

Blow Up Your TV (Spanish Pipe Dream)

[John Denver](#)

She was a level-headed dancer on the road to alcohol
I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal
Well, she pressed her chest against me
About the time the jukebox broke
She give me a peck on the back of the neck
And these are the words she spoke
Blow Up Your TV, throw away your paper
Go to the country, build you a home
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches
Try and find Jesus on your own
I sat there at the table and I acted real naive
Cause I knew that topless lady, she had something up her sleeve
She danced around the room awhile and she did the hoochy cooch
Yea sing a song all night long tellin' me what to do
Blow Up Your TV, throw away your paper
Go to the country, build you a home
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches
Try and find Jesus on your own
But I was young and hungry 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 livin' 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 'em on peaches
They all found Jesus on their own

Songwriters

PRINE, JOHN / KENT, JEFFREY BRADFORD

Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>