

# Nanci Griffith, Julie Anne

An urban light hit's a bartender's smile  
'Cause it's closin' time again  
Last call rang out such a long time ago  
In the heart of Julie Anne  
Now she waits inside this midnight glow  
to steal her dance of grace  
White satin gloves on her hands these days  
to cover the dancer's age

The wintertime's so sweet  
Even wino's have their needs  
They pretend that she is younger  
when they are lonely  
The bar room floor's her home  
When the light's are low they'll call for more  
How it hurt's to hear them say she is only  
old Julie Anne

Men don't fear the well's of time  
for the years will bring them something  
(something)  
While the women count their wrinkles  
and the children in their homes  
But if I'm blinded here tomorrow  
I am blessed in the beauty of chance  
To remember the hands of a bird in flight  
In the dance of Julie Anne  
The wintertime's so sweet  
Even wino's have their needs  
They pretend that she is younger  
when they are lonely  
The bar room floor's her home  
When the light's are low they'll call for more  
How it hurt's to hear them say she is only  
old Julie Anne

Oh Julie Anne  
Don't go to sleep  
Just pick your heart up off that wino's knee  
And let the whiskey be your lover  
who makes the winter sweet  
and warms a dancer's feet