

Love Is Pleasing

Tim O'Brien

Oh love is pleasin, love is teasin
And love's a pleasure when first it's new
But as love grows older, at length grows colder
And fades away like the mornin dew

I left my father, I left my mother
I left my brother and sister too
I left my home and kind relations
I left them all for the love of you

If I had known before I courted
That love was such a killin crime
I'd have wrapped my heart in a box of gold
And tied it up with a piece of twine