

Pretty Little Miss

Patty Loveless

Shady Grove, pretty little miss
Shady Grove, my darlin'
Shady Grove, pretty little miss
Goin' back to Harlan

Well the boys all call me "Pretty Little Miss"
It don't ever phase me
But every time he call my name
It nearly drives me crazy

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Mama says he's not my type
He really loves another
But he's gonna marry me
When I turn twelve this summer

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Well, paint and powder, curled my hair
The day he came a callin'
He ran off with my older sis
And I commenced to squallin'

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Oh spring has sprung, summer's gone
Fall is quickly fadin'
Guess I'll spend my winter months
A sad and lonely maiden

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