

# St. Olav's Gate

Tom Russell

Drinking black market vodka in the back of the Scotsman's saloon  
Then it's red meat and whiskey like a coyote drunk on the moon  
Outside in Oslo the buskers' all sing the same tune  
And it's Waltzin' Matilda while the bagpipes play old Clare de Lune  
She was a lady, she came down from Bergen she said  
She spoke little English, they laughed and drank whiskey instead  
In the mornin' he found it, a rose with a note on his plate  
It said, "meet me at midnight on the corner of St. Olav's Gate"[Repeat: x2]  
Here's to the ladys you love and don't see again  
The night is warm whiskey, the mornin's a cold bitter wind  
The blue eyed madonna leaves town while the drunken man waits  
Leaves him standing alone in the shadows of St. Olav's Gate

Songwriters

TOM RUSSELL Published by

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