

Dear Abby

key:C, artist:John Prine writer:John Prine

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b2ccC4aULow> Capo on 2 for video

Dear [C] Abby, Dear Abby, my [F] feet are too [C] long
My [C] hair's falling out and my [D7] rights are all [G7] wrong
My [C] friends they all tell me, that are [F] no friends at [C] all
Won't you [C] write me a letter, won't you [G] give me a [C] call
[F] Si-[G]gned Be-[C]wildered

[C] Bewildered, Bewildered you [F] have no com-[C]plaint
You [C] are what you are and you [D7] ain't what you [G7] ain't
So [C] listen up buster and [F] listen up [C] good
Stop [C] wishin' for bad luck and [G] knockin' on [C] wood
[F] [G] [C]

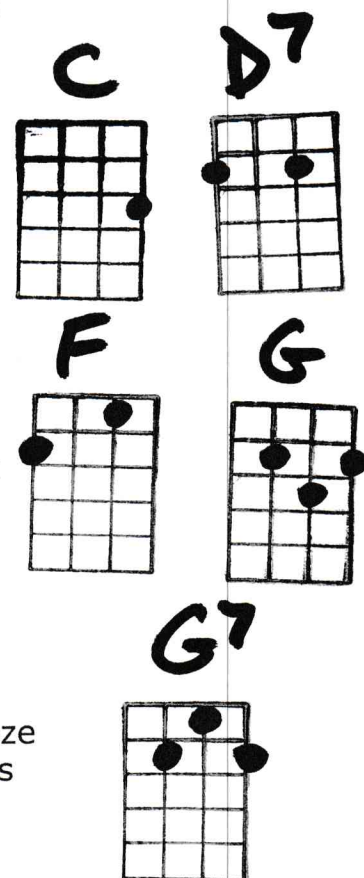
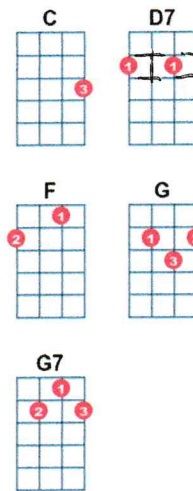
Dear [C] Abby, Dear Abby, my [F] fountain pen [C] leaks
My [C] wife hollers at me and my [D7] kids are all [G7] freaks
Every [C] side I get up on is the [F] wrong side of [C] bed
If it [C] weren't so expensive I'd [G] wish I were [C] dead
[F] Si-[G]gned Un-[C]happy

[C] Unhappy, Unhappy, you [F] have no com-[C]plaint
You [C] are what you are and you [D7] ain't what you [G7] ain't
So [C] listen up buster and [F] listen up [C] good
Stop [C] wishin' for bad luck and [G] knockin' on [C] wood
[F] [G] [C]

Dear [C] Abby, Dear Abby, you [F] won't believe [C] this
But my [C] stomache makes noises when-[D7]ever I [G7] kiss
My [C] girlfriend tells me it's [F] all in my [C] head
But my [C] stomache tells me to [G] write you in-[C]stead
[F] Si-[G]gned Noise-[C]maker.

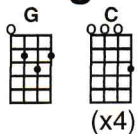
[C] Noisemaker, Noisemaker, you [F] have no com-[C]plaint
You [C] are what you are and you [D7] ain't what you [G7] ain't
So [C] listen up buster and [F] listen up [C] good
Stop [C] wishin' for bad luck and [G] knockin' on [C] wood
[F] [G] [C]

Dear [C] Abby, Dear Abby, well [F] I never [C] thought
That [C] me and my girlfriend would [D7] ever get [G7] caught
We were [C] sittin' in the back seat just [F] shootin' the [C] breeze
With her [C] hair up in curlers and her [G] pants to her [C] knees
[F] Si-[G]gned Just [C] Married



[C] Just Married, Just Married, you [F] have no com-[C]plaint
You [C] are what you are and you [D7] ain't what you [G7] ain't
So [C] listen up buster and [F] listen up [C] good
Stop [C] wishin' for bad luck and [G] knockin' on [C] wood
[F] Si-[G]gned Dear [C] Abby

Angel From Montgomery - John Prine



I am an old woman, named after my mother, My old man is another... child that's grown old.

If dreams were lightning and thunder was desire, This old house would've burnt down a long time ago.

Chorus:

Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery. Make me a poster of an old rodeo.

Just give me one thing that I can hold on to. To believe in this living is just a hard way to go.

When I was a young girl I had me a cowboy, He weren't much to look at, just a free ramblin' man.

But that was a long time, and no matter how I try, These dreams go by like a broken-down dam.

(Chorus)

There's flies in the kitchen, I can hear 'em there buzzin' and I ain't done nothin' since I woke up today.

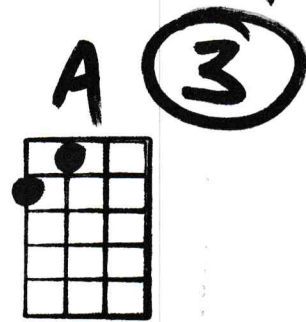
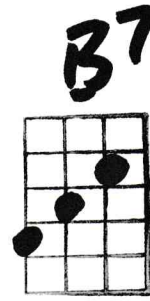
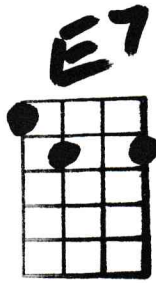
How the hell can a person go to work in the mornin' and come home in the evenin' and have nothin' to say?

(Chorus)

To believe in this living is just a hard way to go.

SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME
John Prine/Gary Nicholson

Intro: [E] [B7] [E]



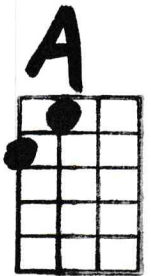
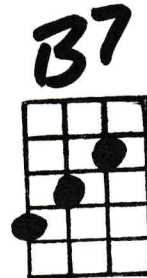
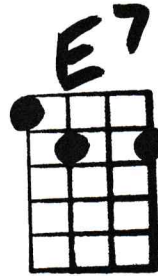
E
MOONLIGHT SHINING ON THE BACK OF MY HAND
E
CAT FIGHT RATTLIN' THE GARBAGE CAN
A **E**
LOOKS LIKE SOMETHIN' CHASED YOU UP A TREE
B7 **E**
SAME THING, SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME

E
WILD WIND BLOWING DOWN THE NECK OF MY SHIRT
E
OLD MEN SITTING ON A BENCH IN THE DIRT
A **E**
SEEMS LIKE ANOTHER SHIP HAS GONE OUT TO SEA
B7 **E**
SAME THING, SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME

Instrumental:

[E] [A] [E] [B7] [E]

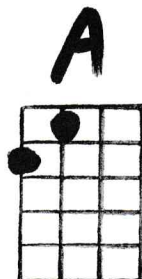
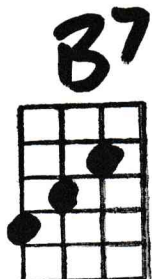
E
SHOE SHINE SOMEONE'S GOT TO TELL YA THE NEWS
E
A FINE LINE SEPARATES A BOY FROM THE BLUES
A **E**
LOOKS LIKE YOU COULD USE SOME COMPANY
B7 **E**
SAME THING, SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME



E
RUNNIN', RUNNIN' JUST AS FAST AS I CAN
E
SOMEONE, SOMEONE TAKE A HOLD OF MY HAND
A **E**
LOOKS LIKE SOMETHIN' CHASED YOU UP A TREE
B7 **E**
SAME THING, SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME
B7 **E**
SAME THING, SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME

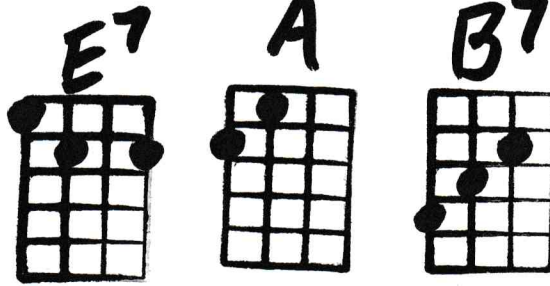
[B7] [E] [E6]

If you have corrections, or the chords to any of these songs, please send an e-mail and we will make the changes as soon as possible. Thank you. This song chart was provided for your personal enjoyment by SPIKE'S MUSIC COLLECTION; <http://spikesmusic.spike-jamie.com> SHALOM, from SPIKE & JAMIE



THERE SHE GOES
John Prine

Intro: E7



E7 A
HEY, THERE SHE GOES; WELL, I THOUGHT SHE'D NEVER LEAVE HEAVEN KNOWS
A
YOU KNOW IT SURE GIVES ME THE CREEPS

E7
YOU KNOW I WENT AND LOVED THAT WOMAN TO THE POWER OF THE HEIGHT
E7
WE BOTH GOT JIVIN' FEVER SCREWED OUR HEADS UPTIGHT; THEN IT CAME TO BLOWS B7
HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, THERE SHE GOES HEY, THERE SHE GOES E7

E7 A
HEY THERE SHE GOES; JUST A WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET I SUPPOSE
A
THE NEXT FELLOW THAT SHE MEETS

E7
SHOULD HAVE HER HEAD EXAMINED BY AN X-RAY MACHINE
E7 B7
SO HE CAN SEE ALL THOSE PICTURES THAT I'VE ALREADY SEEN JUST SO HE KNOWS
HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, THERE SHE GOES; HEY, THERE SHE GOES E7

