

John Prine "Donald And Lydia"

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Small town, bright lights, Saturday night
Pinballs and pool halls are flashing their lights
Making change behind the counter in a penny arcade
Sat the fat girl daughter of Virginia and Ray

Lydia, Lydia hid her thoughts like a cat
Behind her small eyes sunk deep in her fat
She read romance magazines up in her room
And felt just like Sunday on Saturday afternoon

But dreaming just comes natural
Like the first breath from a baby
Like sunshine feeding daisies
Like the love hidden deep in your heart

Bunk beds, shaved heads, Saturday night
A warehouse of strangers with sixty watt lights
Staring through the ceiling, just wanting to be
Lay one of too many, a young PFC

Donald, there were spaces between Donald and
whatever he said
Strangers had forced him to live in his head
He envisioned the details of romantic scenes
After midnight in the stillness of the barracks latrine

But dreaming just comes natural
Like the first breath from a baby
Like sunshine feeding daisies
Like the love hidden deep in your heart

Hot love, cold love, no love at all
A portrait of guilt is hung on the wall
Nothing is wrong and nothing is right
Donald and Lydia made love that night

Love, they made love in the mountains, they made love
in the streams
They made love in the valleys, they made love in their
dreams
But when they were finished there was nothing to say
'Cause mostly they made love from ten miles away

But dreaming just comes natural
Like the first breath from a baby
Like sunshine feeding daisies
Like the love hidden deep in your heart

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