

DONALD AND LYDIA

John Prine

SMALL TOWN, BRIGHT LIGHTS, SATURDAY NIGHT
PINBALL AND POOL HALLS FLASHING THEIR LIGHTS
MAKING CHANGE BEHIND THE COUNTER IN THE PENNY ARCADE
SAT THE FAT GIRL DAUGHTER OF VIRGINA AND RAY

Lydia

LYDIA HID HER THOUGHTS LIKE A CAT
BEHIND HER SMALL EYES SUNK DEEP IN HER FAT
SHE READ ROMANCE MAGAZINES UP IN HER ROOM
IT MADE IT FEEL LIKE SUNDAY ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Chorus

BUT DREAMING JUST COMES NATURAL, LIKE THE FIRST BREATH OF A BABY
LIKE SUNSHINE FEEDING DAISIES, LIKE THE LOVE HIDDEN DEEP IN YOUR HEART
BUNK BEDS, SHAVED HEADS, SATURDAY NIGHT
A WAREHOUSE OF STRANGERS IN 60 WATT LIGHT
STARING THROUGH THE CEILING, JUST WANTING TO BE
LAY A ONE OF TOO MANY, YOUNG PFC

Donald

THERE WERE SPACES BETWEEN DONALD AND THE THINGS THAT HE SAID
STRANGERS HAD FORCED HIM TO LIVE IN HIS HEAD
HE ENVISIONED THE DETAILS OF ROMANTIC SCENES
IN THE LATE MIDNIGHT STILLNESS OF THE BARRACKS LATRINE

Chorus

LOVE; HOT LOVE COLD LOVE, NOT LOVE AT ALL
A PORTRAIT OF GUILT IS HUNG ON THE WALL
NOTHING IS WRONG AND NOTHING IS RIGHT
DONALD AND LYDIA MADE LOVE THAT LIGHT

THEY MADE LOVE IN THE MOUNTAINS, THEY MADE LOVE IN THE STREAMS
THEY MADE LOVE IN THE VALLEYS THEY MADE LOVE IN THEIR DREAMS
BUT WHEN THEY WERE FINISHED THEY HAD NOTHING TO SAY
CAUSE MOSTLY THEY MADE LOVE FROM 10 MILES AWAY

Chorus

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