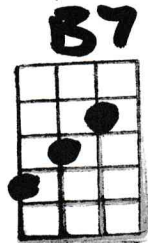
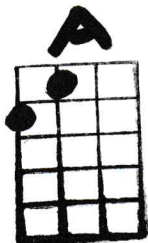
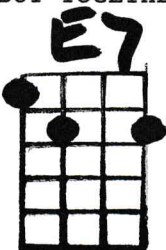
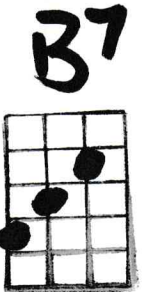
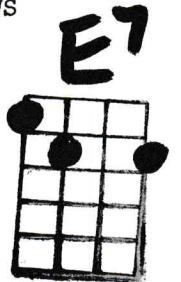
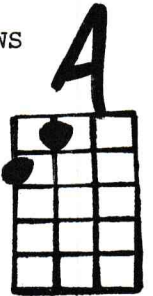
E7 A
WELL, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING SOMEWHERE
E7
THAT MAKES ME WANT TO HURT MYSELF INSIDE

A
YEAH, WE WERE REGULAR DR. JEKYLL
A B7 E7
BUT TOGETHER, WE WERE MR. AND MRS. HYDE; WHAT A ROUGH ROUGH RIDE

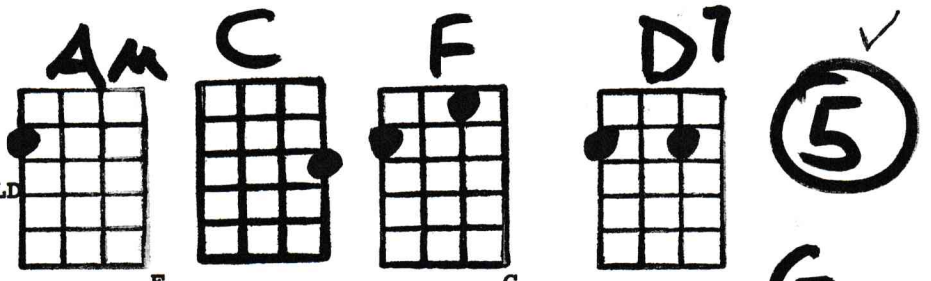
E7 A
HEY, THERE SHE GOES; SHE'S WALKING OUT ON ME WITH ALL HER CLOTHES
A E7
LOOKIN' FINE AS SHE COULD BE; WELL, I SEEN HER ON DOWN AT THE COURTHOUSE
E7
I WAS SOBER AS THE JUDGE WE'D TRIED TO TALK THINGS OVER
E7 B7
BUT THE GRUDGE JUST WOULDN'T BUDGE; I SAID ADIOS
B7 E7
HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, THERE SHE GOES; HEY, THERE SHE GOES

E7 A
WELL, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING SOMEWHERE
E7
THAT MAKES ME WANT TO HURT MYSELF INSIDE

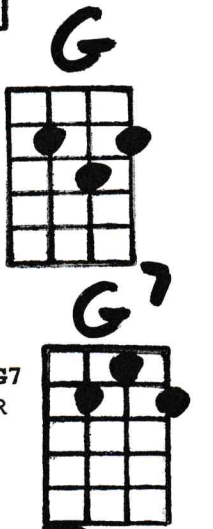
A
YEAH, WE WERE REGULAR DR. JEKYLL
A B7 E7
BUT TOGETHER, WE WERE MR. AND MRS. HYDE; WHAT A ROUGH ROUGH RIDE repeat verse 1.



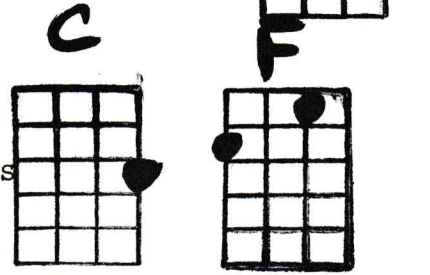
* THE OLDEST BABY IN THE WORLD
John Prine/Don Fritts



C
SHE'S GOT THE MIND OF A CHILD AND A BODY PEEKING OVER THE HILL
C F C
WELL, SHE WOULD IF SHE COULD AND SHE SHOULD BUT NOBODY WILL
F C C/B, AM
WITH HER NAILS PAINTED RED AND HER HAIR SO UNNATURALLY CURLED
F G C
WELL I THINK THAT SHE MAY BE THE OLDEST BABY IN THE WORLD

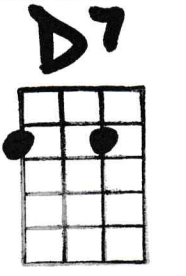


C F C
SHE'S TASTED THE NIGHT LIFE BUT IT'S LEFT HER WITH NOTHING BUT HUNGER
C D7 G G7
AND ALL THE AVAILABLE MEN SEEM TO THINK THAT THEY WANT SOMETHING YOUNGER
F C C/B, AM
BUT YOUTH IS A COSTUME AND THE BEAUTY WITHIN LIES UNFURLED
F G C C7
AND I THINK THAT SHE MAY BE THE OLDEST BABY IN THE WORLD

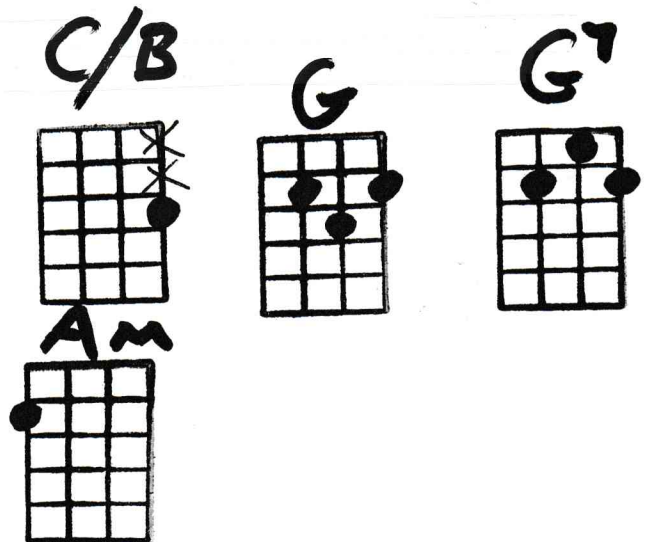


F
FAST HORSES WIN RACES AND ROYAL FLUSHES BEAT ACES
C D7
AND EVERYONE'S PLAYING TO KEEP SO LET'S TURN OUT THE LIGHTS
D7 G C G
AND ROCK THAT OLD BABY TO SLEEP

G C
SHE LOVES THE SOUND OF THE RAIN
F C
BUT YOU KNOW SHE'S STILL AFRAID OF THE THUNDER
C D7 G G7
SHE KEEPS A HEAD FULL OF HOPE AND A HEART THAT'S SO FULL OF WONDER
F C C/B, AM
SHE MAY LOOK LIKE A WOMAN BUT SHE'S STILL SOME DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL
F G C C/B, AM
AND I THINK THAT SHE MAY BE THE OLDEST BABY IN THE WORLD
F G C F, C, G, C
YES, I THINK THAT SHE MAY BE THE OLDEST BABY IN THE WORLD



* = Song starts in video
at 4:12. But, x=plucked
listen to the 4:12 string
preamble, it's funny!

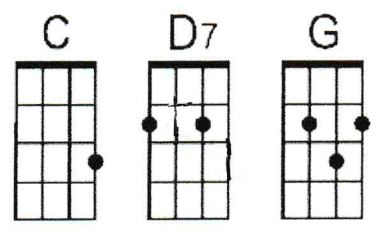


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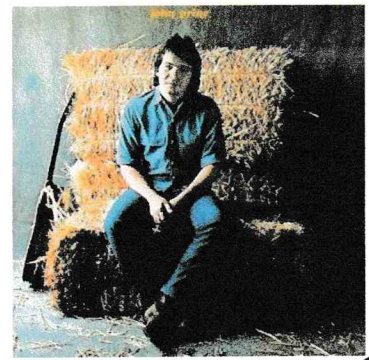
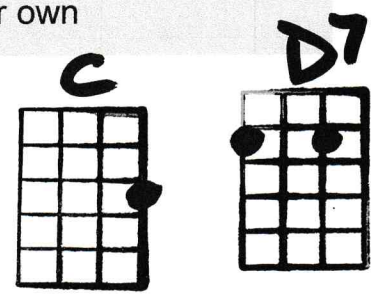
Spanish Pipedream John Prine

She was a level-headed dancer on the road to alcohol
 And I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal
 Well she pressed her chest against me about the time the juke box broke
 Yeah, she gave me a peck on the back of the neck
 And these are the words she spoke



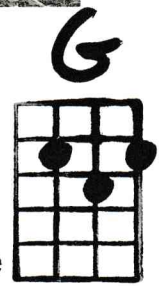
Blow up your T.V. Throw away your paper. Go to the country, build you a home
 Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches, try and find Jesus on your own

Well, I sat there at the table and I acted real naive
 For I knew that topless lady had something up her sleeve
 Well, she danced around the bar room and she did the hoochy-coo
 Yeah she sang her song all night long, tellin' me what to do



