

# Tall Lover Man

Carlene Carter

Two lovers stood in the white, white sand  
A dark-eyed maiden and her tall lover man  
With surprise and pain in her eyes  
She clung to the hand of her tall lover man They're lyin' to me, aren't they, Jim  
She asked him  
That fair-haired girl with those blue, blue eyes  
Is not your wife, is she Jim  
And with tears in her eyes and her sad, sad cries  
She clung to the hand of her tall lover man In the darkness, he let go of her hand  
I'm not to blame, it was a game  
'Cause that fair-haired woman is my wife  
And she will be all of my life You're lyin' to me, aren't you Jim, she asked him  
If lovin' me was a sport, then your life shall be short  
She said to him, my Jim  
And the blade of the maid struck the man  
And the blood flowed in the sand from her tall lover man Two lovers lyin' in the white, white sand  
I'll die with you, my tall lover man  
And her blade found its mark in the dark  
She clung to the hand of her tall lover man They're lyin' to me, aren't they, Jim, she asked him  
That fair-haired girl won't be your wife  
And with tears in her eyes and sad, sad cries  
She died in the sand with her tall lover man

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