

# John Prine, Leave The Lights On

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.