<Chorus>

Well, I was young and hungry and about to leave that place
 When just as I was leavin', well she looked me in the face
 I said "You must know the answer." She said, "No but I'll give it a try."
 And to this very day we've been livin' our way and here is the reason why
 We blew up our T.V. Threw away our paper. Went to the country, built us a home
 Had a lot of children, fed 'em on peaches. They all found Jesus on their own



Hello In There

John Prine

7

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dCDFpDPqSf8>

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

[C] We had an a[Dm]partment in the [G] city [G7]
 [C] Me and Lo[Dm]retta liked [G] living there [G7]
 [Cmaj7] Well it's been years since the [F] kids have grown
 A life [C] of their own and left [G] us alone

[C] John and [Dm] Linda live in [G] Omaha [G7]
 [C] And Joe is [Dm] somewhere on the [G] road [G7]
 [Cmaj7] We lost Davy in the Ko[F]rean war
 And still don't [C] know what for it don't matter [G] any more

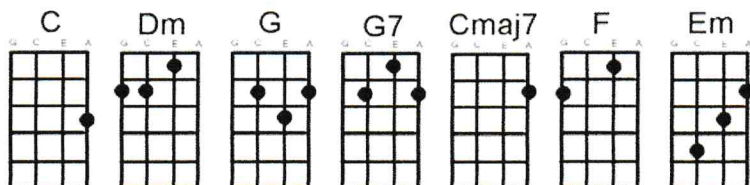
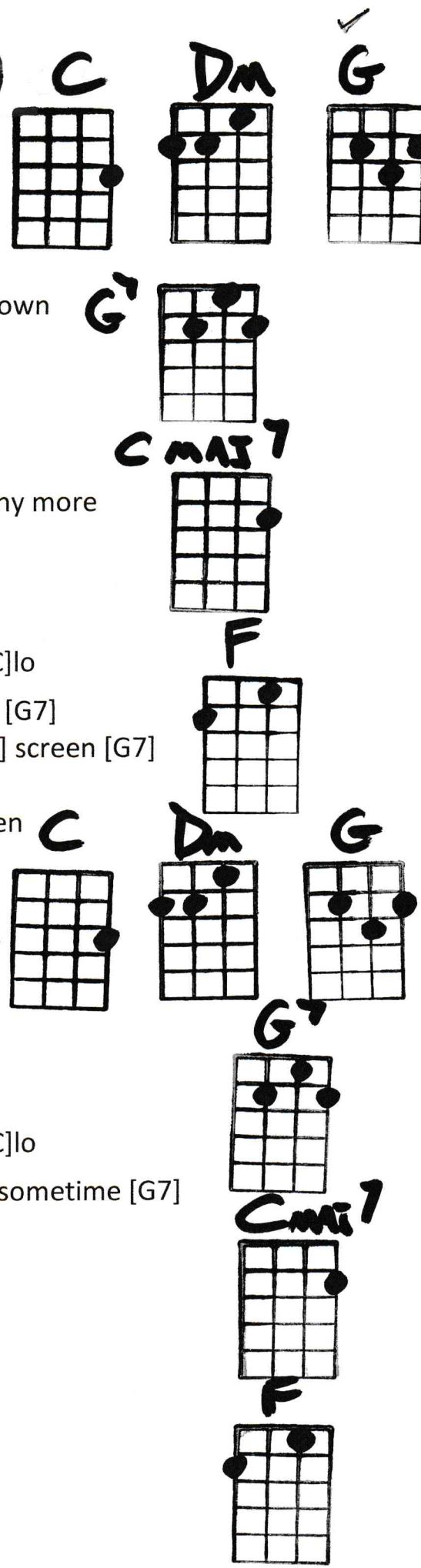
[Bb] You know that old trees just grow [C] stronger
 [Bb] Old rivers grow wilder every [C] day
 [Em] Old people just grow [F] lonely
 Waiting for [C] someone to say hel[G]lo in there hel[C]lo

[C] Me and Lo[Dm]retta we don't [G] talk much more [G7]
 [C] She sits and [Dm] stares through the back door [G] screen [G7]
 [Cmaj7] And all the news just re[F]peats itself
 Like some for[C]gotten dream that [G] we've both seen

[C] Someday I'll [Dm] go and call up [G] Rudy [G7]
 [C] We worked to[Dm]gether at the [G] factory [G7]
 [Cmaj7] But what could I say if he [F] asks what's new
 Nothing [C] what's with you nothing [G] much to do

[Bb] You know that old trees just grow [C] stronger
 [Bb] Old rivers grow wilder every [C] day
 [Em] Old people just grow [F] lonely
 Waiting for [C] someone to say hel[G]lo in there hel[C]lo

[C] So if you're out [Dm] walking down the [G] street sometime [G7]
 [C] And spot some [Dm] hollow ancient [G] eyes [G7]
 [Cmaj7] Please don't just pass them [F] by and stare
 As if you [C] didn't care say hel[G]lo in there hel[C]lo





That's The Way The World Goes Round

(Written and recorded by John Prine 1978.)

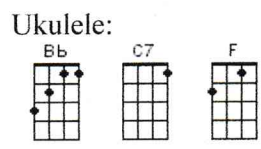
(F)(Bb)(F)(C7)(F)(Bb)(F)(C7)(F)

(F) I know a guy that's got a lot to lose.
 He's a **(Bb)** pretty nice fellow but he's kind of confused.
 He's got **(F)** muscles in his head that ain't never been used.
 Thinks he own half of this **(C7)** town.
(F) Starts drinking heavy, gets a big red nose.
(Bb) Beats his old lady with a rubber hose,
 Then he **(F)** takes her out to dinner and buys her new clothes.
 That's the way that the **(C7)** world goes **(F)** 'round.

(F) That's the way that the world goes 'round.
 You're **(Bb)** up one day and the next you're down.
 It's **(F)** half an inch of water and you think you're gonna drown.
 That's the way that the **(C7)** world goes **(F)** 'round.

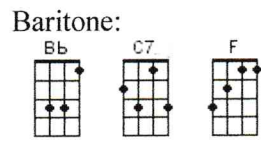
(F)(Bb)(F)(C7)(F)(Bb)(F)(C7)(F)

(F) I was sitting in the bathtub counting my toes,
 When the **(Bb)** radiator broke, water all froze.
 I got **(F)** stuck in the ice without my clothes,
 Naked as the eyes of a **(C7)** clown.
 I was **(F)** crying ice cubes hoping I'd croak,
 When the **(Bb)** sun come through the window, the ice all broke.
 I **(F)** stood up and laughed thought it was a joke
 That's the way that the **(C7)** world goes **(F)** 'round.



(chorus)

(F)(Bb)(F)(C7)(F)(Bb)(F)(C7)(F)



(chorus)

That's the way that the **(C7)** world goes **(F)** 'round.
 That's the way that the **(C7)** world ... goes **(F)** 'round.
(F)(Bb)(F)(C7)(F)

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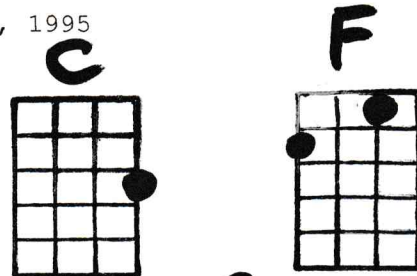
AIN'T HURTIN' NOBODY

Words and music by John Prine

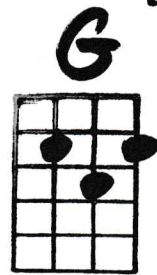
>From Lost Dogs and Mixed Blessings, Oh Boy Records, 1995

INTRO: C

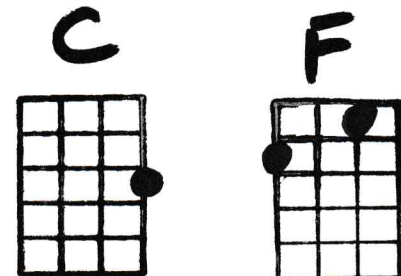
C
I'm walkin' down the street LIKE LUCKY LARUE
F
GOT MY HAND IN MY POCKET I'M THINKIN' 'BOUT YOU
C G C
I AIN'T HURTIN' NOBODY I AIN'T HURTIN' NO ONE



C
THERE'S THREE HUNDRED MEN IN THE STATE OF TENNESSEE
F
THEY'RE WAITING TO DIE THEY WON'T NEVER BE FREE
C G C
I AIN'T HURTIN' NOBODY I AIN'T HURTIN' NO ONE

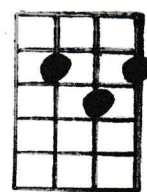


G
SIX MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND
F C
AND THIRTY-THREE LIGHTS ON
G
YOU THINK SOMEONE COULD TAKE THE TIME
F C
TO SIT DOWN AND LISTEN TO THE WORDS OF MY SONG



C
AT THE BEACH IN INDIANA I WAS NINE YEARS OLD
F
HEARD LITTLE RICHARD SINGING "TUTTI FRUTTI"
FROM THE TOP OF A TELEPHONE POLE
C G C
I WASN'T HURTIN' NOBODY I WASN'T HURTIN' NO ONE

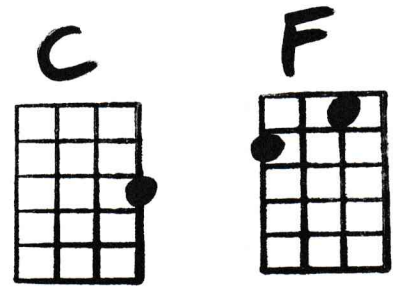
C
THERE'S ROOSTERS LAYING CHICKENS AND CHICKENS LAYIN' EGGS
F
FARM MACHINERY EATING PEOPLE'S ARMS AND LEGS
C G C
I AIN'T HURTIN' NOBODY I AIN'T HURTIN' NO ONE



