C
Well I was young and hungry and about to leave that place
D7 G
When just as I was leaving, well she looked me in the face

I said, "You must know the answer"

C
She said, "No but I'll give it a try"
D7

And to this very day we've been living our way
G
Here is the reason why

G
We blew up our TV, threw away our paper
D G
Went to the country, built us a home

Had a lot of children, fed 'em on peaches
D G D G
They all found Jesus on their own