

Goin' Back to Harlan

Emmylou Harris

There where no cuckoos, no sycamores
We played about the forest floor
Underneath the silver maples, the balsams and the sky We popped the heads off dandelions
Assuming roles from nursery rhymes
Rested on the riverbank and grew up by
And by and grew up by and by Frail my heart apart
And play me a little shady grove
Ring the bells of Rhymney
Till they ring inside my head forever Bounce the bow, rock the gallows
For the hangman's reel
And wake the devil from his dream I'm goin' back to Harlan
I'm goin' back to Harlan
I'm goin' back to Harlan And if you were Willie Moore
And I was Barbara Allen or Fair Ellen
All sad at the cabin door
A-weepin' and a-pinin', for love
A-weepin' and a-pinin', for love Frail my heart apart
And play me a little shady grove
Ring the bells of rhymney
Till they ring inside my head forever Bounce the bow, rock the gallows
For the hangman's reel
And wake the devil from his dream I'm goin' back to Harlan
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Songwriters

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