

Spanish Pipedream

John Prine and Jeffrey Bradford Kent 1971



She was a [G] level-headed dancer on the [C] road to alcohol
And [D7] I was just a soldier on my way to Montre-[G]al
Well she [G] pressed her chest against me
About the [C] time the juke box broke
Yeah, she [D7] give me a peck on the back of the neck
And [D7] these are the words she [G] ↓ spoke

Blow up your [G] TV, throw away your paper [G]
Go to the [D7] country, build you a [G] home [G]
Plant a little [G] garden, eat a lot of peaches [G]
Try and find [D7] Jesus, on your [G] own [D7]/[G]/
[D7]/[D7]/[G]/[G]/

Well, I [G] sat there at the table, and I [C] acted real naive
For I [D7] knew that topless lady, had somethin' up her [G] sleeve
Well, she [G] danced around the bar room, and she [C] did the hoochy-coo
Yeah, she [D7] sang her song, all night long, tellin' me what to [G] ↓ do

Blow up your [G] TV, throw away your paper [G]
Go to the [D7] country, build you a [G] home [G]
Plant a little [G] garden, eat a lot of peaches [G]
Try and find [D7] Jesus, on your [G] own [D7]/[G]/
[D7]/[D7]/[G]/[G]

Well [G] I was young and hungry, and a-[C]bout to leave that place
When [D7] just as I was leavin', well she looked me in the [G] face
I said [G] "You must know the answer"
She said [C] "No but I'll give it a try"
And to [D7] this very day we've been livin' our way
And [D7] here is the reason [G] ↓ why

We blew up our [G] TV, threw away our paper [G]
Went to the [D7] country, built us a [G] home [G]
Had a lot of [G] children, fed 'em on peaches [G]
They all found [D7] Jesus on their [G] own [G] ↓ [C] ↓ [G] ↓