

Nanci Griffith, The Road To Aberdeen

Oh, I thought I saw my mother's eyes
On the road to Aberdeen
And they did shine above a stranger's smile
The color of the sea
And one day I'll take my mother there
To see what I have seen
The eyes of her great grandfather
On the road to Aberdeen

I thought I heard my father's voice
Along the coast of Wales
Singing sweet of tenor in a Cardiff pub
With the wind the gust of gales

One day I'll take my father there
To sing the harmony
He'll sing high above the water
In his grandfather's voice he'll sing

Old land you are holy
To the children 'cross the sea
Old land may the seas understand
We are all one family

In a flower shop in Amsterdam
I saw grandmother's hands
They were the finest pale of porcelain
With a small gold wedding band
And the tulip that I purchased there
Is pressed up on a page
In a book of psalms grandmother saved
From her grandmother's Holland days

Now my sister has grandmother's hands
And the skin of ivory
While my brother has my mother's eyes
They're the color of the sea

Me, I have my father's voice (and his legs)
To the coast of Wales I sing
And I do cherish these remembrances
On this road to Aberdeen

Old land you are holy
To the children 'cross the sea
Old land may the seas understand
We are all one family