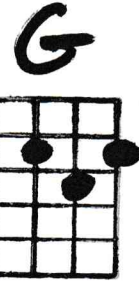
G F C
PERFECTLY CRAFTED POPULAR HIT SONGS NEVER USE THE WRONG RHYME
G
YOU'D THINK THAT WAITRESS COULD GET MY ORDER
F C
RIGHT THE FIRST TIME

INSTRUMENTAL: C F C G C

C
 SHE'S SITTING ON THE BACK STEPS JUST SHUCKING THAT CORN
F
 THAT GAL'S BEEN GRINNING SINCE THE DAY SHE WAS BORN
C G C
 SHE AIN'T HURTIN' NOBODY SHE AIN'T HURTIN' NO ONE

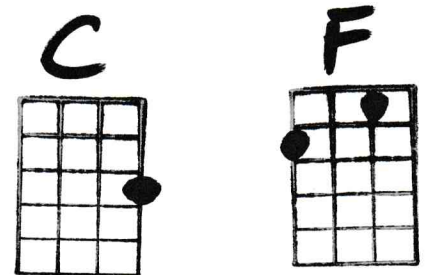


C
 I USED TO LIVE IN CHICAGO WHERE THE COLD WIND BLOWS
F
 I DELIVERED MORE JUNK MAIL THAN THE JUNKYARD WOULD HOLD
C G C
 I WASN'T HURTIN' NOBODY I WASN'T HURTIN' NO ONE



G
 YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE PART OF THE TIME
F C
 IN A ROCK AND ROLL SONG
G F C
 FIFTY MILLION ELVIS PRESLEY FANS CAN'T BE ALL WRONG

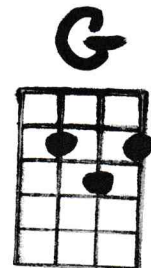
C
 I'M WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET LIKE LUCKY LARUE
F
 GOT MY HAND IN MY POCKET, BABY I'M THINKIN' 'BOUT YOU
C G C
 I AIN'T HURTIN' NOBODY I AIN'T HURTIN' NO ONE



ENDING:
C G
 I AIN'T HURTIN' NOBODY
C C F
 I AIN'T HURTIN' NO ONE

C G
 HURTIN' NOBODY
C D F
 HURTIN' NO ONE

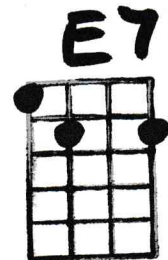
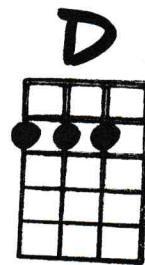
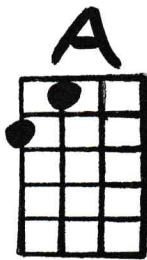
C G
 HURTIN' NOBODY
C C F
 HURTIN' NO ONE



C G
 HURTIN' NOBODY
C (fade)
 HURTIN' NO ONE

If you have corrections, or the chords to any of these songs, please send an e-mail and we will make the changes as soon as possible. Thank you. This song chart was provided for your personal enjoyment only, by SPIKE'S MUSIC COLLECTION <http://spikesmusic.spike-jamie.com> SHALOM, from SPIKE and JAMIE

* **BRUISED ORANGE - CHAIN OF SORROW**
John Prine



A
MY HEART'S IN THE ICE HOUSE COME HILL OR COME VALLEY
D
LIKE A LONG AGO SUNDAY WHEN I WALKED THROUGH THE ALLEY
A **E7** **A**
ON A COLD WINTER'S MORNING TO A CHURCH HOUSE JUST TO SHOVEL SOME SNOW
A
I HEARD SIRENS ON THE TRAIN TRACK HOWL NAKED, GETTIN' NUDER
D
AN ALTAR BOY'S BEEN HIT BY A LOCAL COMMUTER
A **E7**
JUST FROM WALKING WITH HIS BACK TURNED TO THE TRAIN
A **A7**
THAT WAS COMMING SO SLOW

Chorus:

D
YOU CAN GAZE OUT THE WINDOW, GET MAD AND GET MADDER
A
THROW YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR SAY "WHAT DOES IT MATTER?"
E7 **A** **A7**
BUT IT DON'T DO NO GOOD TO GET ANGRY, SO HELP ME I KNOW
D
FOR A HEART STAINED IN ANGER GROWS WEAK AND GROWS BITTER
A
YOU BECOME YOUR OWN PRISONER
E7
AS YOU WATCH YOURSELF SIT THERE WRAPPED UP IN A TRAP
E7 **A**
OF YOUR VERY OWN CHAIN OF SORROW.

Instrumental: A, D, A, E, A

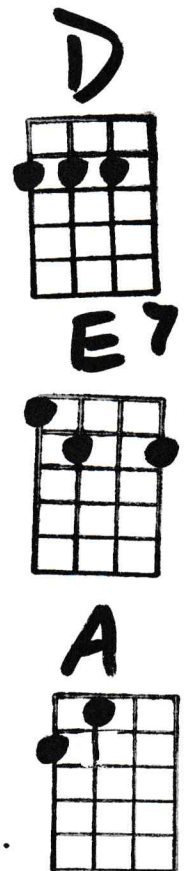
A
I BEEN BROUGHT DOWN TO ZERO, PULLED OUT AND PUT BACK THERE
D
I SAT ON THE PARK BENCH KISSED THE GIRL WITH THE BLACK HAIR
A **E7** **A**
AND MY HEAD SHOUTED DOWN TO MY HEART, YOU BETTER LOOK OUT BELOW.
A
HEY, IT AIN'T SUCH A LONG DROP; DON'T STAMMER. DON'T STUTTER
D
FROM THE DIAMONDS IN THE SIDEWALK TO THE DIRT IN THE GUTTER
A **E7** **A** **A7**
AND YOU CARRY THOSE BRUISES TO REMIND YOU WHEREVER YOU GO

Repeat Chorus, Repeat Verse 1, Repeat Chorus again.

Instrumental and Fade A, D, A, E, A

If you have corrections, or the chords to any of these songs, please send an e-mail and we will make the changes as soon as possible. Thank you. This song chart was provided for your personal enjoyment by SPIKE'S MUSIC COLLECTION; <http://spikesmusic.spike-jamie.com> SHALOM, from SPIKE & JAMIE

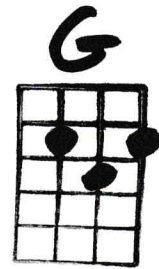
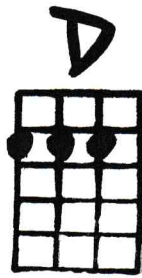
* = Song starts at 2:25 in the video, but listen to John's story about the song.



Paradise

John Prine (1971)

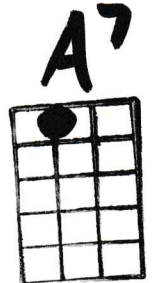
INTRO: 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / [D] / [D]



When [D] I was a child my [G] family would [D] travel
Down to [D] Western Kentucky where my [A7] parents were [D] born [D]
And there's a [D] backwards old town that's [G] often re-[D]membered
[D] So many times that my [A7] memories are [D] worn [D]

CHORUS:

And [D] daddy won't you take me back to [G] Muhlenberg [D] County
Down [D] by the Green River where [A7] Paradise [D] lay [D]
Well, I'm [D] sorry my son, but you're [G] too late in [D] asking
Mister [D] Peabody's coal train has [A7] hauled it a-[D]way [D]



Well [D] sometimes we'd travel right [G] down the Green [D] River [D]
To the a-[D]bandoned old prison down [A7] by Adrie [D] Hill [D]
Where the [D] air smelled like snakes and we'd [G] shoot with our [D] pistols
But [D] empty pop bottles was [A7] all we would [D] kill [D]

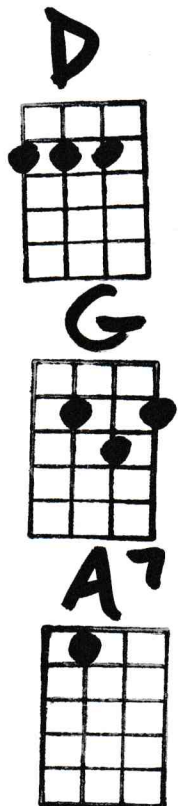
CHORUS:

And [D] daddy won't you take me back to [G] Muhlenberg [D] County
Down [D] by the Green River where [A7] Paradise [D] lay [D]
Well, I'm [D] sorry my son, but you're [G] too late in [D] asking
Mister [D] Peabody's coal train has [A7] hauled it a-[D]way [D]

INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS:

*And [D] daddy won't you take me back to [G] Muhlenberg [D] County
Down [D] by the Green River where [A7] Paradise [D] lay [D].
Well I'm [D] sorry my son, but you're [G] too late in [D] asking
Mister [D] Peabody's coal train has [A7] hauled it a [D] way [D]*

Then the [D] coal company came with the [G] world's largest [D] shovel
And they [D] tortured the timber and [A7] stripped all the [D] land [D]
Well, they [D] dug for their coal 'til the [G] land was for-[D]saken
Then they [D] wrote it all down as the [A7] progress of [D] man [D]



