

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

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