

Banks Of The Pontchartrain

Nanci Griffith

Well I'm goin' back where my garden blooms all year
Where the wintertime speaks softly in the fallin' rain
And I'm goin' back to my green eyed lover there
We will dance along the banks of old Lake Pontchartrain

As I've grown pale beneath the streets of Montreal
Where the voices ring like bells in French-Canadian
And the rivers stand imprisoned till the thaws
I am alone at night and dream of my own Pontchartrain

Take me to the station
I am late to catch my southbound train
And I'm gonna call my cousin Libby
She will be waiting by the tracks when I roll in
Oh I'm gonna roll across America
Just to stand beside my Pontchartrain again

These old rails shake like thunder through the night
Soon I'll have my green eyed lover's arms to comfort me
Oh, I can see my cousin Libby by his side
Oh her hair will flow in waves like on Lake Pontchartrain

Take me to the station
I am late to catch my southbound train
And I'm gonna call my cousin Libby
She will be waiting by the tracks when I roll in
Oh I'm gonna roll across America
Just to stand beside my Pontchartrain again

Well I'm goin' back where my garden blooms all year
Where the wintertime speaks softly in the fallin' rain
I'm goin' back to my green eyed lover there
We will dance along the banks of old Lake Pontchartrain
Yes, we will dance along the banks of old Lake Pontchartrain
Yes, we will dance along the banks of old Lake Pontchartrain

And here comes the train, and it goes