

## She Was Young and She Was Pretty

Marty Robbins

She was young and she was pretty  
She was warm and tender too  
She was all a man could ask for  
But her heart could not be true  
No her heart could not be true.

Eyes that sparkle just like diamonds  
Lips as fresh as morning dew  
She was young and she was fickle  
And her heart could not be true  
No her heart could not be true.

Cheeks just like a rose when blooming  
And a form so fine and rare  
Curls that hung below her shoulders  
Gold the color of her hair.

Now she's gone no one can claim her  
In my cell I'm sad and blue  
One bright night I shot and killed her  
She was young and so untrue  
She was young and so untrue.

One bright night I watched another  
kiss her like I used to do  
So I drew my gun and killed her  
She was young and so untrue.

In the morning just at daybreak  
When the roses kissed the dew  
I shall hang because I killed her  
She was young and so untrue  
She was young and so untrue...