

# John Prine, He Was In Heaven Before He Died

There's a rainbow of babies  
Draped over the graveyard  
Where all the dead sailors  
Wait for their brides  
And the cold bitter snow  
Has strangled each grassblade  
Where the salt from their tears  
Washed out with the tide

Chorus

And I smiled on the Wabash  
The last time I passed it  
Yes I gave her a wink  
From the passenger side  
And my foot fell asleep  
As I swallowed my candy  
Knowing he was in heaven  
Before he died

Now the harbor's on fire  
With the dreams and desires  
Of a thousand young poets  
Who failed 'cause they tried  
For a rhyme without reason  
Floats down to the bottom  
Where the scavengers eat 'em  
And wash in with the tide

Repeat Chorus:

The sun can play tricks  
With your eyes on the highway  
The moon can lay sideways  
Till the ocean stands still  
But a person can't tell  
His best friend he loves him  
Till time has stopped breathing  
You're alone on the hill

Repeat Chorus: