

Her Hair Was Red

Emmylou Harris & Rodney Crowell

I walked across the bridge to the island
And sat down in the grass by the old homestead
I listened to the song of the cicadas
And thought about the one whose hair was redThis is where she gave birth to my father
Back when she was just a newly wed
You wouldn't know it looking at this picture
That her eyes were blue, hair was redYou wouldn't know she traveled far and wide
You wouldn't know she lived here all her life
There is so much you'll never know about her
So much left to say that's left unsaidBut I have got this picture in my memory
And her eyes are blue, her hair is redYes her eyes
Were baby blue, and was hair
Was red

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