

# Emmylou Harris, Goin' Back To Harlan

(Anna McCarrigle)

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 going back to Harlan  
I'm going back to Harlan  
I'm going 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