

# Spanish Pipedream

(D)She was a level-headed dancer on the (G)road to alcohol  
And (A)I was just a soldier on my way to (D)Montreal  
Well she pressed her chest against me  
About the (G)time the juke box broke  
She (A)gave me a peck on the back of the neck  
And (A7)these are the words she (D)spoke

Chorus:

Blow up your (D)TV throw away your paper  
Go to the (A)country, build you a (D)home  
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches  
And try to find (A)Jesus on your (D)own (A D)

Well, I (D)sat there at the table and I (G)acted real naive  
For I (A)knew that topless lady had something up her (D)sleeve  
Well, she (D)danced around the bar room and she (G)did the hoochy-coo  
She (A)sang her song (A7)all night long, tellin' me what to (D)do

Repeat chorus:

Well, (D)I was young and hungry and (G)about to leave that place  
When (A)just as I was leavin', well she looked me in the (D)face  
I said "You must know the answer."  
"She said, "(G)No but I'll give it a try."  
And to (A)this very day we've been livin' our way  
And (A7)here is the reason (D)why

We (D)blew up our TV threw away our paper  
Went to the (A)country, built us a (D)home  
Had a lot of children, fed 'em on peaches  
They all found (A)Jesus on their (D)own  
They all found (A)Jesus on their (D)own