

Christmas In Prison (C)

John Prine (on '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]

When I was a [C] child my family would [F] travel
[C] Down to Western Kentucky where my [G] parents were [C] born
And there's a backwards old town that's [F] often re[C]membered
So many times that my [G] memories are [C] worn.

And daddy won't you take me back to [F] Muhlenberg [C] County
Down by the Green River where [G] Paradise [C] lay
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're [F] too late in [C] asking
Mister Peabody's coal train has [G] hauled it [C] away

Well sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River
To the abandoned old prison down by Adrie Hill
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill.

Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam
I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waiting
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

PARADISE

(MUHLENBERG COUNTY)

JOHN PRINE

ANGEL FROM MONTGOMERY

John Prine

[G] [D]

[D] I am an old [G] woman [D] named after my [G] mother.

[D] My old man is [G] another [A] child that's grown [D] old.

If dreams were [G] thunder [D] and lightning was [G] desire

[D] this old house would've [G] burnt down a [A] long time [D] ago.

[D] Make me an [C] angel that [G] flies from [D] Montgomery.

Make me a [C] poster of [G] an old rodeo. [D]

Just give me [C] one thing that [G] I can hold [D] on to.

To believe in this [G] living is just a [A] hard way to [D] go. [G] [D] [G]

[D] When I was a young [G] pup [D] you had [G] a cowboy,

[D] wasn't much to [G] look at, [A] just a free ramblin' [D] man.

But that was a [G] long time, and [D] no matter how [G] I try,

[D] the years can't go [G] back like a [A] broken down [D] dam.

{chorus}

[D] There's flies [G] in [D] the kitchen, I [G] can hear all their buzzin'

[D] but I ain't done [G] nothin' since I [A] woke up [D] today.

But how the hell [G] can a person go to [D] work in the [G] morning

[D] come home in the [G] evenin' and have nothin' [A] to say? [D]

{chorus}

PLEASE DON'T BURY ME

John Prine

[C] Woke up this morning, [F] put on my slippers
[C] Walked in the kitchen and [G] died
And [C] oh what a feeling, when my [F] soul went through the ceiling,
And [G] on up into heaven I did [C] rise

When I [F] got there they did say “John it [C] happened this-a-way”,
“You slipped upon the floor and hit your [G] head”
And [C] All the angels say, just [F] before you passed [C] away,
These are the very [G] last words that you [C] said

[F] Please don't bury me down [C] in the cold cold ground
No, I'd rather have 'em cut me up and pass me all [G] around
[C] Throw my brain in a hurricane. The [F] blind can have my [C] eyes
And the [F] deaf can take, [C] both of my ears,
If [G] they don't mind the [C] size [F] [C] [G] [C]

[C] Give my stomach to Milwaukee if they [F] run out of [C] beer
Put my socks in a cedar box just [D7] get 'em out'a [G7] here
[C] Venus de Milo can have my arms. Look [F] out! I've got your [C] nose
[F] Sell my heart to the [C] junk man, And [G7] give my love to [C] Rose

{chorus}

[C] Give my feet to the foot-loose, [F] Careless, fancy [C] free.
Give my knees to the needy, Don't [D7] pull that stuff on [G7] me.
[C] Hand me down my walkin' cane. It's a [F] sin to tell a [C] lie.
[F] Send my mouth [C] way-down-south and [G] kiss my ass good [C] bye

{chorus}

[C] I just found out yesterday that [F] Linda goes to Mars
[G] Everytime I sit and look at pictures of used [C] cars
She'll turn on her radio and [F] sit down in her chair
And [G] look at me across the room, as if I wasn't [C] there

LINDA GOES TO MARS
JOHN PRINE

[C] Oh [F] My [C] stars! My [F] Linda's gone to Mars
Well I [G] wish she wouldn't leave me here [C] alone
[C] Oh [F] My [C] stars! My [F] Linda's gone to Mars
Well, I [G] wonder will she bring me something [C] home.

Something, somewhere, somehow, I took my [F] Linda by the hand
And [G] secretly decoded, our sacred wedding [C] band
For when the moon shines down up on our [F] happy, humble home
Her [G] inner space gets tortured by some outer space [C] unknown.

[C] Oh [F] My [C] stars! My [F] Linda's gone to Mars
Well I [G] wish she wouldn't leave me here [C] alone
[C] Oh [F] My [C] stars! My [F] Linda's gone to Mars
Well, I [G] wonder will she bring me something [C] home.

Now I ain't seen no saucers 'cept the [F] ones upon the shelf
And [G] if I ever seen one, I'd keep it to my [C] self
For if there's life out there somewhere [F] beyond this life on earth
Then [G] Linda must have gone out there
and got her money's [C] worth.

