

# Nanci Griffith, On Grafton Street

On Grafton Street at Christmas time  
The elbows push you 'round.  
This is not my place of memories -  
I'm a stranger in this town.  
The faces seem familiar,  
And I know those songs they're playing.  
But I close my eyes and find myself  
Five thousand miles away.  
It's funny how my world goes 'round without you -  
You're the one thing I never thought I could live without.  
I just found this smile to think about you;  
You're a Saturday night far from the madding crowd.  
The buskers sing by candle light  
In front of Bewley's Store,  
And a young nun offers me a chair  
At a table by the door.  
And I feel compelled to tell her  
Of the sisters that we knew,  
How when they lit their candles  
I'd say a prayer for you.  
It's funny how my world goes 'round without you -  
You're the one thing I never thought I could live without.  
I just found this smile to think about you;  
You're a Saturday night far from the madding crowd.  
The church bells ring for holy hour,  
I'm back out in the rain.  
It's been twenty years or more  
Since I last said your name.  
I hear you live near Dallas now  
In a house out on the plains;  
Why Grafton Street brought you to mind  
I really can't explain.  
It's funny how my world goes 'round without you -  
You're the one thing I never thought I could live without.  
I just found this smile to think about you;  
You're a Saturday night far from the madding crowd.  
On Grafton Street at Christmas time  
The elbows push you 'round.  
All I carry now are memories -  
I'm a stranger to this town.