

## **Nanci Griffith**

### **"St. Olav's Gate"**

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(By Tom Russell)

Drinking black market vodka in the back of the  
Scottsman's saloon  
Then it's red meat and whiskey like a coyote drunk on  
the moon  
Outside in Oslo the buskers' all sing the same tune  
And it's Waltzin' Matilda while the bagpipes play old  
Clare de Lune

She was a lady, she came down from Bergen she said  
She spoke little English, they laughed and drank  
whiskey instead  
In the mornin' he found it... a rose with a note on his  
plate  
It said, "meet me at midnight on the corner of St. Olav's  
Gate"

[Chorus:]

Here's to the ladys you love and don't see again  
The night is warm whiskey... the mornin's a cold bitter  
wind  
The blue eyed madonna leaves town while the drunken  
man waits  
Leaves him standing alone in the shadows of St. Olav's  
Gate

[Chorus]

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