[C] Oh [F] My [C] stars! My [F] Linda's gone to Mars
Well I [G] wish she wouldn't leave me here [C] alone
[C] Oh [F] My [C] stars! My [F] Linda's gone to Mars
Well, I [G] wonder will she bring me something [C] home.
Yeah, I [G] wonder will she bring me something [C] home.

[D] Well, I packed my bags and bought myself a ticket,
to the land of the tall palm **[A7]** tree,
Aloha Old Milwaukee, Hello Waiki **[D]** ki,
I just stepped down from the airplane,

[D7] When I heard her **[G]** say, “Waka Waka Nuka Nuka,

[D] Waka Waka Nuka Nuka, **[A7]** Would you like a **[D]** lei? **[A7]** Hey!”

LET’S TALK DIRTY IN HAWAIIAN

John Prine / Fred Koller

[D] Let’s talk dirty in Hawaiian, whisper in my **[A7]** ear,
Kicka poo ka maka wa wah wahini, are the words I long to **[D]** hear.
Lay your coconut on my Tiki, **[D7]** what the hecka mooka mooka **[G]** dear.
Let’s talk dirty in **[D]** Hawaiian, say the **[A7]** words I long to **[D]** hear.

[D] It’s a Ukulele Honolulu sunset, listen to the grass skirts **[A7]** sway
Drinking rum from a pineapple, out on Honolulu **[D]** Bay
The steel guitars all playing, while **[D7]** she’s talking with her **[G]** hands
Gimme gimme oka doka, **[D]** make a wish and wanna polka,
[A7] Words I un **[D]** derstand! **[A7]**

{Chorus}

[D] I boughta lotta junka with my moola, and sent it to the folks back **[A7]** home
I never had a chance to dance the Hula, I guess I should have **[D]** known
When you start talking to the sweet Wahini, **[D7]** walking in the pale moon **[G]** light,
Oka doka, what a setta **[D]** knocka rocka sis boom bocas,
I **[A7]** hope I said it **[D]** right! **[A7]**

{Chorus}

[G] Let’s talk dirty in **[D]** Hawaiian, say the **[A7]** words I long to **[D]** hear. “Aloha!”

Oh, [G] Grandpa wore his suit to dinner nearly every [C] day
No particular [G] reason, he just dressed that [D] way
[G] Brown necktie with a matching vest and both his wingtip [C] shoes
He built a closet on [G] our back porch and put a
[D] penny in a burned-out [G] fuse

GRANDPA WAS A
CARPENTER
JOHN PRINE

[C] Grandpa was a carpenter, he built houses,
stores and [G] banks. [C] Chain-smoked Camel [G] cigarettes
and hammered nails in [D] planks.

He was [G] level on the level, he shaved even every [C] door
And voted for Eisen[G]hower, 'cause [D] Lincoln won the [G] war

[G] Well, he used to sing me "Blood on the Saddle" and rock me on his [C] knee
And let me listen to the [G] radio before we got [D] TV
Well, he'd [G] drive to church on Sunday and he'd take me with him [C] too
Stained glass in every [G] window, hearing [D] aids in every [G] pew

{chorus}

[G] Well, my Grandma was a teacher, she went to school in Bowling [C] Green
Traded in a [G] milking cow for a Singer sewing [D] machine
Well, she [G] called her husband "Mister," and she walked real tall in [C] pride
She used to buy me [G] comic books [D] after Grandpa [G] died

{chorus}

IN SPITE OF OURSELVES

JOHN PRINE

[C] She don't like her eggs all runny. She thinks crossing her legs is funny.

[F] She looks down her nose at money. [C] She gets it on like the Easter bunny

[G] She's my baby, I'm her honey, I'm never gonna let her [C] go

[C] He ain't got laid in a month of Sundays.

I caught him once and he was sniffing my undies

[F] He ain't too sharp but he gets things done. [C] Drinks his beer like it's oxygen

[G] He's my baby, and I'm his honey. Never gonna let him [C] go

In spite of [F] ourselves, we'll end up sitting on a [C] rainbow.

Against all [G] odds, Honey, we're the big door [C] prize.

We're gonna [F] spite our noses right off of our [C] faces

There won't be nothing but big old [G] hearts dancing in our [C] eyes.

[C] She thinks all my jokes are corny. Convict movies make her horny

[F] She likes ketchup on her scrambled eggs. [C] Swears like a sailor when shaves her legs

[G] She takes a lickin' And keeps on tickin'. I'm never gonna let her [C] go.

[C] He's got more balls than a big brass monkey

He's a wacked out werido and a lovebug junkie

[F] Sly as a fox and crazy as a loon. [C] Payday comes and he's howling at the moon

[G] He's my baby, I don't mean maybe. Never gonna let him [C] go.

In spite of [F] ourselves, we'll end up sitting on a [C] rainbow.

Against all [G] odds, we're the big door [C] prize.

We're gonna [F] spite our noses right off of our [C] faces

There won't be nothing but big old [G] hearts dancing in our [C] eyes.