

In Spite of Ourselves,
we'll end up
sitting on a
Rainbow

AGAINST ALL ODDS, HONEY,
WE'RE *the* BIG DOOR PRIZE.
WE'RE GONNA SPITE OUR NOSES
RIGHT OFF *of* OUR FACES.
THERE WON'T BE NOTHING *but*
BIG OLD HEARTS
DANCING *in* OUR EYES.

-john prine-