

# Outside The Nashville City Limits

Joan Baez

Outside the Nashville city limits  
A friend and I did drive,  
On a day in early winter  
I was glad to be alive.  
We went to see some friends of his  
Who lived upon a farm.  
Strange and gentle country folk  
Who would wish nobody harm.  
Fresh-cut sixty acres,  
Eight cows in the barn.  
But the thing that I remember  
On that cold day in December  
Was that my eyes they did brim over  
As we talked.

In the slowest drawl I had ever heard  
The man said "Come with me  
If y'all wanna see the prettiest place  
In all of Tennessee."  
He poured us each a glass of wine  
And a-walking we did go,  
Along fallen leaves and crackling ice  
Where a tiny brook did flow.  
He knew every inch of the land  
And Lord he loved it so.  
But the thing that I remember  
On that cold day in December  
Was that my eyes were brimming over  
As we walked.

He set my down upon a stone  
Beside a running spring.  
He talked in a voice so soft and clear  
Like the waters I heard sing.  
He said "We searched quite a time  
For a place to call our own.  
There was just me and Mary John  
And now I guess we're home."  
I looked at the ground and wondered  
How many years they each had roamed.  
And Lord I do remember  
On that day in late December  
How my eyes kept brimming over  
As we talked.  
As we walked.

And standing there with outstretched arms  
He said to me "You know,  
I can't wait till the heavy storms  
Cover the ground with snow,  
And there on the pond the watercress  
Is all that don't turn white.  
When the sun is high you squint your eyes  
And look at the hills so bright."  
And nodding his head my friend said,  
"And it seems like overnight  
That the leaves come out so tender

At the turning of the winter..."  
I thought the skies they would brim over  
As we talked.