

## Take the Star Out of the Window

John Prine

Robert was a sailor  
For the best years of his life  
His captain was his mother  
And the ocean was his wife  
Only fresh out of the cradle  
Life's one and only spring  
He was sworn to do his duty  
And got blood on his high school ring

And it's hello California  
Hello Dad and Mom  
Ship ahoy  
Your baby boy  
Is home from Vietnam  
Don't you ask me any questions  
'Bout the medals on my chest  
Take the star out of the window  
And let my conscience take a rest

Now he sailed across the ocean  
To the old far eastern war  
And it was foreign to his body  
It was foreign to his shore  
So he traded in the present  
For the better times he'd seen  
And made an oriental waitress  
His own home comin' queen

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