

# Spanish Pipe Dream, John Prine

G She was a level headed dancer on the road to alchohol C  
G D And I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal G  
G Well, she pressed her chest against me,  
D—C C7 Csus6  
about the time the juke box broke

C-D   D   G-Csus6   D  
She gave me a peck on the back of the neck  
G-Csus6   D   G  
and these are the words she spoke

## Chorus

G  
Blow up your tv, throw away your paper  
G D G  
Go to the country and build you a home  
G G-Csus6  
Plant a little garden, eat a lotta peaches  
D G  
Try and find Jesus, on your own

I sat there at the table and I acted real naïve  
Cause I knew that topless lady, she had something up her sleeve  
She danced around the room awhile and she did the hoochy coo  
And sing a song all night long, telling me what to do

Blow up your TV, throw away your paper  
Go to the country and build you a home  
Plant a little garden, eat a lotta peaches  
Try and find Jesus, on your own

But I was young and about to leave that place  
Just as I was going, 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 day, we've been living our way,  
here is the reason why

We blew up the TV, threw away the paper  
Went to the country, built us a home  
Had a lotta children, fed them on peaches  
They all found Jesus, on their own (C) =>>(G)