Donald And Lydia

John Prine

Small town, bright lights, saturday night,
Pinballs and pool halls flashing their lights.
Making change behind the counter in a penny arcade
Sat the fat girl daughter of virginia and ray

(spoken:)
Lydia
Lydia hid her thoughts like a cat
Behind her small eyes sunk deep in her fat.
She read romance magazines up in her room
And felt just like sunday on saturday afternoon.

Chorus:
But dreaming just comes natural
Like the first breath from a baby,
Like sunshine feeding daisies,
Like the love hidden deep in your heart.

Bunk beds, shaved heads, saturday night,
A warehouse of strangers with sixty watt lights.
Staring through the ceiling, just wanting to be
Lay one of too many, a young pfc:

(spoken:)
Donald
There were spaces between donald and whatever he said.
Strangers had forced him to live in his head.
He envisioned the details of romantic scenes
After midnight in the stillness of the barracks latrine.

[Repeat chorus:]
Hot love, cold love, no love at all.
A portrait of guilt is hung on the wall.
Nothing is wrong, nothing is right.
Donald and lydia made love that night.

(spoken:)
Love
The made love in the mountains, they made love in the streams,
They made love in the valleys, they made love in their dreams.

But when they were finished there was nothing to say,
'cause mostly they made love from ten miles away.

[Repeat chorus:]

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