

John Prine "Spanish Pipedream"

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She was a level-headed dancer on the road to alcohol
And I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal
Well, she pressed her chest against me
About the time the juke box broke
Yeah, she gave me a peck on the back of the neck
And these are the words she spoke

Blow up your TV, throw away your paper
Go to the country, build you a home
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches
Try an' find Jesus on your own

Well, I sat there at the table and I acted real naive
For I knew that topless lady had something up her sleeve
Well, she danced around the bar room
And she did the hoochy-coo
Yeah, she sang her song all night long
Tellin' me what to do

Blow up your TV, throw away your paper

Go to the country, build you a home
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches
Try an' find Jesus on your own

Well, I was young and hungry
And about to leave that place
When just as I was leavin'
Well she looked me in the face

I said, "You must know the answer"
She said, "No but I'll give it a try"
And to this very day we've been livin' our way
Here is the reason why

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
They all found Jesus on their own

