Old Hanoi

Nanci Griffith

Where are all the Satchel Boys
Selling books outside the Metripole?
Books to read in English, books of light and sorrows
Of this foreign land and they are gone and they've flown awayWhere are all the cyclos
With their drivers pedaling grace?
Crowded out by motorbike, confined to lesser space
In old Hanoi and they grew wings and they've flown awayAnd in the words of Graham Greene
Like the Quiet American
Who's searching these sacred streets
For old HanoiAnd in all of these sacred things
That I've been blessed in life to see
I believe Im in someones dream
In historyWhere is the eloquence
Of the ladies on their bicycles?
Dressed in their au dias in the lotus flowered nights
Of Indochine and they rode to progress and they've flown awayAnd in the words of Graham Greene
Like the Quiet American
Who's searching these sacred streets
For old Hanoi, old Hanoi, old Hanoi
Searching for Indochine, the old Hanoi
Cherchant l Indochine, in old Hanoi, in old Hanoi

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