

Prine John

"Donald And Lydia"

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Donald and Lydia

John Prine

C F C

Small town, bright lights, Saturday night,

C D G

Pool halls and pinballs are flashing their lights.

C F C

Making change behind the counter in a penny arcade

C G C

Sat the fat girl daughter of Virginia and Ray:

(Spoken:) Lydia

C F C

Lydia hid her thoughts like a cat

C D G

Behind her small eyes sunken deep in her fat.

C F C

She reads romance magazines up in her room

C G C

And feels just like Sunday on Saturday afternoon.

(CHORUS:)

F C

But dreaming just comes natural

G C

Like the first breath from a baby,

F C

Like sunshine feeding daisies,

G C

Like the love hidden deep in your heart.

Bunk beds, shaved heads, Saturday night,

A warehouse of strangers in sixty Watt lights.

Staring through the ceiling, just wanting to be

Lay one of too many, a young PFC:

(Spoken:) Donald

There were spaces between Donald and whatever he said.

Strangers had forced him to live in his head.

He envisions the details of romantic scenes
After midnight in the stillness of the barracks latrine.

(CHORUS)

Hot love, cold love, no love at all.
A portrait of guilt is hung on the wall.
Nothing is wrong. Nothing is right.
Donald and Lydia made love that night.
(Spoken:) Love
The made love in the mountains, they made love in the
streams,
They made love in the valleys, they made love in their
dreams.
And when they were finished there was nothing to say,
'Cause mostly they made love from ten miles away.

(CHORUS)

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