Christmas In Prison

John Prine

It was Christmas in prison
And the food was real good
We had turkey and pistols
Carved out of wood
And I dream of her always
Even when I don't dream
Her name's on my tongue
And her blood's in my streamWait awhile eternity
Old mother nature's got nothin' on meCome to me
Run to me
Come to me, now
We're rolling
My sweetheart
We're flowing
By GodShe reminds me of a chess game
With someone I admire
Or a picnic in the rain
After a prairie fire
Her heart is as big
As this whole goddamn jail
And she's sweeter than saccharine
At a drug store saleWait awhile eternity
Old mother nature's got nothin' on meCome to me
Run to me
Come to me, now
We're rolling
My sweetheart
We're flowing
By GodThe search light 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, goodnightWait awhile eternity
Old mother nature's got nothin' on meCome to me
Run to me
Come to me, now

We're rolling
My sweetheart
We're flowing
By God

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