CHRISTMAS IN PRISON
by John Prine

G C
IT WAS CHRISTMAS IN PRISON AND THE FOOD WAS REAL GOOD,
G D
WE HAD TURKEY AND PISTOLS CARVED OUT OF WOOD.
G C
AND I DREAM OF HER ALWAYS EVEN WHEN I DON'T DREAM,
G D G
HER NAME'S ON MY TONGUE, AND HER BLOOD'S IN MY STRAIN(?).

Chorus:
D C G C G D
WAIT AWHILE ETERNITY, OL' MOTHER NATURES GOT NOTHING ON ME,
G C
COME TO ME, RUN TO ME, COME TO ME NOW,
G D G
WE'RE ROLLING MY SWEETHEART, WERE FLOWING, BY GOD.

SHE REMINDS ME OF A CHESS GAME WITH SOMEONE I ADMIRE,
OR A PICNIC IN THE RAIN AFTER A PRAIRIE FIRE,
AND HER HEART IS AS BIG AS THIS WHOLE ***DAMN JAIL,
SHE'S SWEETER THAN SACCARIN AT A DRUG STORE SALE.

Chorus
[instrumental verse]

THE SEARCHLIGHT IN THE BIG YARD SWINGS ROUND WITH THE GUN,
AND SPOTLIGHTS THE SNOWFLAKES LIKE THE DUST IN THE SUN.
IT'S CHRISTMAS IN PRISON, THERE'LL BE MUSIC TONIGHT,
I'LL PROBABLY GET HOMESICK, I LOVE YOU, GOODNIGHT.

Chorus

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