

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.