

Steve Earle "Arianne"

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It's getting light, it's getting late
And I've looked everywhere and called her name
Her dad the doctor's down
The sheriff's standing 'round
Arianne

We sat by the river's edge
I slipped in and she slipped off her dress
She stepped cautiously
Into that shining stream
Arianne

There's a place that I can go
Where her memory still flows
It cuts a deeper path
With every season past
Arianne

I can see her as she sleeps
A face as still as that river is deep
Leaves are turning 'round
White arms, hair of brown
Arianne

There's a place that I can go
Where her memory still flows
It cuts a deeper path
With every season past
Arianne

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