Little Maggie

Bob Dylan

Oh, where is little Maggie ?
Over yonder she stands
Rifle on her shoulder
Six-shooter in her handHow can I ever stand it
Just to see them two blue eyes
Shinin' like some diamonds
Like some diamonds in the skyRather be in some lonely hollow
Where the sun don't ever shine
Than to see you be another man's darling
And to know that you'll never be mineWell, it's march me away to the station
With my suitcase in my hand
Yes, march me away to the station
I'm off to some far-distant landSometimes I have a nickel
And sometimes I have a dime
Sometimes I have ten dollars
Just to pay for little Maggie's winePretty flowers are made for blooming
Pretty stars are made to shine
Pretty girls are made for boy's love
Little Maggie was made for mineWell, yonder stands little Maggie
With a dram glass in her hand
She's a-drinkin' down her troubles
Over courtin' some other man

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