

# Christmas in Prison

John Prine II-30

**Intro:** G C G D7 G

G C  
It was Christmas in prison and the food was real good  
G D7  
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 name's on my tongue and her blood's in my stream

**Chorus:**

D C G  
Wait awhile eternity  
C G D  
Old Mother Nature's got nothing on me  
G C  
Come to me. Run to me. Come to me now.  
G D G  
We're rolling my sweetheart. We're flowing by God.

**Break** G C G D7 G C D G

She reminds me of a chess game with someone I admire G C  
Or a picnic in the rain after a prairie fire G D7  
Her heart is as big as this whole damn jail G C  
And she's sweeter than saccharine at a drug store sale G D G

**Chorus**

**Break** G C G D7 G C D G

The search light in the big yard swings 'round with the gun G C  
And spotlights the snowflakes like the dust in the sun G D7  
It's Christmas in prison There'll be music tonight G C  
I'll probably get homesick I love you. Good Night. G D G

**Chorus**