

Counting Crows

"Girl From The North Country"

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If you're travelin' in the north country fair,
The winds that hit heavy on the borderline,
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was a true love of mine.

Well, if you go where the snowflakes fall,
When the rivers freeze and summer ends,
Please see if she's wearing a dress so warm,
To keep her from the howlin' winds,
Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
If it rolls and flows all down her breast,
Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
That's the way I remember her best.

I'm a-wonderin' if she remembers me at all,
Many times I've often prayed,
In the darkness of my night,
In the brightness of my day.

So if you're travelin' in the north country fair,
Where the wind, hits heavy on the borderline,
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was the true love of mine,
She once was a true love of mine,
Please remember me, please remember me,
The one who listens,
'Cause she once was a true love of mine.

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