

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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My houses ain't hungry

My houses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay
So fare you well Polly, I'm going away
Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door

My parents don't like you, you're poor I am told
But it's your love I'm waiting, not silver or gold
Then come with me Polly, we'll ride till we come
To some little cabin, we'll call it our home

Sparking is pleasure, but parting is grief
And a false headed lover is worse than a thief
A thief will just rob you and take what you have
But a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave