

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