

CHRISTMAS IN PRISON

JOHN PRINE (SWEET REVENGE, 1973)

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It was [C] Christmas in prison, and the [F] food was real good,
We had [C] turkey and pistols, carved out of [G] wood.
And I [C] dream of her always, even [F] when I don't dream,
Her [C] name's on my tongue, and her [G] blood's in my [C] stream.

[G] Wait awhile, [F] eterni[C]ty,
[F] Ol' Mother Nature's got [C] nothin' on [G] me,
[C] Come to me, run to me, [F] come to me now,
We're [C] rolling my sweetheart, we're [G] flowing, by [C] God!

She re[C]minds me of a chess game with [F] someone I admire,
Or a [C] picnic in the rain, after a prairie [G] fire,
Her [C] heart is as big as this [F] whole goddamn jail,
An' she's [C] sweeter than saccharin at a [G] drugstore [C] sale.

[Chorus]

The [C] searchlight in the big yard swings [F] 'round with the gun,
And [C] spotlights the snowflakes like the dust in the [G] sun.
It's [C] Christmas in Prison, there'll be [F] music tonight,
I'll [C] probably get homesick. I [G] love you, good-[C] night.

[Chorus]