Fair And Tender Ladies

Gene Clark

My daddy was a handsome gambler he had a chain five miles long
On every link a heart gets dangled of another maid he loved and wronged

He told to you some loving story
He'd make you think he'd leave them true
But love grows cold as love grows older and fades away like morning dew
I'd rather be in some dark hollow where the sun refused to shine

Than to live here in Missouri with your memory always on my mind

Come all ye fair and tender ladies take warning how your court your man

They're like a star on a summer morning
First they appear then they`re gone again

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