

## Watchtower

### "Girl From The North Country"

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(Bob Dylan)

If you're travelling in the north country fair  
where the wind sweeps heavy on the border line  
Remember me to the one who lives there  
she once was a true love of mine

If you're travelling in the snow-flake storm  
where the rivers freeze and the summer ends  
See for me that she's wearing a cloak that is warm  
to keep her from the howlin' wind

See for me if her hair is hanging low  
if it curls and it tumbles all the way to her breast  
See for me if her hair is hanging low  
'cos that's the way that I remember her best

I'm wondering if she remembers me at all  
the many times I've often strayed  
In the stillness of my night  
and in the darkness of my day

So if you're travelling in the north country fair  
where the wind sweeps heavy on the border line  
Remember me to the one who lives there  
for she once was a true love of mine

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