## John Hiatt, All The Lilacs In Ohio

You met her there on a New York City stair You were throwing up on your shoes Trying to write the great book Well it really had you shook With a bad case of wintertime blues

So you dragged her down to the ragged side of town Shaped a taxi to carry her home And she left her handkerchief There beside you on the seat As if to emphasize that you were all alone It smelled like springtime and you were just a boy

And all the lilacs in Ohio
All the lilacs in Ohio
There you go
In the city streets with the dirty winter snow
All the lilacs in Ohio

She is the love story you speak of When you talk to Sam at the bar But it's in the details your story always fails Yeah close but no cigar

You might see your own ass in a double whiskey glass But you cannot erase her smile And you'll never write it down Never find her in this town Of phantom dreams and fingernail files It was springtime and you were just a boy

And all the lilacs in Ohio
All the lilacs in Ohio
There you go
In city streets with the dirty winter snow
All the lilacs in Ohio

You pin her handkerchief to clean white linen sheets And you unmake your bed and crawl in You imagine her there and you're tangled in her hair And she smells like flowers again And it's springtime and you were just a boy

And All the lilacs in Ohio
All the lilacs in Ohio
There you go
In the city streets with the dirty winter snow
All the lilacs in Ohio