

John Prine Christmas

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Pretty paper, pretty ribbons of blueMan 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 desiresMy 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 credentialsWhen 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 ChristmasMy 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 pocketBilly 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 customersSupposedly 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 himSo 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 front 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)

Hay
Merry Christmas, everybody

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