

# 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 red This 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 red You 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 unsaid But I have got this picture in my memory  
And her eyes are blue, her hair is red Yes her eyes  
Were baby blue, and was hair  
Was red

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