

Blow Up Your TV (Spanish Pipe Dream)

John Denver

She was a levelheaded dancer on the road to alcohol,
I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal.
Well, she pressed her chest against me about the time the jukebox broke.
She gave me a peck on the back of the neck, and these are the words she spoke.

Blow up your TV, throw away your paper, go to the country, build you a home.
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches, try and find Jesus on your own.

I sat there at the table, and I acted real naive.
Cause I knew that topless lady, she had something up her sleeve.
She danced around the room awhile and she did the hoochy coo.
Yeah, singing a song all night long, telling me what to do.

Blow up your TV, throw away your paper, go to the country, build you a home.
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches, try and find Jesus on your own.

Well, I was young and hungry, and about to leave that place.
Just as I was going. she looked me in the face.
I said "You must know the answer," she said "No, but I'll give it a try."
To this day we've been living our way, here is the reason why.

We blew up your TV, threw away your paper, went to the country, build us a home.
Had a lot of children, fed 'em on peaches, they all found Jesus on their own.