

John Prine, Storm Windows

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

Chorus:
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

Repeat Chorus:

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