

# Year Down In New Orleans

[Nanci Griffith](#)

I truly need a year down in New Orleans  
The hum of a southern drawl that I could understand  
And should you meet my sweetheart in New Orleans  
Kindly pass my heart into the safety of his hands I remember clover in the fields south of New Orleans  
And we ran so blindly through the roads of summer cane  
Now when I'm lonely I send my heart down to New Orleans  
To chase my memories alone down through my dreams How I miss the clarity I left there in my youth  
Will there be another heart who can endure my solitude? His roses grow so lovely in New Orleans  
Their petals do recall the mysteries in his eyes  
So should you go to that garden in New Orleans  
Kindly tend a rose beside his heart for me and sigh

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