

Colonel Maggie

Roger Miller

Colonel Maggie is my friend she got my self respect right back
for me
Colonel Maggie is my friend with good old motherly sweet sympathy

Flat down on the street with a bottle at my feet
Gutter life and wine was all I craved
Then she came up to me from the Salvation Army
She thought that I was good enough to save

Colonel Maggie is my friend she tried to put some pride back in
to me
Colonel Maggie is my friend with good old motherly sweet sympathy

She helped me to my feet and she got me off the street
I was far too sick to look ashamed
Some soup and hot tea and a blanket over me
And when we talked she called me by my name

Well that was years ago now I don't drink no more
And rest her soul old Maggies dead and gone
And when my will-powers weak I walk back to that street
And Colonel Maggie seems to walk along