

# Elizabeth

## Indigo Girls

Three streets off the grid, we were barely kids  
But we were old enough to drink in Louisiana  
We listened to 'The King Must Die', 'On the Willows' drank the wine  
We could afford from the work study manna Were we young but not that young  
To be cutting our fingers and mixing our blood  
Climbing the fence of the St. Louis cemetery  
We caught on my heart's desire  
Big as the 1788 fire  
Put on little quennie and bring me another whiskey  
Elizabeth, the last I heard, you're in Savannah  
You got married after art school happily  
I didn't want to look you up, I'm pretty sure it's just enough  
That I remember you fondly I didn't have a car, but I did have a guitar  
And I played to my advantage when you let me  
I only stayed 2 years, but it still appears  
After all of this time the memories still get me I was young but not that young  
To be tied in a knot that was coming undone  
The spooks and haunts that vexed me veiled my eyes  
It was always dark back then  
It was always 3 am  
I shake my head to think I made it out alive  
Out at night under the lights  
Some band is singing a memory  
Everybody hits record to play it back over time But when I look back on our dance  
I only wanna hear that music once  
And remember it forever in my mind  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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