

Leave the Lights On

John Prine

Feeling kind of bony
On the telephoney
Talking to Marconi
Eating Rice-a-Roni
Nominated for a Tony
For acting like a phoney
Watching Twilight Zoney
On my forty-two inch Sony
This is just a long song
It ain't no poem
Leave the lights on till your baby gets home

It's like sitting in the kitchen
When the music's really bitchin'
Your nose it starts to itchin'
As you count your old age pension
Did I forget to mention
The ride that I was hitchin'
To the Aluminum convention
I had such good intention
Keep your cotton pickin' fingers off
My song poem
And leave the lights on till your baby gets home

Leave the lights on till your baby gets home
Leave the lights on till your baby gets home
Don't forget your toothbrush
Your hairbrush and your comb
Leave the lights on till your baby gets home
Got a big ol' dog
A chrome crowbar
I keep that mother humper in the back seat of my car

Me and Billy Shakespeare
Stepped out to get a root beer
We sat together so near
People thought we were queer
Punctuated by the big scare
We joined the Air Force right there
To defend our country first class
Who couldn't give a rat's ass
Don't you tell me that the White House is my home
Leave the lights on till your baby gets home
Leave the lights on till your baby gets home
Leave the lights on till your baby gets home
Don't forget your toothbrush
Your hairbrush and your comb
Leave the lights on till your baby gets home
Got a big ol' dog
A big iron bar
I keep that mother humper in the back seat of my car
It's like kissing Greta Garbo with a mouth full of marbles
Like trying to cash a paycheck in the middle of a train wreck
Leave the lights on
Leave the lights on

Like trying to get aroundo in a car made of bondo

Like speaking German lingo to a dog named Dingo - Plotz!!
Leave the lights on
Leave the lights on

Like a French fried quesadilla
In a franchised pizzeria
Leave the lights on
Leave the lights on

A big iron bar
I keep that mother humper in the back seat of my car.