* CHORUS:

And [D] daddy won't you take me back to [G] Muhlenberg [D] County
Down [D] by the Green River where [A7] Paradise [D] lay [D]
Well, I'm [D] sorry my son, but you're [G] too late in [D] asking [D]
Mister [D] Peabody's coal train has [A7] hauled it a-[D]way [D]

When I [D] die let my ashes float [G] down the Green [D] River
Let my [D] soul roll on up to the [A7] Rochester [D] dam [D]
I'll be [D] halfway to Heaven with [G] Paradise [D] waitin'
Just [D] five miles away from wher-[A7]ever I [D] am

**Repeat Chorus
above*

Caravan Of Fools - John Prine

Em

The dark and distant drumming

Am

The pounding of the hooves

Em

B7

Em

The silence of everything that moves

Em

Late at night you'll see them

Am

Decked out in shiny jewels

Em

B7

Em

The coming of the caravan of fools

Em

Like the wings of a dove

Am

the waiter's white glove

Em

B7

Em

Seems to shimmer by the light of the pool

Em

Some dog blinding winter

Am

When you can't stand to lose

Em

B7

Em

You're running with the caravan of fools

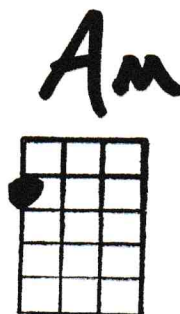
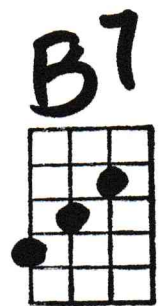
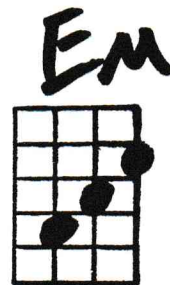
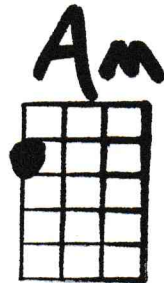
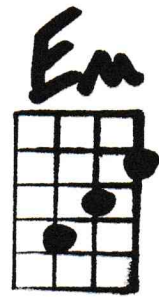
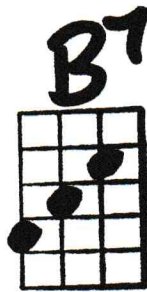
=====[Chorus:]=====

Em

The caravan of fools

Am

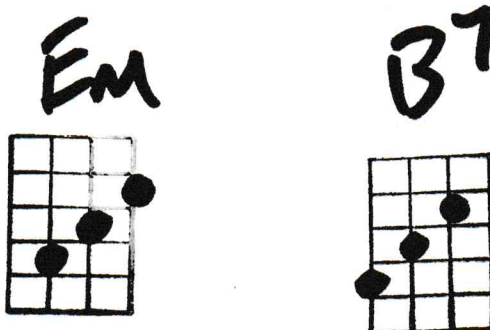
The caravan of fools



Em **B7** **Em**
You're running with the caravan of fools

=====[instrumental:]=====

Em [2X] **Am** [2X]
Em **B7**
Em [2X]



Em
Love and devotion

Am
Deep as any ocean

Em **B7** **Em**
Don't play by anybody's rules

Em
With your carousel of horses

Am
And your unforeseen forces

Em **B7** **Em**
You're running with the caravan of fools

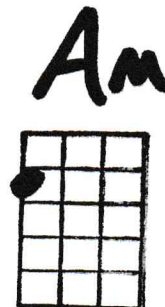
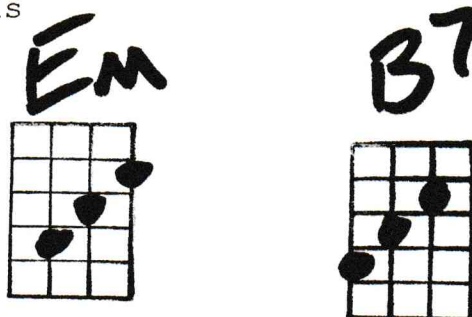
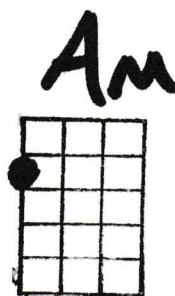
=====[To chorus:]=====

Em
The caravan of fools

Am
The caravan of fools

Em **B7** **Em**
You're running with the caravan of fools

=====[instrumental:]=====



Donald And Lydia
John Prine

[C]Small town, bright lights, [F]Saturday nig[C]ht,
[C]Pinballs and Pool halls [D7]flashing their lig[G7]hts.
Making [C]change behind the counter in a [F]penny arca[C]de
Sat the fat girl daughter of Virgi[G7]nia and Ra[C]y

(Spoken:) Lydia
Lydia hid her thoug[F]hts like a c[C]at
Be[C]hind her small eyes sunk de[D7]ep in her f[G7]at.
She read ro[C]mance magazines [F]up in her ro[C]om
And [C]felt just like Sunday on S[G7]aturday afterno[C]on.

Chorus:
[C7]But dr[F]eaming just comes [C]natural
Like the fi[G7]rst breath from a b[C]aby,
[C7]Like s[F]unshine feeding [C]daisies,
Like the [G7]love hidden deep in your he[C]art. [F] [C] [F]

[C]Bunk beds, shaved heads, [F]Saturday ni[C]ght,

A warehouse of strangers with [D7]sixty watt li[G7]ghts.
[C]Staring through the ceiling, just wa[F]nting to b[C]e
Lay one of too many, a y[G7]oung PF[C]C:

(Spoken:) Donald
There were spaces between Donald and wha[F]tever he sa[C]id.
Strangers had forced him to li[D7]ve in his h[G7]ead.
He en[C]visioned the details of roma[F]ntic sc[C]enes
After midnight in the stillness of the bar[G7]racks latr[C]ine.

Repeat Chorus:

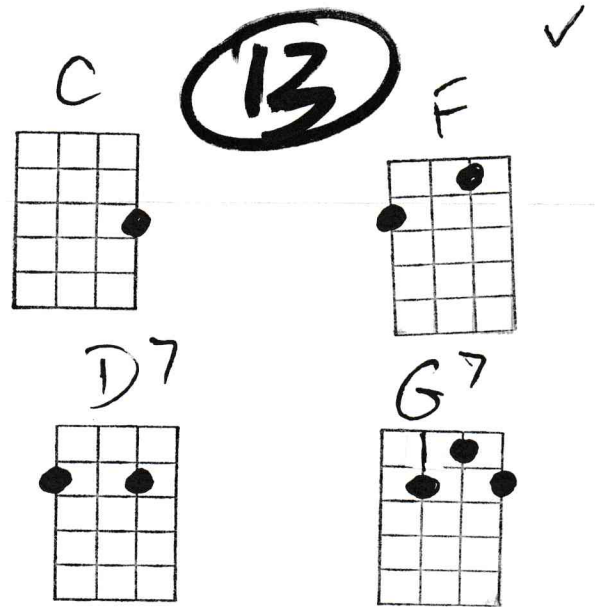
[C]Hot love, cold love, n[F]o love at a[C]ll.
A portrait of guilt is hu[D7]ng on the w[G7]all.
[C]Nothing is wrong, no[F]thing is ri[C]ght.
Donald and Lydia m[G7]ade love that ni[C]ght.

(Spoken:) Love
The made lo[C]ve in the mountains, they made lo[F]ve in the stre[C]ams,
They made love in the valleys, they made l[D7]ove in their dr[G7]eams.
But w[C]hen they were finished there was n[F]othing to s[C]ay,
'Cause mostly they made love from t[G7]en miles aw[C]ay.

Repeat Chorus:

Ending:
[C] [F] (Repeat and Fade)

* Song starts at 2:20 of the video, but
listen to his story of Donald & Lydia.

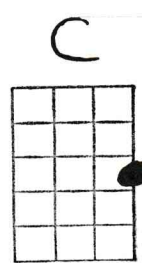
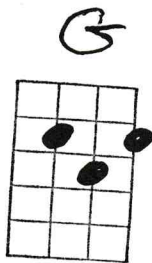


Speed Of The Sound Of Loneliness ^

John Prine

Intro:

[G] [C] [D] [G]
[G] [C] [D] [G]



14



[G] You come home late and you come home ea[C]rly
[D] You come on big when you're feeling sm[G]all
[G] You come home straight and you come home c[C]urly
[D] Sometimes you don't come home at al[G]l

Chorus:

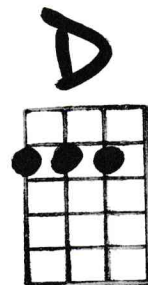
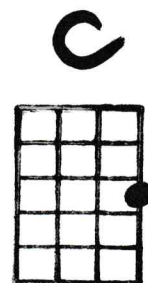
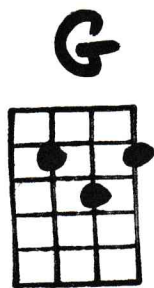
So what in the world's come o[C]ver you
[D] And what in heaven's name have I d[G]one
You've broken the speed of the sound of lon[C]eliness
[D] You're out there running just to be on the [G]run

[G] Well I got a heart that burns with a fe[C]ver
[D] And I got a worried and a jealous mi[G]nd
How can a love that'll last fo[C]rever
[D] Get left so far b[G]ehind

Repeat Chorus:

Instrumental:

[G] [C] [D] [G]
[G] [C] [D] [G]



[G] It's a mighty mean and a dreadful so[C]rrow
[D] It's crossed the evil line to[G]day
Well, how can you ask about tom[C]orrow
[D] We ain't got one word to s[G]ay

Repeat Chorus:

Ending:

[D] You're out there running just to be on the r[G]un
[D] You're out there running just to be on the r[G]un
[D] You're out there running just to be on the r[G]un
[C] [G]



Fish And Whistle- John Prine

Intro:

[G] [C] [G] [C] [G] [D]
 [G] [C] [G] [D] [G]



[G] I been thinking lately bout the [C] people I [G] meet
 The [C] carwash on the [G] corner and the [D] hole in the street
 The [G] way my ankles hurt with [C] shoes on my feet
 And I'm [G] wondering if I'm [D] gonna see tom[G]orrow



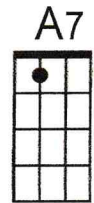
Chorus

[G] Father forgive us for [C] what we must[G] do
 [C] You forgive [G] us and [D] we'll forgive you
 [G]We'll forgive each other till we [C] both turn blue
 Then we'll [G] whistle and go [D] fishing in [G] heaven



Instrumental

[G] I was in the army but I [C] never dug a [G] trench
 [C] I used to bust my [G] knuckles on a [D] monkey wrench
 Then I'd [G] go to town and drink and [C] give the girls a pinch
 But I [G] don't think they [D] ever even [G] noticed me.



