

## **Emmylou Harris**

# **"Goin' Back To Harlan"**

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There where no cuckoos, no sycamores  
We played about the forest floor  
Underneath the silver maples, the balsams and the sky

We popped the heads off dandelions  
Assuming roles from nursery rhymes  
Rested on the riverbank and grew up by  
And by and grew up by and by

Frail my heart apart  
And play me a little shady grove  
Ring the bells of Rhymney  
Till they ring inside my head forever

Bounce the bow, rock the gallows  
For the hangman's reel  
And wake the devil from his dream

I'm goin' back to Harlan  
I'm goin' back to Harlan  
I'm goin' back to Harlan

And if you were Willie Moore  
And I was Barbara Allen or Fair Ellen  
All sad at the cabin door  
A-weepin' and a-pinin', for love  
A-weepin' and a-pinin', for love

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And play me a little shady grove  
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Till they ring inside my head forever

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