

# Nanci Griffith, Old Hanoi

Where are all the Satchel Boys  
Selling books outside the Metripole?  
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 Hanoisearching for Indochine  
Old Hanoicherchant l' Indochine  
In old Hanoi  
In old Hanoi