

# 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 stream Wait awhile eternity  
Old mother nature's got nothin' on me Come to me  
Run to me  
Come to me, now  
We're rolling  
My sweetheart  
We're flowing  
By God She 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 sale Wait awhile eternity  
Old mother nature's got nothin' on me Come to me  
Run to me  
Come to me, now  
We're rolling  
My sweetheart  
We're flowing  
By God The 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, goodnight Wait awhile eternity  
Old mother nature's got nothin' on me Come to me  
Run to me  
Come to me, now

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

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