

John Prine Christmas

John Prine

Pretty paper, pretty ribbons of blue
Man oh man, I just love Christmas, it's just so darn neat
I kinda wish every day was Christmas
Except Christmas Eve and the Fourth of July
We wouldn't want to miss out on the fireworks, would we?
When I was a kid, we used to get the Christmas
catalog
From Montgomery Wards in Chicago
Sometimes we'd get it as early as late August
It was the big book of wishes, hopes and desires
My three brothers and I were allotted
Twenty-five bucks a piece including tax
So I'd make up a different Christmas list every night
From the first of September 'til the twenty-fourth of December
Matter of fact, let me present you with my Christmas credentials
When I was three years old, at least that's what
my mother told me
I ate an entire ornament, I ate a big red one, I thought it was an apple
They kinda freaked out and was gonna take me to the hospital
But they couldn't stop me from laughing so they just left me alone
So I guess I still got that Christmas in me all the time, you know?
One year, I got a wooden roly-poly for
Christmas
You know the things you knock down and they bounce right back up
They made 'em out of wood back then, that's how old I am
Nowadays, they make 'em out of plastic
My mom says they just don't make 'em like that anymore
And I says, "No Ma, they don't"
Then there was the year I came home
Only leave from the army from Germany
To marry my high school sweetheart
On the day after Christmas
My little brother Billy, who was twelve at the time
Had just gotten his first job
So he was able to afford to buy some Christmas presents
For his brothers and his mom and dad out of his own pocket
Billy had a job selling subscriptions for the Chicago
Tribune
He told me this guy named Rocky would pick him up
In a station wagon, him and some other boys
And he'd take 'em out to some strange neighborhood
And drop 'em off and he gave them this whole spiel
To give their potential customers
Supposedly their little brother had won a free trip
To our nation's capital Washington DC
But he couldn't go on the trip
If his older brother wouldn't accompany him
So if you would please buy a subscription to the Chicago Tribune
Then my little brother will be happy

Wow, what a shyster
Some people'll do anything to get to the White House
Then there was the year that my mom and dad gave me
my first guitar
Ah, man it was gorgeous, I still got the thing
It was a like aqua blue, kinda dark aqua blue
With a cream colored heart was a Silvertone from Montgomery wards
The model was called Kentucky Blue
And man, when I saw that sitting under the tree just couldn't wait
First year so I didn't know how to play it
I'd just stand in from of the mirror with a string around my neck
With that guitar and I'd try to look like Elvis
Then my brother Dave taught me a couple of chords
Now I'm here in your living room singing and talking to you
It's funny how things work out
So-a whyn't you go find a stranger and extend your hand to 'em
If you see somebody looks like they ain't doin' quite as well as you
Slip 'em a buck, 'specially if they don't ask for spare change
Go buy your honey a cuckoo clock
Or a musical snow shaking water ball
That when you wind it up it plays
'I want you, I need you, I love ya with all my heart'
'Cause after all, hell man, it's Christmas
Away in a manger no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head
The stars in the sky look down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the
(1-2)
HayMerry Christmas, everybody

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>