

Little Maggie

D

D.....Am

Oh, yonder stand Little Maggie

Am.....D.....A.....D

With her dram glass in her hand

D.....Am

She's a-drinkin' away all her troubles

Am.....D.....A.....D

And a-courtin' some other man

Lord, how can I ever stand it

For to see them pretty blue eyes

A-spidin' at another

Like two diamonds in the midnight sky

Break

Pretty flowers were made for bloomin'

Pretty stars were made to shine

Pretty girls were made for lovin'

Little Maggie was made to be mine.

Come and go with me to the station

Got my suitcase in my hand

I'm goin' away Little Maggie

Lord, I'm goin' to some far and distand land

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