

Fair & Tender Ladies

Gene Clark

My daddy was a handsome gambler he had a chain five miles long
On every link a heart gets dangled of another maid he loved and
wronged

He told to you some loving story

He'd make you think he'd leave them true

But love grows cold as love grows older and fades away like mor
ning dew

I'd rather be in some dark hollow where the sun refused to shin
e

Than to live here in Missouri with your memory always on my min
d

Come all ye fair and tender ladies take warning how your court
your man

They're like a star on a summer morning

First they appear then they're gone again

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