Mike Scott, Girl From The North Country

(Bob Dylan)

If you're travelling in the north country fair
where the wind sweeps heavy on the border line
Remember me to the one who lives there
she once was a true love of mine

If you're travelling in the snow-flake storm
where the rivers freeze and the summer ends
See for me that she's wearing a cloak that is warm
to keep her from the howlin' wind

See for me if her hair is hanging low
if it curls and it tumbles all the way to her breast
See for me if her hair is hanging low
'cos that's the way that I remember her best

I'm wondering if she remembers me at all
the many times I've often strayed
In the stillness of my night
and in the darkness of my day

So if you're travelling in the north country fair
where the wind sweeps heavy on the border line
Remember me to the one who lives there
for she once was a true love of mine