

Nanci Griffith, Old Hanoi

Where are all the Satchel Boys
Selling books outside the Metropole?
Books to read in English
Books of light and sorrows
Of this foreign land
They are gone
They've flown away

Where are all the cyclos
With their drivers pedaling grace?
Crowded out by motorbike
Confined to lesser space
In old Hanoi
They grew wings
They've flown away

(chorus)
In the words of Graham Greene
Like the Quiet American
Searching these sacred streets
For old Hanoi

In all of these sacred things
That I've been blessed in life to see
I believe I'm in someone's dream
In history

Where is the eloquence
Of the ladies on their bicycles?
Dressed in their au dias
In the lotus flowered nights
Of Indochine
They rode to progress
They've flown away

(chorus)

Old Hanoi searching for Indochine
Old Hanoi cherchant l' Indochine
In old Hanoi
In old Hanoi