

Little Maggie

Poutníci

Over yonder stands little Maggie
With a dram glass in her hand
She's drinking away her troubles
She's courting another man

Last time I saw little Maggie
She was setting on the banks of the sea
With a forty-four around her
And a banjo on her knee

Pretty flowers were made for blooming
Pretty stars were made to shine
Pretty women were made for loving
Little Maggie was made for mine

Lay down your last gold dollar
Lay down your gold watch and chain
Little Maggie's gonna dance for daddy
Listen to this old banjo ring

Go away go away Little Maggie
Go and do the best you can
I'll get me another woman
You can get you another man