

Yankee Lady (written by Jesse Winchester)

I lived with the decent folks
In the hills of old Vermont
Where what you do all day
Depends on what you want
And I took up with a woman there
Though I was still a kid
And I smile like the sun
To think of all the loving that we did

She rose each morning and went off to work
And she kept me with her pay
I was making sweet love all night
And playing this old guitar all day
And I got apple cider and homemade bread
That would make a man say grace
And clean linens on our bed
And a warm feet fire place

Yankee lady so good to me
Yankee lady just a memory
Yankee lady so good to me
Your memories gonna have to do for me

An autumn walk on a old country road
With a million flaming trees
I was feeling a little uneasy
Cause there was winter chill in the breeze
And she said, "Oh Jesse, look over there,
The birds are are southward bound
Oh Jesse, I'm so afraid
to lose the love that we've found

Yankee lady so good to me
Yankee lady just a memory
Yankee lady so good to me
Your memories that's enough for me

I don't know what called to me
But I know that I plain had to go
I left that little old Vermont town
To live down in sunny Mexico
And now when I can see myself
As a stranger by my birth
The Yankee lady's old memory
To Remind me of my worth

Yankee lady so good to me
Yankee lady just a memory
Yankee lady so good to me
Your memories gonna have to do for me