

Waylon Jennings

"Girl from the North Country"

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If you're traveling in the north country fair
Where the winds blow heavy on the border line
Remember me, the one who lives there,
For she once was a true love of mine.

Please see for me that her hair grows long
It rolls and flows all down her breast
Please see for me that her hair grows long,
For that's the way I remember her best.

I wonder if she remembers me at all
Often times, I set and pray
In the darkness of my nights
In the stillness of my days.

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Remember me, the one who lives there
For she once was a true love of mine...

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