Chorus

[D] Fish and whistle whistle and fish
 [G] Eat every thing that they put on your dish
 And [C] when we get through we'll [G] make a big wish
 That we [A7] never have to do this [D7] again. Again? Again??



[G] On my very first job I said [C] "thank you and [G]"please"
 They [C] made scrub a [G] parking lot [D] down on my knees
 [G] Then I got fired for [C] being scared of bees
 And they [G] only give me [D] fifty cents an [G] hour.

Chorus

Instrumental

[D] Fish and whistle whistle and fish
 [G] Eat every thing that they put on your dish
 And [C] when we get through we'll [G] make a big wish
 That we [A7] never have to do this [D7] again. Again? Again??

Chorus

[G] We'll whistle and go [D] fishing in [G] heaven
 [G] We'll whistle and go [D] fishing in [G] heaven

* Sam Stone
John Prine
[F]

Sam Stone came home,
to his w[Bb]ife and family
After s[C7]erving in the conflict overs[F]eas.
And the time that he served,
Had sha[Bb]ttered all his nerves,
And l[C7]eft a little shrapnel in his k[F]nee. [Bb] [F]
But the mor[Bb]hpine eased the pain,
And the grass grew round his brain,
And g[G7]ave him all the confidence he la[C7]cked,
With a P[G7]urple Heart and a monkey on his b[C7]ack.

Chorus:

There's a [F]hole in daddy's arm where all the mo[Gm]ney goes,
Je[Bb]sus Christ died for nothin I sup[C7]pose.
Little pi[F]tchers have big ears,
Don't st[Dm]op to count the years,
Sw[G7]eet songs never last too long on br[C7]oken radios.
Mm[F]m....

Sam S[F]tone's welcome home
Didn't l[Bb]ast too long.
H[C7]e went to work when he'd spent his last d[F]ime
And Sammy took to stealing
When he g[Bb]ot that empty feeling
for a h[C7]undred dollar habit wi[Bb]thout overti[F]me. [Bb] [F]
And the gold ro[Bb]lled through his veins

Like a thousand railroad trains,
And e[G7]ased his mind in the hours that he ch[C7]ose,
While the k[G7]ids ran around wearin' other peoples' clo[C7]thes...

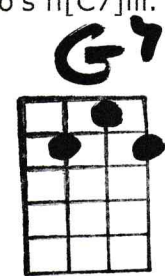
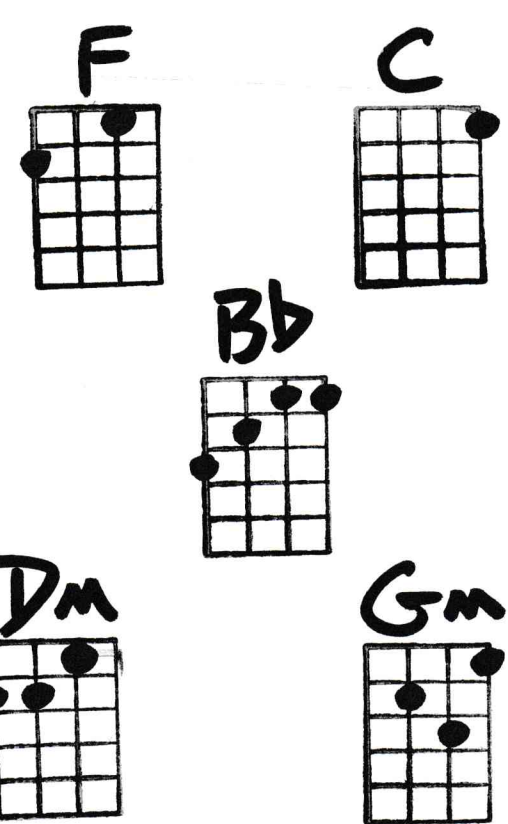
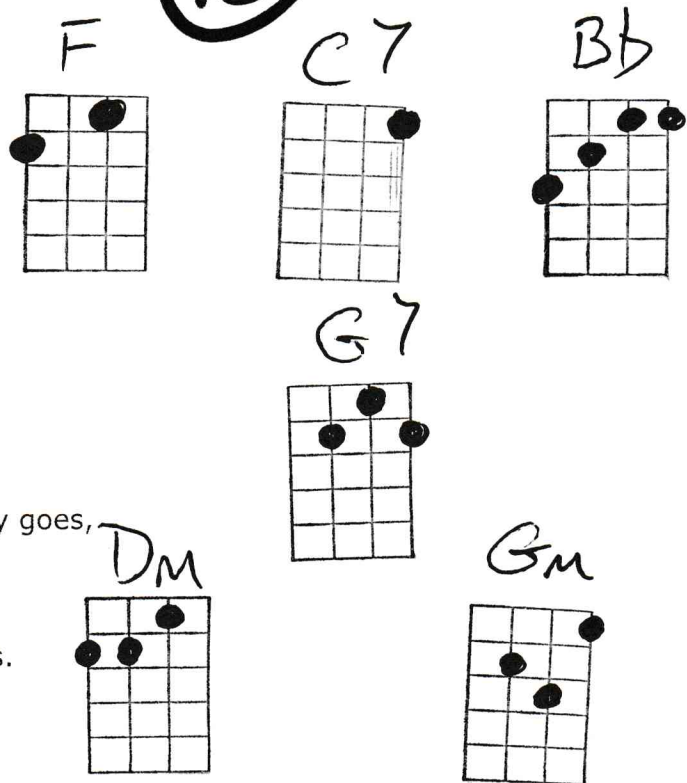
Repeat Chorus:

S[F]am Stone was alone
When he p[Bb]opped his last balloon,
Cl[C7]imbing walls while sitting in a ch[F]air.
Well, he played his last request,
While the r[Bb]oom smelled just like death,
With an ove[C7]rdose hovering in the [F]air. [Bb] [F]
But lif[Bb]e had lost it's fun,
There was nothing to be done,
But t[G7]rade his house that he bought on the GI B[C7]ill,
For a fl[G7]ag-draped casket on a local hero's h[C7]ill.

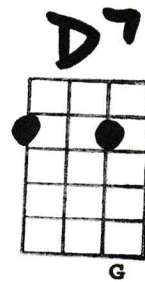
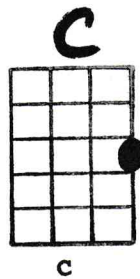
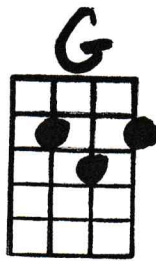
Repeat Chorus:

* Song starts at 1:30
of the video, but
don't miss his story
of touring Washington DC, and visiting the Viet Nam
Veterans Memorial.

16



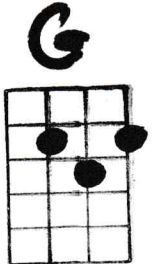
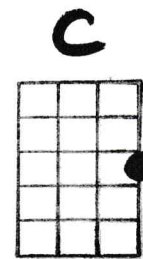
SWEET REVENGE
John Prine



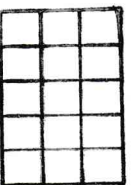
G
I GOT KICKED OFF NOAH'S ARK; I TURN MY CHEEK TO UNKIND REMARKS
G **D7**
THERE WAS TWO OF EVERYTHING BUT ONE OF ME
G
AND WHEN THE RAINS CAME TUMBLING DOWN
C **G**
I HELD MY BREATH AND I STOOD MY GROUND
D7 **C - G**
AND I WATCHED THAT SHIP GO SAILING OUT TO SEEE--EA

Chorus

C **G**
TAKE IT BACK. TAKE IT BACK. OH NO, YOU CAN'T SAY THAT
G **D7**
ALL OF MY FRIENDS ARE NOT DEAD OR IN JAIL
G **C** **G**
THROUGH ROCK AND THROUGH STONE THE BLACK WIND STILL MOANS
D7 **C - G**
SWEET REVENGE, SWEET REVENGE WITHOUT FAIL



