

# Nanci Griffith, Banks Of The Pontchartrain

I'm goin' back where my garden blooms all year  
Where the wintertime speaks softly in the fallin' rain  
I'm goin' back to my green eyed lover there  
and we will dance along the banks of old Lake Pontchartrain

Oh, I've grown pale beneath the streets of Montreal  
Where the voices ring like bells in French-Canadian  
And the rivers stand imprisoned till the thaws  
I am alone at night and dream of my own Pontchartrain

Chorus:

Take me to the station... I am late to catch my southbound train  
Oh, I'm gonna call my cousin Libby  
she will be waiting by the tracks when I roll in  
I'm gonna roll across America  
just to stand beside my Pontchartrain again

These old rails shake like thunder through the night  
Soon I'll have my green eyed lover's arms to comfort me  
Oh, I can see my cousin Libby by his side  
her hair will flow in waves like on Lake Pontchartrain

(Repeat chorus)

I'm goin' back where my garden blooms all year  
Where the wintertime speaks softly in the fallin' rain  
I'm goin' back to my green eyed lover there  
and we will dance along the banks of old Lake Pontchartrain  
yes, we will dance along the banks of old Lake Pontchartrain  
we will dance along the banks of old Lake Pontchartrain  
and here comes the train