

## A Tale From Tahrarrie

Connie Smith

Mother, oh Mother, he asked me to marry  
He asked for my hand in the fall  
But Mother, oh Mother, you said child be wary  
When a sweet talking man comes to call

He's handsome, he's charming and so debonair  
With blue eyes and hair of pure gold  
On his stallion of white, he's seen the whole world  
But I long to see deep in his soul

To the town of Tahrarrie, he took me out dancing  
Then we took a walk by the sea  
We laughed and we talked and we did some romancing  
Love came like a soft gentle breeze

But Mother, oh Mother, how can I know  
What his heart holds deep down inside  
You've always warned me the trouble with love  
It makes truth out of nothing but lies

He promised the treasures much more than I dreamed  
He placed a fine ring on my hand  
He pledged me his love, swore he'd make me his queen  
We'd travel to far distant lands

But Mother, oh Mother, what if I go  
And find that his love is not true  
But if I refuse him, what if I lose him  
Oh Mother, what shall I do

Part of me wants to let go of my heart  
Part of me says run away  
Run from the flame of this burning desire  
That seems to grow stronger each day

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