

## **John Hiatt**

# **"All The Lilacs In Ohio"**

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Well, you met her there on a New York City stair  
You were throwing up on your shoes  
Tryin' to write the great book when it really had you  
shook  
With a bad case of wintertime blues

So you drag her down to the ragged side of town  
She had a taxi to carry her home  
Then she left her handkerchief there beside you on the  
seat  
As if to emphasize that you were all alone

It smelled like springtime and you were just a boy  
And all the lilacs in Ohio  
All the lilacs in Ohio, there ya go  
In the city streets and the dirty winter snow

All the lilacs in Ohio, hio  
Well, she's the love story you speak of  
When you talk to Sam at the bar  
But it's in the details your story often fails

Yeah, close but no cigar  
And you might see your own ass in a double whiskey  
glass  
But you'll never erase her smile  
And you'll never write it down, never find her in this  
town

Of phantom dreams and fingernail files  
It was springtime and you were just a boy  
And all the lilacs in Ohio  
All the lilacs in Ohio, there ya go  
In city streets and the dirty winter snow

All the lilacs in Ohio, hio  
So you pin her handkerchief  
To your clean white linen sheets  
And you unmake your bed, crawl in

You imagine her there and you're tangled in her hair  
And she smells like flowers again

And it's springtime and you were just a boy  
All the lilacs in Ohio

All the lilacs in Ohio, there ya go  
In the city streets and the dirty winter snow  
All the lilacs in Ohio, hio

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