

Black Jack David

Loretta Lynn

Black Jack David came riding through the woods
And he sang so loud and gaily
Made the hills around him ring
And he charmed the heart of a lady
"How old are you my pretty little miss
How old are you my honey?"
She answered him with a silly little smile
"I'll be sixteen next Sunday"
"Come go with me my pretty little miss
Come go with me my honey
I'll take you across the deep blue sea
Where you never shall want for money"
She pulled off her high-heeled shoes
They were made of Spanish leather
She put on those low-heeled shoes
And they both rode off together
"Last night I lay on a warm feather bed
Beside my husband and baby
Tonight I lay on the cold, cold ground
By the side of Black Jack David"

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