

Billy Walker

"The Old French Quarter"

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(Cindy Walker)

In the old French Quarter in New Orleans
In my dreams I walk once more with my darling
In the jazzmen sentent nights neath the misty old
lamlights
In the old French Quarter in New Orleans.

When I left she held me tight and told me
Not to stay away too long because she loved me
And the silent teardrops fell as we kissed and said
farewell
In the old French Quarter in New Orleans.

But summer turned to winter
And when springtime came
I returned and learned
That things were not the same.

As I said goodbye to old New Orleans
I could see church bells ringing for my darling
And I slowly walked away but I knew my heart would
stay
In the old French Quarter in New Orleans.

In the old French Quarter in New Orleans...

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