

# John Prine, The Oldest Baby In The World

She's got the mind of a child  
And a body peaking over the hill  
Well, she would if she could  
And she should but nobody will  
With her nails painted red  
And her hair so unnaturally curled  
Well I think that she may be  
The oldest baby in the world

She's tasted the night life  
But it's left her with nothing but hunger  
And all the available men  
Seem to think that they want something younger  
But youth is a costume  
And the beauty within lies unfurled  
And I think that she may be  
The oldest baby in the world

Fast horses win races  
And royal flushes beat aces  
And everyone's playing to keep  
So let's turn out the lights  
And rock that old baby to sleep

She loves the sound of the rain  
But you know she's still afraid of the thunder  
She keeps a head full of hope  
And a heart that's so full of wonder  
She may look like a woman  
But she's still some daddy's little girl  
And I think that she may be  
The oldest baby in the world  
Yes, I think that she may be  
The oldest baby in the world