G **C** **G**
I CAUGHT AN AISLE SEAT ON A PLANE AND DROVE AN ENGLISH TEACHER HALF INSANE
G **G** **D7**
MAKING UP JOKES ABOUT BICYCLE SPOKES AND RED BALLOONS
G **C** **G**
SO I CALLED UP MY LOCAL DEEJAY AND HE DIDN'T HAVE ALOT TO SAY
D7 **C - G**
BUT THE RADIO HAS LEARNED ALL OF MY FAVORITE TUNES

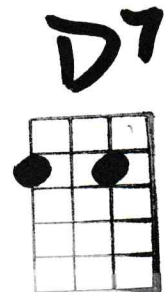
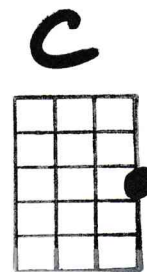
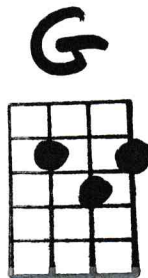


Repeat Chorus:

G **C** **G**
THE WHITE MEAT IS ON THE RUN AND THE DARK MEAT IS FAR TOO DONE
D7
AND THE MILKMAN LEFT ME A NOTE YESTERDAY
G **C** **G**
GET OUT OF THIS TOWN BY NOON; YOU'RE COMING ON WAY TOO SOON
D7 **C - G**
AND BESIDES THAT WE NEVER LIKED YOU ANYWAY

Repeat Chorus:

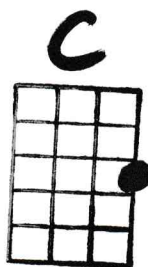
G **D7**
SWEET REVENGE, SWEET REVENGE
C **G**
WILL PREVAIL WITHOUT FAIL



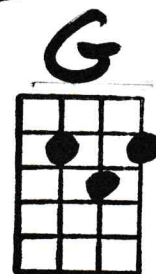
The Great Compromise

John Prine 1972

INTRO: / 1 2 3 /
[C]/[C]/[C]/[F]/
[C]/[C]/[C]/[C]



18 ✓

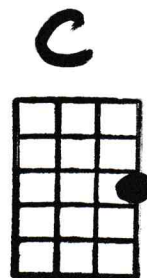


I knew a [C] girl who was almost a lady [C]
She had a [F] way with all the men in her [C] life [C]
Every [G] inch of her blossomed in beauty [G]
She was [F] born on the Fourth of Ju-[C]ly [F]/[C]/[C]

Well she [C] lived in an aluminum house trailer [C]
And she [F] worked in a juke-box sa-[C]loon [C]
And she [G] spent all the money that I'd give her [G]
Just to [F] see the ol' man in the [C] moon [C]

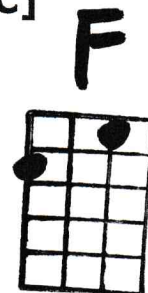
CHORUS:

I used to [C] sleep at the foot of Old Glory [C]
And a-[F]waken at dawn's early [C] light [C]
But much [F] to my surprise when I [C] opened my eyes
I was a [G] victim of the great compro-[C]mise [F]/[C]/[F]/
[C]/[C]



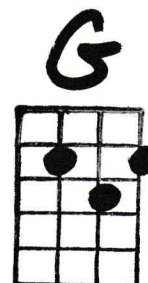
Well we'd [C] go out on Saturday evenings [C]
To the [F] drive-in on Route Forty-[C]one [C]
And it was [G] there, that I first suspected [G]
That she was [F] doin' what she'd already [C] done [F]/[C]/[C]

She said [C] "Johnny won't you get me some popcorn" [C]
And she [F] knew I had to walk pretty [C] far [C]
And as [G] soon as I passed through the moonlight [G]
She hopped [F] into a foreign sports [C] car [C]

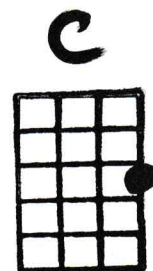


CHORUS:

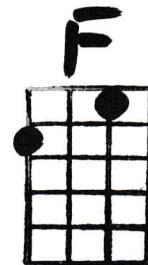
I used to [C] sleep at the foot of Old Glory [C]
And a-[F]waken at dawn's early [C] light [C]
But much [F] to my surprise when I [C] opened my eyes
I was a [G] victim of the great compro-[C]mise [F]/[C]/[F]/
[C]/[C]/[C]/[C]



Well you [C] know, I could'a beat up that fella [C]/[C]
 But it was [F] her that had hopped into his [C] car [C]
 And many [G] times, I'd fought to protect her [G]/[G]
 But [F] this time she was goin' too [C] far [F]/[C]/[C]

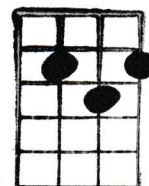


Now [C] some folks they call me a coward [C]/[C]
 'Cause I [F] left her at the drive-in that [C] night [C]
 But I'd [G] druther have names thrown at me [G]/[G]
 Than to [F] fight for a thing that ain't right [C]/[C]



CHORUS:

I used to [C] sleep at the foot of Old Glory [C]
 And a-[F]waken at dawn's early [C] light [C]
 But much [F] to my surprise when I [C] opened my eyes
 I was a [G] victim of the great compro-[C]mise [F]/[C]/[F]/
 [C]/[C]/[C]/[C]

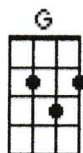
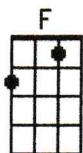
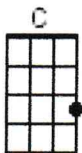


Well she [C] writes all the fellas love letters [C]
 Sayin' [F] "greetings come and see me real [C] soon" [C]
 And they [G] go and line up in the bar-room [G]
 To spend a [F] night in that sick woman's [C] room [F]/[C]/[C]

Well [C] sometimes I get awful lonesome [C]
 And I [F] wish she was my girl in-[C]stead [C]
 But [G] she won't let me live with her [G]
 And she [F] makes me live in my [C] head [C]

CHORUS:

I used to [C] sleep at the foot of Old Glory [C]
 And a-[F]waken at dawn's early [C] light [C]
 But much [F] to my surprise when I [C] opened my eyes
 I was a [G] victim of the great compro-[C]↓mise [F]↓/[C]↓



Illegal Smile

John Prine

Intro:
[C]

[C]When I woke up this morni[G]ng, [F]things were lookin' b[C]ad
[F]Seem like total sil[C]ence was the only fr[G7]iend I h[C]ad
[G]Bowl of oatmeal tr[F]ied to stare me d[C]own... [F]and [C]won
And it was t[G]welve o'clock before I rea[F]lized
That I was ha[C]vin' .. [F]no [C]fun

Chorus:

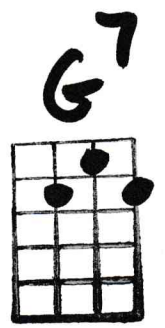
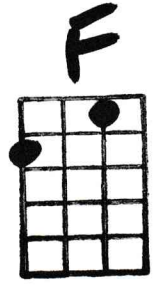
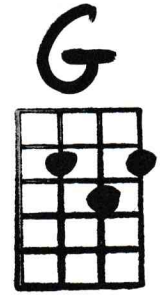
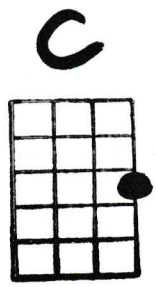
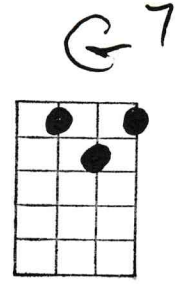
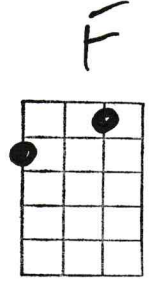
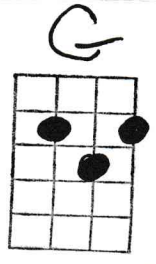
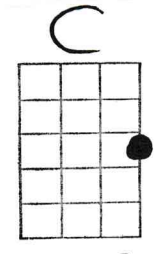
But [G]fortunately I h[C]ave the key to esc[F]ape r[G7]eal[C]ity
And you may [F]see me tonight with an i[C]llegal smile
It don't [G7]cost very much, but it la[C]sts a long while
Won't you p[F]lease tell the man I didn't k[C]ill anyone
No I'm [G]just tryin' to [F]have me some f[C]un[F] [C] [F] [C] [F] [C]

Last[C] time I checked my bank[G]roll,
[F]It was gettin' t[C]hin
Som[F]etimes it seems like the bo[C]ttom
Is the only p[G7]lace I've be[C]en
I C[G]hased a rainbow do[F]wn a one-way st[C]reet... d[F]ead e[C]nd
nd [G]all my friends turned o[F]ut to be insu[C]rance s[F]alesm[C]en

Repeat Chorus:

Well, I [C]sat down in my c[G]loset w[F]ith all my ove[C]ralls
T[F]ryin' to get a[C]way
>From all the ears ins[G7]ide my wa[C]lls
[G]I dreamed the police he[F]ard
Everything I tho[C]ught... w[F]hat t[C]hen?
Well I w[G]ent to court
And the ju[F]dge's name [C]was H[F]off[C]man

Ah but [G]fortunately I h[C]ave the key to esc[F]ape r[G7]eal[C]ity
And you may [F]see me tonight with an i[C]llegal smile
It don't [G7]cost very much, but it la[C]sts a long while
Won't you p[F]lease tell the man I didn't k[C]ill anyone
No I'm [G]just tryin' to [F]have me some f[C]un
W[F]ell d[C]one, h[F]ot dog b[C]un, my si[F]ster's a n[C]un



