

Ruth

Glen Campbell

Yesterday
I thought I heard somebody say
Fly away and you'll be free

Now and then
I think about what might have been
Old times and friends and Ruth

Oh, Ruth
Are the skies a little bluer now?
Are the loves a little truer now?
Than the loves we knew

Oh, Ruth
Only mountains and wind remain
They're the only things that stay the same,
Hmmm, don't they, Ruth?

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Oh, Ruth
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They're the only things that stay the same,
Hmmm, don't they, Ruth