# Christmas In Prison

John Prine 1994

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**INSTRUMENTAL INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2**

It was **[G]** Christmas in prison and the **[C]** food was real good

We had **[G]** turkey, and pistols, carved out of **[D7]** wood **[D7]**

And I **[G]** dream of her always even **[C]** when I don't dream

Her **[G]** name's on my tongue and her **[D]** blood's in my **[G]** stream **[G] / [G] / [G]**

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And I **[G]** dream of her always even **[C]** when I don't dream

Her **[G]** name's on my tongue, and her **[D]** blood's in my **[G]** stream

**CHORUS:**

**[D]** Wait awhile **[C]** eterni-**[G]**ty

**[C]** Old Mother Nature's got **[G]** nothing on **[D]** me **[D]**

**[G]** Come to me, run to me **[C]** come to me now

We're **[G]** rolling, my sweetheart, we're **[D7]** flowing by **[G]** God **[G]**

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She re-**[G]**minds me of a chess game, with **[C]** someone I admire

Or a **[G]** picnic in the rain, after a prairie **[D7]** fire **[D7]**

Her **[G]** heart is a big as this **[C]** whole damn jail

And she's **[G]** sweeter than saccharine, at a **[D]** drug store **[G]** sale

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The **[G]** search light in the big yard swings **[C]** 'round with the gun

And **[G]** spotlights the snowflakes, like the dust in the **[D7]** sun **[D7]**

It's **[G]** Christmas in prison, there'll be **[C]** music tonight

I'll **[G]** probably get homesick, I **[D]** love you, good **[G]** night

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