I Remember Everything

key:C, artist:John Prine writer:John Prine, Pat McLoughlin

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L21Tc_DtL6M Capo 3

Thanks to Steve Walton

[C] [C] [C] [C]*

I've been down this [C] road before
 [C] I remember every [Dm] tree
 [Dm] Every single [G] blade of grass
 [G] Holds a special place for [C] me

[C] And I remember [C] every town
 [C] And every hotel [Dm] room
 [Dm] And every song I [G] ever sang
 [G] On a guitar out of [C] tune

[C] I remember [F] everything
 [F] Things I can't for-[C]get
 [C] The way you turned and [D7] smiled on me
 [D7] On the night that we first [G] met

[G] And I remember [F] every night
 [F] Your ocean eyes of [C] blue
 [C] How I miss you in the [G] morning light
 [G] Like roses miss the [C] dew

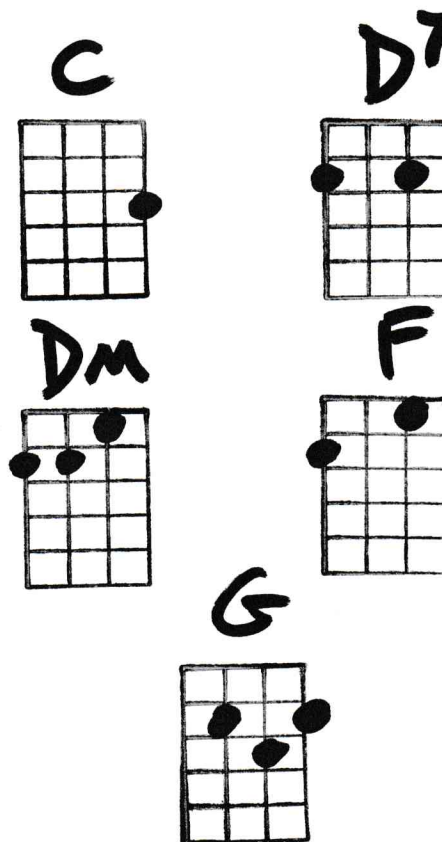
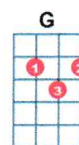
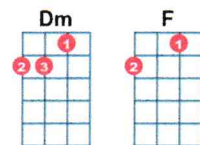
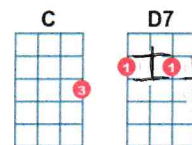
[C] [F] [F] [C] [C] [G] [G] [C]

[C] I've been down this [C] road before
 [C] Alone as I can [Dm] be
 [Dm] Careful not to [G] let my past
 [G] Go sneaking up on [C] me

[C] Got no future in my [C] happiness
 [C] Though regrets are very [Dm] few
 [Dm] Sometimes a little [G] tenderness
 [G] Was the best that I could [C] do

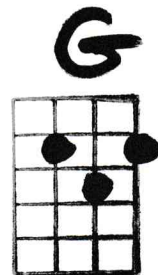
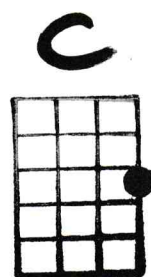
[C] I remember [F] everything
 [F] Things I can't for-[C]get
 [C] Swimming pools of [D7] butterflies
 [D7] That slipped right through the [G] net

[G] And I remember [F] every night
 [F] Your ocean eyes of [C] blue



[C] How I miss you in the [G] morning light
[G] Like roses miss the [C] dew

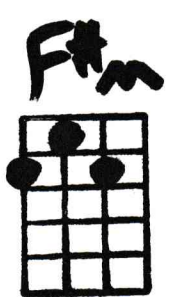
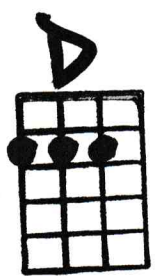
[C] How I miss you in the [G] morning light
[G] Like roses miss the [C] dew [C]*



Summer's End

by John Prine

Intro (Strum) 4/4 time |: D//// |////| F#M//// |//// :| 2 times/2X, or repeated



Summer's end's around the bend just flying

The swimming suits are on the line just drying

I'll meet you there per our conver-sation

I hope I didn't ruin your whole vacation

[Verse 2]

Well you never know how far from home you're feeling

Until you watch the shadows cross the ceiling

Well I don't know, but I can see it snowing

In your car the windows are wide open

[Chorus]

Just come on home come on home

No you don't have to be alone

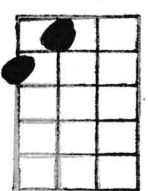
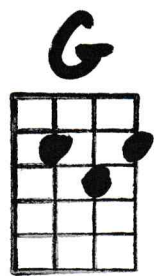
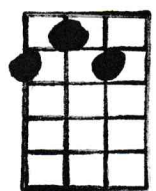
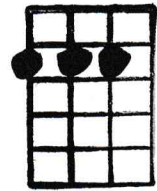
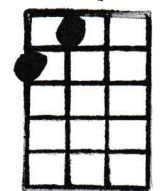
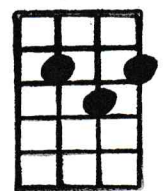
Just come on home.

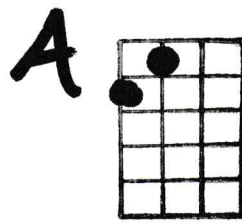
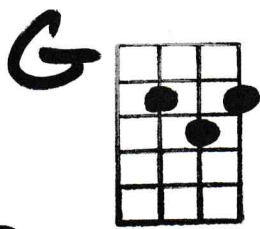
[Verse 3]

Valentines break hearts and minds at random

That ol' Easter egg ain't got a leg to stand on

Well I can see that you can't win for trying



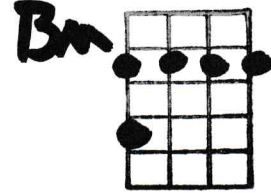
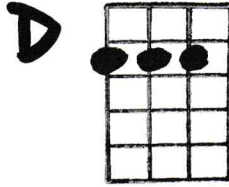


G

A

And New Year's Eve is bound to leave you crying

[Chorus]



Come on home come on home

G

A

No you don't have to be alone

Just come on home. G//// | G//// | A//// | A//// |
G//// | G/// | A//// | A (hold)

[Verse 4]

The moon and stars hang out in bars just talking

I still love that picture of us walking

Just like that ol' house we thought was haunted

Summer's end came faster than we wanted

[Chorus]

Come on home come on home

No you don't have to be alone

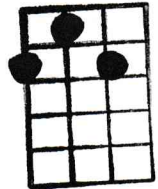
Come on home come on home

No you don't have to be alone

Just come on home.

↓
stop

F#m

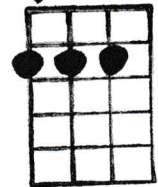


F#m

F#m

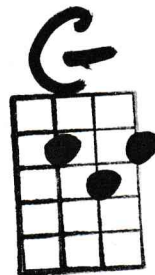
A

D

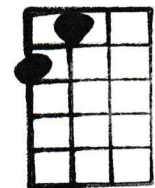


A

Bm



A



When I Get to Heaven

by John Prine



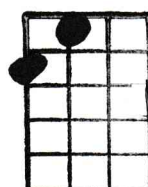
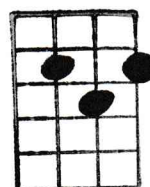
D

When I get to heaven, I'm gonna shake God's hand,
Thank him for more blessings than one man can stand.

Then I'm gonna get a guitar and start a rock 'n' roll band,
Check into a swell hotel: ain't the afterlife grand?

G

A



Chorus -

(And then) I'm gonna get a cocktail, vodka and ginger ale.
Yeah, I'm gonna smoke a cigarette that's nine miles long.
I'm gonna kiss that pretty girl on the tilt-a-whirl.
'Cause this old man is going to town.

D

G

Then as God is my witness, I'm getting back into show business.
I'm gonna open up a nightclub called "The Tree of Forgiveness"
And forgive everybody ever done me any harm.



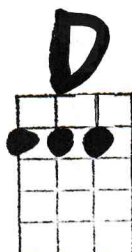
G

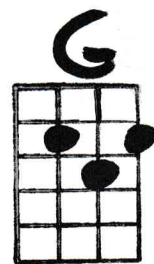
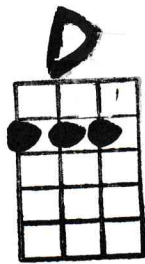
Well, I might even invite a few choice critics, those syphilitic parasitics,
Buy 'em a pint of Smithwick's, and smother 'em with my charm.

Chorus -

Cause I'm ...

Da-da-da-la-da...





G

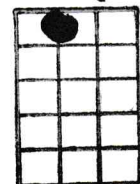
D

A7

Yeah, when I get to heaven, I'm gonna take that wristwatch off my arm.

What are you gonna do with time after you've bought the farm?

A7



G

Then I'm gonna go find my mom and dad and good ol' brother Doug,

A7

Well, I bet him and cousin Jackie are still cutting up a rug.

D

I wanna see all my mama's sisters, 'cause that's where all the love starts.

G

A7

I miss 'em all like crazy, bless their little hearts.

D

And I always will remember these words my daddy said,

G

He said, "Buddy, when you're dead, you're a dead peckerhead!"

A7

I hope to prove him wrong, that is, when I get to heaven...

Chorus -
Cause I'm ...

Doo-doo-la-da-doo...

