

Baez Joan**"Outside The Nashville City Limits"**

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Outside the Nashville city limits
A friend and I did drive
On a day in early winter
I was glad to be alive.

We went to see some friends of his
Who lived upon a farm
Strange and gentle country folk
Who wished nobody harm
Fresh-cut sixty acres
Eight cows in the barn.

But the thing that I remember
On that cold day in December
Was that my eyes they did brim over
As we talked.

In the slowest drawl I've ever heard
The man said come with me
If y'all want to see the prettiest place
In all of Tennessee.

He poured us each a glass of wine
And a-walking we did go
Along fallen leaves and crackling ice
Where a tiny brook did flow
He knew every inch of the land
And Lord he loved it so.

But the thing that I remember
On that cold day in December
Was that my eyes were brimming over
As we walked.

He set me down upon a stone
Beside a running spring
He talked in a voice so soft and clear
Like the waters I heard sing.

He said we searched quite a time
For a place to call our own

There was just me and Mary John.
And now I guess were home
I looked at the ground and wondered
How many years they each had roamed.

And Lord I do remember
On that day late December
How my eyes kept brimming over
As we talked
As we walked.

And standing there with outstretched arms
He said to me you know
I cant wait till the heavy storms
Cover the ground with snow.

And there on the pond the water-cress
Is all that dont turn white
When the sun is high you squint your eyes
And look at the hills so bright
And nodding his head my friend said
"It seems like overnight
That the leaves come out so tender
At the turning of the winter."
I thought the skies they would brim over
As we talked.

Joan Baez
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