

Take the Star Out of the Window

John Prine

Robert was a sailor
For the best years of his life
His captain was his mother
And the ocean was his wife
Only fresh out of the cradle
Life's one and only spring
He was sworn to do his duty
And got blood on his high school ring

And it's hello California
Hello Dad and Mom
Ship ahoy
Your baby boy
Is home from Vietnam
Don't you ask me any questions
'Bout the medals on my chest
Take the star out of the window
And let my conscience take a rest

Now he sailed across the ocean
To the old far eastern war
And it was foreign to his body
It was foreign to his shore
So he traded in the present
For the better times he'd seen
And made an oriental waitress
His own home comin' queen

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