

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