Julie Anne

Nanci Griffith

An urban light hit's a bartender's smile
'Cause it's closin' time again
Last call rang out such a long time ago
In the heart of Julie AnneNow she waits inside this midnight glow
To steal her dance of grace
White satin gloves on her hands these days
To cover the dancer's ageThe wintertime's so sweet
Even wino's have their needs
They pretend that she is younger
When they are lonely
The bar room floor's her home
When the lights are low they'll call for more
How it hurt's to hear them say she is only
Old Julie AnneMen don't fear the wells of time
For the years will bring them something
(Something)
While the women count their wrinkles
And the children in their homesBut if I'm blinded here tomorrow
I am blessed in the beauty of chance
To remember the hands of a bird in flight
In the dance of Julie AnneThe wintertime's so sweet
Even wino's have their needs
They pretend that she is younger
When they are lonely
The bar room floor's her home
When the lights are low they'll call for more
How it hurt's to hear them say she is only
Old Julie AnneOh, Julie Anne
Don't go to sleep
Just pick your heart up off that wino's knee
And let the whiskey be your lover
Who makes the winter sweet
And warms a dancer's feet

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