

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...