Peggy Gordon

Sinead O'connor

Oh, Peggy Gordon, you are my darling
Come, sit you down upon my knee
And tell to me the very reason
Why I am slighted so by thee
I'm so deep in love that I can't deny it
My heart lies smothered in my breast
But it's not for you to let the world know it
A troubled mind can know no rest
I put my head to a glass of brandy
It was my fancy, I do declare
For when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking

And wishing Peggy Gordon was here
I wish I was in some lonesome valley
Where womankind could not be found
Where the little birds sing on the branches
And every moment a different sound
Oh, Peggy Gordon, you are my darling
Come, sit you down upon my knee
And tell to me the very reason
Why I am slighted so by thee

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