

Nanci Griffith, Year Down In New Orleans

I truly need ... a year down in New Orleans,
the hum of a southern drawl that I could understand
And should you meet ... my sweetheart in New Orleans
kindly pass my heart into the safety of his hands

I remember clover ... in the fields south of New Orleans
and we ran so blindly through the fields of summer cane
Now when I'm lonely ... I send my heart down to New Orleans
to chase my memories alone down through my dreams

How I miss the clarity I left there in my youth
Will there be another heart who can endure my solitude?
His roses grow ... so lovely in New Orleans
their petals do recall the mysteries in his eyes

Now, should you go ... to that garden in New Orleans
kindly tend a rose beside his heart for me ... and sigh