

## Blackhawk

Emmylou Harris

Well I work the double shift  
In a bookstore on st. clair  
While he pushed the burning ingots  
In dofasco stinking air  
Where the truth bites and stings  
I remember just what we were  
As the noon bell rings for  
Blackhawk and the white winged dove

Hold on to your aching heart  
I'll wipe the liquor from your lips  
A small town hero never dies  
He fades a bit and then he slips  
Down into the blast furnace  
In the heat of the open hearth  
And at the punch clock he remembers  
Blackhawk and the white winged dove

I remember your leather boots  
Pointing up into the sky  
We fell down to our knees  
Over there where the grass grew high  
Love hunters in the night  
Our faces turned into the wind  
Blackhawk where are you know  
Blackhawk and the white winged dove  
We were blackhawk where are you know  
We were blackhawk where are you know

Do you still have the ring I gave you  
On the banks of lake bear  
Where I felt certain that I knew you  
My cool and distant debonair  
Now we drink at liberty station  
Another cup of muscatel  
Wrapped in the strong arms of the union  
Raisin' kids from raisin' hell