

St. Olav's Gate (feat. Nanci Griffith)

Tom Russell

Drinking black market vodka in the back of the Scotsman's saloon
Then it's red meat and whiskey like a coyote drunk on the moon
Outside in Oslo the buskers' all sing the same tune
And it's Waltzin' Matilda while the bagpipes play old Clare de Lune
She was a lady, she came down from Bergen she said
She spoke little English, they laughed and drank whiskey instead
In the mornin' he found it, a rose with a note on his plate
It said, "meet me at midnight on the corner of St. Olav's Gate"[Repeat: x2]
Here's to the ladys you love and don't see again
The night is warm whiskey, the mornin's a cold bitter wind
The blue eyed madonna leaves town while the drunken man waits
Leaves him standing alone in the shadows of St. Olav's Gate

Lyrics provided by

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