

Griffith Nanci

"Banks Of The Pontchartrain"

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I'm goin' back where my garden blooms all year
Where the wintertime speaks softly in the fallin' rain
I'm goin' back to my green eyed lover there
and we will dance along the banks of old Lake
Pontchartrain
Oh, I've grown pale beneath the streets of Montreal
Where the voices ring like bells in French-Canadian
And the rivers stand imprisoned till the thaws
I am alone at night and dream of my own Pontchartrain
Chorus:
Take me to the station... I am late to catch my
southbound train
Oh, I'm gonna call my cousin Libby
she will be waiting by the tracks when I roll in
I'm gonna roll across America
just to stand beside my Pontchartrain again
These old rails shake like thunder through the night
Soon I'll have my green eyed lover's arms to comfort
me
Oh, I can see my cousin Libby by his side
her hair will flow in waves like on Lake Pontchartrain
(Repeat chorus)

I'm goin' back where my garden blooms all year

Where the wintertime speaks softly in the fallin' rain

I'm goin' back to my green eyed lover there

and we will dance along the banks of old Lake
Pontchartrain

yes, we will dance along the banks of old Lake
Pontchartrain

we will dance along the banks of old Lake Pontchartrain

and here comes the train

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