

Nanci Griffith, St. Olav's Gate

Drinking black market vodka in the back of the Scotsman's saloon
Then it's red meat and whiskey like a coyote drunk on the moon
Outside in Oslo the buskers' all sing the same tune
And it's Waltzin' Matilda while the bagpipes play old Clare de Lune

She was a lady, she came down from Bergen she said
She spoke little English, they laughed and drank whiskey instead
In the mornin' he found it... a rose with a note on his plate
It said, "meet me at midnight on the corner of St. Olav's Gate"

Here's to the ladys you love and don't see again
The night is warm whiskey... the mornin's a cold bitter wind
The blue eyed madonna leaves town while the drunken man waits
Leaves him standing alone in the shadows of St. Olav's Gate

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