

Banks Of The Old Bandera

Rodney Crowell

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