

# Donald and Lydia

by John Prine (1971)

*C* *C* *F* *C*  
Small town bright lights Saturday night,  
*C* *C* *D7* *G7*  
Pin balls and pool halls flashing their lights  
*C* *C* *F* *C*  
Making change behind a counter in a penny arcade,  
*C* *C* *G7* *C* *F* *C* *F*  
Sat the fat girl daughter of Virginia and Ray Lydia (spoken)  
*C* *C* *F* *C*  
Lydia hid her thoughts like a cat,  
*C* *C* *D7* *G*  
behind her small eyes sunk deep in her fat  
*C* *C* *F* *C*  
She read a romance magazine up in her room  
*C* *C* *G7* *C* *C7*  
And felt just like Sunday on Saturday afternoon

*F* *F* *C* *C* *G7* *G7* *C* *C7*  
But dreaming just comes natural like the first breath from a baby  
*F* *F* *C* *C* *G7* *G7* *C* *F* *C* *F*  
Like sunshine feeding daisies, like the love hidden deep in your heart

Bunk beds, shaved heads Saturday night  
A warehouse of strangers with sixty-watt lights  
Staring though the ceiling just wanting to be,  
lay a one of too many a young PFC Donald (spoken)  
There were spaces between Donald and whatever he said  
Strangers had forced him to live in his head  
He envisioned the details of romantic scenes after  
midnight in the stillness of the barrack's latrine

Hot love, cold love, no love at all,  
a portrait of guilt is hung on the wall  
Nothing is wrong, nothing is right,  
Donald and Lydia made love that night Love (spoken)  
They made love in the mountains, they made love in the streams  
They made love in the valleys, they made love in their dreams  
But when they were finished, there was nothing to say  
'Cause mostly they made love from ten miles away