

## 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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