

Little Maggie

Yonder stands Little Maggie
With her dream glass in her hand
She's drinkin' away her troubles, oh lord
And foolin' another man

Marching down to the station
Cash in my hand
Going away for to leave you
Going to some far-off land

Pretty flowers were made for blooming
Pretty stars were made to shine
Pretty girls were made for lovin'
Little Maggie were made to be mine

How can I ever stand it
Just to see two blue eyes
Shining like the diamonds
The diamonds in the sky