

Heartstrings

Alison Krauss

Way up north where the snow flies and the sun don't hardly shine
If it weren't for my true love, I'd long ago lost my mind
I'd long ago lost my mind

There's good folks here, good folks there, most everywhere I go
But the land of my heart is down where the snow white cotton grows
Where the snow white cotton grows

When the river runs over from the melting snow, we'll take to the higher ground
When the water goes down again we'll saddle our old paint
We'll be homeward bound
Me and my love will be homeward bound

Heartstrings hold tighter than the roots of a live oak tree
Holdin' through tornado winds
Tougher than timber, stronger than steel
They'll guide me back southward again
They'll guide me back southward again

When the river runs over from the melting snow, we'll take to the higher ground
And when the water goes down again we'll saddle our old paint
We'll be homeward bound
Me and my love will be homeward bound