

# 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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