Early One Morning

Sweetfire

Early one morning
As the sun was rising
I heard a voice in the walley below.
Don't decieve me
Don't you leave me
How could you treat
A poor girl so?
Early one morning
I saw her walking
I heard a voice in the walley below.
Don't decieve me

Don't you leave me
How could you treat
A poor boy so?
So I sit on yonder hill
And I wonder if anyone
Thinks of me still
Why did you leave me?
Why did you decieve me?
How could you treat
A poor girl so?
If anyone thinks of me still
Why did you leave me?

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