

George Jones

"On The Banks Of The Ponchertrain"

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I've traveled from Texas to old Louisiane
Through valleys, over mountains and plains
Both foot sore and weary, I rested awhile
On the banks of the old Ponchertrain

The fairest young maiden that I ever saw
Passed by as it started to rain
We both found a shelter beneath the same tree
On the banks of the old Ponchertrain

I ventured a smile but the thought I was home
I hastened to try and explain
But somehow I knew I would linger awhile
On the banks of the old Ponchertrain

We hid from the shower an hour or so
She asked me how long I'd remain
Well, I told her that I'd spend the rest of my days
On the banks of the old Ponchertrain

Then one day a man put his hand on my arm
And said I must go west again
I left her alone without saying goodbye
On the banks of the old Ponchertrain

Tonight as I sit here alone in my cell
I know that she's waiting for me
I'm hoping and praying someday she'll return
To the banks of the old Ponchertrain
On the banks of the old Ponchertrain

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