

Arianne

Steve Earle

It's getting light, it's getting late
And I've looked everywhere and called her name
Her dad the doctor's down
The sheriff's standing 'round
Arianne
We sat by the river's edge
I slipped in and she slipped off her dress
She stepped cautiously
Into that shining stream
Arianne
There's a place that I can go
Where her memory still flows

It cuts a deeper path
With every season past
Arianne
I can see her as she sleeps
A face as still as that river is deep
Leaves are turning 'round
White arms, hair of brown
Arianne
There's a place that I can go
Where her memory still flows
It cuts a deeper path
With every season past
Arianne

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