

## Storm Windows

John Prine

I can hear the wheels  
Of the automobiles  
So far away -  
Just moving along through the drifting snow  
It's times like these  
When the temperatures freeze  
I sit alone just looking at the world  
Through a storm window  
And down on the beach  
The sandman sleeps  
Time don't fly  
It bounds and leaps  
And a country band  
That plays for keeps  
They play it so slow

Don't let your baby down  
Don't let your baby down  
Don't let your baby down

Well, the spirits were high  
'til the well went dry  
For so long the raven at my window  
Was only a crow  
I bought the rights  
To the inside fights  
And watched a man  
Just beating his hand  
Against a storm window  
While miles away  
O'er hills and streams  
A candle burns  
A witch's dreams  
And silence is golden  
Till it screams  
Right through your bones

Don't let your baby down  
Don't let your baby down  
Don't let your baby down

Storm windows - Gee but I'm getting old  
Storm windows - keep away the cold