

Lady Mccorey

BZN

There's a legend that tells you a story
'Bout that little old Lady McCorey
She was living alone
In a house made of stone
A-living without fame and glory

She cared for the lost and the lonely
A heaven on earth for them only
With a wave of her hand
A lady, a friend
Inviting you in Mr. Lonely

She was like a fairy out of heaven:
Lady McCorey
You'd earn a living full of glory
We won't forget what you have done

Those were the days of Joan McCorey
A guardian angel just for the poor
Only in heaven fame and glory
Now they call her Madame l'Amour

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