

# Alison Krauss, Heartstrings

Way up north where the snow flies and the sun don't hardly shine  
If it weren't for my true love, I'd long ago lost my mind  
I'd long ago lost my mind

There's good folks here, good folks there, most everywhere I go  
But the land of my heart is down where the snow white cotton grows  
Where the snow white cotton grows

When the river runs over from the melting snow, we'll take to the higher ground  
When the water goes down again we'll saddle our old paint  
We'll be homeward bound  
Me and my love will be homeward bound

Heartstrings hold tighter than the roots of a live oak tree  
Holdin' through tornado winds  
Tougher than timber, stronger than steel  
They'll guide me back southward again  
They'll guide me back southward again

When the river runs over from the melting snow, we'll take to the higher ground  
And when the water goes down again we'll saddle our old paint  
We'll be homeward bound  
Me and my love will be homeward bound