

Little Maggie

Robert Plant

Yonder come little Maggie
With a dram glass in her hands
She's out running, with a new girl
With another, sorry man Last time, a saw Â Maggie
She was sitting by the sea
With her forty-four all around her
And her banjo on her knee Phone her, can I? Ever standing
Just to see those two blue eyes Witch on a chalion, like a diamond
Like a diamond, in the sky oh I'm going down, to the station
With my suitcase all in my hand Â Oh how can I ever stand it
I'm going away, away to leave you
In some far out distant land hey hey, hey hey
Hey oh

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