

Alberta

Doc Watson

Alberta, let your hair hang low I saw her first on an April morn'
As she walked through the mist in a field of hay
Her hair lit the world with its golden glow
And the smile on her face burned my heart away Alberta, let your hair hang low
Alberta, let your hair hang low
I'll give you more gold than your apron can hold
If you'll only let your hair hang low I thought my golden time would last
But the field of hay was soon cut down
In a short few weeks it all was past
And my golden girl just a painful song Alberta, what's on your mind?
Alberta, what's on your mind?
My heart is so sad 'cause you treat me so bad
Alberta, what's on your mind? Alberta, let your hair hang low

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