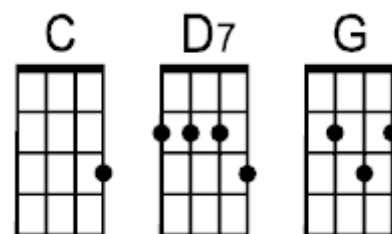


# Spanish Pipedream

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 T.V. Throw away your paper. Go to the country, build you a home

Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches, try and 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 barroom and she did the hoochy-coo

Yeah she sang her song all night long, tellin' me what to do

## <Chorus>

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 and here is the reason why

We blew up our T.V. 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

