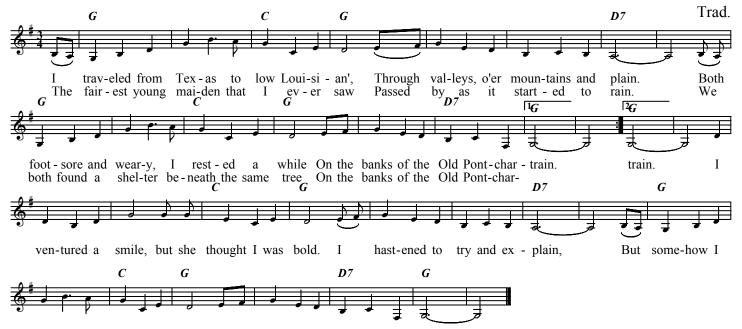
Banks Of The Old Pontchartrain



knew I would ling-er a while On the banks of the Old Pont-char - train.

Instrumental

We hid from the shower an hour or so. She asked me how long I'd remain. I told her I'd spend the rest of my life On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

As time drifted by, we fell deeper in love, A love that could just bring her pain. I knew that one day I would leave her alone On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

I just couldn't tell her that I ran away From jail on an old Texas plain. I prayed in my heart I would never be found On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

Instrumental

Then one day a man put his hand on my arm And said I must go west again.
I left her alone without saying goodbye,
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

Tonight as I sit here alone in my cell, I know that she's waiting in vain. I'm hoping and praying someday to return To the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.