

John Prine

"Storm Windows"

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I can hear the wheels of the automobiles so far away
Just moving along through the drifting snow
It's times like these when the temperatures freeze
I sit alone just looking at the world through a storm
window

Down on the beach, the sandman sleeps
Time don't fly, it bounds and leaps
And a country band that plays for keeps
They play it so slow

Don't let your baby down
Don't let your baby down
Don't let your baby down

Well, the spirits were high 'til the well went dry
For so long the raven at my window was only a crow
I bought the rights to the inside fights and watched a
man
Just beating his hand against a storm window

While miles away o'er hill and stream
A candle burns a witch's dreams
Silence is golden 'til it screams
Right through your bones

Don't let your baby down
Don't let your baby down
Don't let your baby down

Storm windows gee but I'm getting old
Storm window keep away the cold

Don't let your baby down
Don't let your baby down
Don't let your baby down, oh no

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