

Donald and Lydia

John Prine (1971)

[C] Small town, bright lights, [F] Saturday [C] night
Pinballs and pool halls [D7] flashing their [G7] lights
Making [C] change behind the counter in a [F] penny arcade
Sat the shy girl daughter of Vir-[G7]-ginia and [C] Ray [spoken] Lydia

[C] Lydia hid her [F] thoughts like a [C] cat
Behind her small eyes hidden [D7] under her [G7] hat.
She read [C] romance magazines [F] up in her [C] room
And felt just like Sunday on [G7] Saturday after-[C]-noon [C7]

Chorus: But [F] dreaming just comes [C] natural
Like the [G7] first breath from a [C] baby [C7]
Like [F] sunshiiiiiiiiiiiiine feeding [C] daisies
Like the [G7] love hidden deep in your [C] heart

[C] Bunk beds, shaved heads, [F] Saturday [C] night
A warehouse of strangers with [D7] sixty watt [G7] lights
[C] Staring through the ceiling, just [F] wanting to be
Lay one of too many, a [G7] young PF-[C]-C [spoken] Donald

There were [C] spaces between Donald and what-[F]-ever he [C] said.
Strangers had forced him to [D7] live in his [G7] head
He en-[C]-visioned the details of [F] romantic [C] scenes
After midnight in the stillness of the [G7] barracks la-[C]-trine. [C7]

Chorus

[C] Hot love, cold love, [F] no love at [C] all
A portrait of guilt is [D7] hung on the [G7] wall
[C] Nothing is wrong, [F] nothing is [C] right
Donald and Lydia [G7] made love that [C] night. [Spoken] Love

They made [C] love in the mountains, they made [F] love in the [C] streams
They made love in the valleys, they made [D7] love in their [G7] dreams.
But [C] when they was finished there was [F] nothing to [C] say
'Cause mostly they made love from [G7] ten miles [C] away. [C7]

Chorus End on [C]