

Outside The Nashville City Limits

Joan Baez

Outside the Nashville city limits
A friend and I did drive,
On a day in early winter
I was glad to be alive.
We went to see some friends of his
Who lived upon a farm.
Strange and gentle country folk
Who would wish nobody harm.
Fresh-cut sixty acres,
Eight cows in the barn.
But the thing that I remember
On that cold day in December
Was that my eyes they did brim over
As we talked.

In the slowest drawl I had ever heard
The man said "Come with me
If y'all wanna see the prettiest place
In all of Tennessee."
He poured us each a glass of wine
And a-walking we did go,
Along fallen leaves and crackling ice
Where a tiny brook did flow.
He knew every inch of the land
And Lord he loved it so.
But the thing that I remember
On that cold day in December
Was that my eyes were brimming over
As we walked.

He set my down upon a stone
Beside a running spring.
He talked in a voice so soft and clear
Like the waters I heard sing.
He said "We searched quite a time
For a place to call our own.
There was just me and Mary John
And now I guess we're home."
I looked at the ground and wondered
How many years they each had roamed.
And Lord I do remember
On that day in late December
How my eyes kept brimming over
As we talked.
As we walked.

And standing there with outstretched arms
He said to me "You know,
I can't wait till the heavy storms
Cover the ground with snow,
And there on the pond the watercress
Is all that don't turn white.
When the sun is high you squint your eyes
And look at the hills so bright."
And nodding his head my friend said,
"And it seems like overnight
That the leaves come out so tender

At the turning of the winter..."
I thought the skies they would brim over
As we talked.