

# Spanish Pipedream

John Prine

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>