Going Back To Harlan

Emmylou Harris

There where no cuckoos, no sycamores
We played about the forest floor
Underneath the silver maples, the balsams and the sky
We popped the heads off dandelions
Assuming roles from nursery rhymes
Rested on the riverbank
And grew up by and by, and grew up by and by
Frail my heart apart
And play me a little shady grove
Ring the bells of rhymney
Till they ring inside my head forever
Bounce the bow, rock the gallows
For the hangman's reel
And wake the devil from his dream
I'm going back to Harlan
I'm going back to Harlan
I'm going back to Harlan
And if you were Willie Moore
And I was Barbara Allen
Or Fair Ellen all sad at the cabin door
A weepin' and a-pinn', for love
A weepin' and a-pinn', for love

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