

Donald And Lydia

Bb Eb Bb
Small town, bright lights, Saturday night,
C F
Pinballs and pool halls flashing their lights.
Bb Eb Bb
Making change behind the counter in a penny
arcade
F Bb
Sat the fat girl daughter of Virginia and Ray

Bb Eb Bb
Lydia hid her thoughts like a cat
C F
Behind her small eyes sunk deep in her fat.
Bb Eb Bb
She read romance magazines up in her room
F Bb
And felt just like Sunday on Saturday afternoon.

Chorus:
Eb Bb
But dreaming just comes natural
F Bb
Like the first breath from a baby,
Eb Bb
Like sunshine feeding daisies,
F Bb
Like the love hidden deep in your heart.

Bb Eb Bb
Bunk beds, shaved heads, Saturday night,
C F
a warehouse of strangers with sixty watt lights.
Bb Eb Bb
Staring through the ceiling, just wanting to be
F Bb
Lay one of too many, a young PFC.

Bb Eb Bb
There were spaces between Donald and whatever
he said.
C F
Strangers had forced him to live in his head.
Bb Eb Bb
He envisioned the details of romantic scenes
F Bb
After midnight in the stillness of the barracks
latrine.

(Repeat Chorus)

Bb Eb Bb
Hot love, cold love, no love at all.
C F
A portrait of guilt is hung on the wall.
Bb Eb Bb
Nothing is wrong, nothing is right.
F Bb
Donald and Lydia made love that night.

Bb Eb Bb
They made love in the mountains, they made love
in the streams,
C F
They made love in the valleys, they made love in
their dreams.
Bb Eb Bb
But when they were finished there was nothing to
say,
F Bb
Cause mostly they made love from ten miles
away.

(Repeat Chorus)