

All The Lilacs In Ohio

John Hiatt

Well, you met her there on a New York City stair
You were throwing up on your shoes
Tryin' to write the great book when it really had you shook
With a bad case of wintertime blues

So you drag her down to the ragged side of town
She had a taxi to carry her home
Then she left her handkerchief there beside you on the seat
As if to emphasize that you were all alone

It smelled like springtime and you were just a boy
And all the lilacs in Ohio
All the lilacs in Ohio. There ya go.
In the city streets and the dirty winter snow

All the lilacs in Ohio - hio.
Well, she's the love story you speak of
When you talk to Sam at the bar
But it's in the details your story often fails

Yeah, close, but no cigar
And you might see your own ass in a double whiskey glass
But you'll never erase her smile
And you'll never write it down, never find her in this town

Of phantom dreams and fingernail files
It was springtime, and you were just a boy
And all the lilacs in Ohio
All the lilacs in Ohio. There ya go

In city streets and the dirty winter snow
All the lilacs in Ohio - hio
So you pin her handkerchief to your clean white linen sheets
And you unmake your bed, crawl in

You imagine her there and you're tangled in her hair
And she smells like flowers again
And it's springtime, and you were just a boy
All the lilacs in Ohio

All the lilacs in Ohio. There ya go
In the city streets and the dirty winter snow
All the lilacs in Ohio - hio