

Rodney Crowell

"Banks Of The Old Bandera"

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On the banks of the old Bandera where roams the
barefoot child
On Sunday go to meetin' shortcuts out along the high
wire lines down a dusty road
The hills there were bluebonnets like a printed cotton
gown
And summer rain falls down like honey sweet magnolia
blossoms grow and old men dance
Once we ran barefooted through a clover full of dew
Once we learned to play like lone Comanches running
loose
What it made you feel like is a song
But what it feels like now is gone

I can hear the screen door slamming
Run a foot race to the creek
You can see clean to the bottom and deeper just
depends on how you look, maybe where you stand
Monkey vines and swimmin' holes lay just around the
bend
The rope we used to swing on now hangs tattered in
the wind
What it made you feel like is a song
And what it feels like now is gone
What it made you feel like is a song

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