

Blow Up Your T.V.

J. Prine (klr)

She was a [G] level headed dancer on the [C] road to alcohol  
And [D] I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal [G]  
Well, she pressed her chest against me, about the [C] time the juke  
box broke  
She [D] give me a peck on the back of the neck and these are the  
words she [G] spoke

[G] Blow up your tv, throw away your paper  
Go to the [D] country and build you a [G] home  
Plant a little garden, eat a lotta peaches  
Try and find [D] Jesus, on your [G] own

I [G] sat there at the table and I [C] acted real niave  
Cause I [D] knew that topless lady, she had something up her sleeve  
[G]  
She danced around the room awhile and she [C] did the hoochy cooch  
And [D] sing a song all night long, telling me what to [G] do

[G] Blow up your tv, throw away your paper  
Go to the [D] country and build you a [G] home  
Plant a little garden, eat a lotta peaches  
Try and find [D] Jesus, on your [G] own

But [G] I was young and a [C] bout to leave that place  
[D] Just as I was going, she looked me in the face [G]  
I said "You must know the answer", she said [C] "no, but I'll give it  
A try."  
And [D] to this day, we've been living our way, here is the reason  
[G] why

We blew up the [G] tv, threw away the paper  
Went to the [D] country, built us a [G] home  
Had a lotta children, fed them on peaches  
They all found [D] Jesus, on their [G] own [C] - [G]