

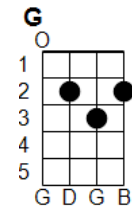
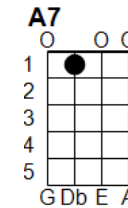
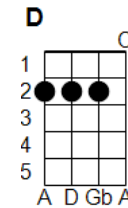
# Christmas in Jail

The Youngsters 1950's

**[D]** Christmas in jail, Christmas in jail  
I had a little too much to **[A7]** drink  
I ain't got no bail, Gotta pee in a pail  
and I'm spending New Year's Eve in the **[D]** clink.

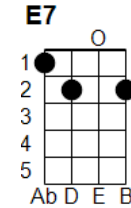
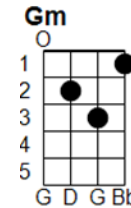
I was in the wrong lane, Feeling no pain. Zoomed my car to seventy-**[A7]** five  
I ran right into, you can guess who, and they say I'm lucky to be **[D]** alive

**[G]** Merry Christmas, **[Gm]** Happy New Year  
They're **[D]** singing **[A7]** down the **[D]** street  
While **[E7]** everybody's having Christmas turkey,  
**[A7]** they give me bread and water to eat.



**[D]** Christmas in jail, Christmas in jail. I wore my shoes out pacing the **[A7]** floor  
got rocks in my head, I wish I was dead. Ain't gonna drink and drive no **[D]** more

**[G]** Merry Christmas, **[Gm]** Happy New Year  
They're **[D]** singing **[A7]** down the **[D]** street  
While **[E7]** everybody's having Christmas turkey,  
**[A7]** they give me bread and water to eat.

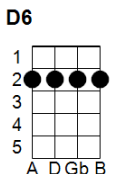


**[D]** Christmas in jail, Christmas in jail. I wore my shoes out pacing the **[A7]** floor  
I got rocks in my head, I wish I was dead.

Ain't gonna drink and drive no **[D]** more

No, ain't **[A7]** gonna drink and drive no **[D]** more {hiccup}

No, ain't **[A7]** gonna drink and drive no **[D]** more. Merry Christmas!! ooooh. **[D6]**



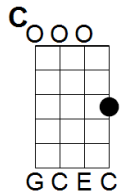
# CHRISTMAS IN PRISON

JOHN PRINE (SWEET REVENGE, 1973)

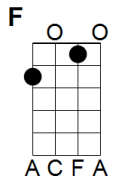
3/4

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!

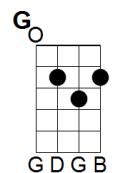


She re[C]minds me of a chess game with [F] someone I admire,  
Or a [C] picnic in the rain, after a prairie [G] fire,  
Her [C] heart is as big as this [F] whole goddamn jail,  
An' she's [C] sweeter than saccharin at a [G] drugstore [C] sale.



*[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]*

[A7] [D7] [G] [D7]

I'm [G] dressin' up like Santa Claus on Christmas,  
As soon as I can get out on pa[C]role. [Am]  
I'll [D7] hang out on your street, your [G6] kids I'd love to meet,  
As [A7] soon as I get out of this rat [D7] hole.

And [G] I won't mind just sliding down your chimney,  
Cause I just spent fifteen years a-shovelin' [C] coal. [Am]  
I'm [A7] dressin' up like Santa Claus on [G] Christmas, [E7]  
As [A7] soon as I can [D7] get out on pa[G]role! [D7]

I'm [G] anxious to get-out among the living,  
And I'm makin' up a list of folks to [C] see. [Am]  
[D7] Dooded-up in red and white, in [G6] stead of these old stripes,  
Just [A7] think of how surprised they're gonna [D7] be!

The [G] old hometown will sure be glad to see me!  
'Cuz by now it's slipped their minds how much I [C] stole. [Am]  
And I'm [A7] dressin' up like Santa Claus on [G] Christmas, [E7]  
As [A7] soon as I can [D7] get out on pa[G]role! [D7]

I'm [G] careful to be on my best behavior,  
'Cuz the warden's watching everything I [C] do. [Am]  
Thank [D7] god he didn't see, that [G6] fight in cell block three,  
Or [A7] I'd be stuck here till I'm ninety [D7] two!

Just a [G] few more questions from that nice committee,  
Then through those rusty gates I'll proudly [C] stroll. [Am]  
And I'm [A7] dressin' up like Santa Claus on [G] Christmas, [E7]  
As [A7] soon as I can [D7] get out on pa[G]ro[E7]ole!

Just as [A7] soon as I can [D7] get out on pa[G]role! .. [G6] I'm Home!

# I'M DRESSIN' UP LIKE SANTA (WHEN I GET OUT ON PAROLE) BOB RIVERS 1988

