

## Peggy Gordon

The Corrs

Oh Peggy Gordon  
You are my darling  
Come sit you down upon my knee  
And tell to me the very reason  
Why I am slighted so by thee

I'm so in love that  
I can't deny it  
My heart lies smothered in my breast  
But it's not for you to  
let the world know it  
A troubled mind can know no rest

I put my head to  
a glass of brandy  
It was my fancy  
I do declare  
For when I'm drinking  
I'm always thinking  
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wish I was in  
some lonesome valley  
Where womankind cannot be found  
Where little birds sing  
upon the branches  
And every moment  
has a different sound

O Peggy Gordon  
You are my darling  
Come sit you down upon my knee  
And tell to me the very reason  
Why I am slighted so by thee