

Sharon Shannon**"On The Banks Of The Old Pontchartrain"**

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I've travelled from Texas
To Old Loussianne
Through mountains and valleys and plains
Footsore and weary
I rested a while
On the banks of old Pontchartrain

The fairest young maiden
That I ever saw passed by when it started to rain
We both found a shelter
Beneath the same tree
On the banks of old Pontchartrain
I ventured a smile but she thought I was bold
I hastened to try and explain
Somehow I knew I would linger a while
On the banks of old Pontchartrain

We hid from the shower and hour or so
She asked me how long I'd remain
I told her I spend the rest of my days
On the banks of old Pontchartrain
As time drifted by we fell deeper in love
A love that would just bring her pain
I knew that one day I would leave her alone
On the banks of old Pontchartrain
I just couldn't tell her that I ran away
From a jail on the West Texas plain
I prayed in my heart I would never be found
To the banks of old Pontchartrain

Then one day a man put a hand on my arm
Said I must go west the same day
I said I couldn't without saying goodbye
On the banks of old Pontchartrain
Tonight I sit here alone in my cell
I know that she is waiting in vain
And hoping and praying someday to return
On the banks of old Pontchartrain

Thanks to razvan

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