

Rod Stewart, Girl From The North Country

(Bob Dylan)

If you're traveling in the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline
Remember me to the one who lives there
She was once a true love of mine

And if you're goin' when the snowflakes storm
When the rivers freeze and summer ends
Please see for me she has a coat so warm
to keep her from the howling wind

Would you see for me that her hair's hanging long
That it rolls and flows all down her breasts
See for me that her hair's hanging long
'Cause that's the way I remember her best

But I'm a-wondering if she remembers me at all
Many times I've often prayed
in the darkness of my night
in the brightness of my day
So if you're traveling in the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline
Remember me to the one who lives there
'Cause she was once, she was once a true love of mine

And she'll always be a true love of mine
And I never, never, never, never give her up