

Christmas in Prison

John Prine

[BACK](#)

Intro: G G C C, D D D G, G G G..

G C
It was christmas in prison And the food was real good
G D
We had turkey and pistols Carved out of wood
G C
And I dream of her always Even when I don't dream
G D G
Her names on my tongue And her bloods in my stream.

Chorus:

D C G
Wait awhile eternity
C G D D
Old mother natures got nothing on me
G
Come to me, Run to me
C
Come to me, now
G
Were rolling My sweetheart
D G
Were flowing By God

(SOLO): G G C C, G G D D, D G G C C, G G D G, G G G

G C
She reminds me of a chess game With someone I admire
G D D
Or a picnic in the rain After a prairie fire
G C
Her heart is as big As this whole goddamn jail
G D G
And she's sweeter than saccharine At a drug store sale.

(Chorus)

(REPEAT SOLO): G G C C, G G D D, D G G C C, G G D G, G G G

G C
The search light in the big yard Swings round with the gun
G D
And spotlights the snowflakes Like the dust in the sun
G C
Its Christmas in prison there'll be music tonight
G D G
Ill probably get homesick I love you. Good night.

(Chorus).

END.