

Far Away

Pokey LaFarge

Where have all the good girls gone?

Was there ever one?

They will win you with their eyes

Then trap you in their thighs

Stay away from love, stay away, boys

Far away, far away, far away

Far away, far away, far away

As the lights of home draw near

There's a black cat at my door

And he spoke to me

In a manner low and mean

She ain't here, she ain't here, she ain't here, oh no

Far away, far away, far away

Far away, far away, far away

Mother and my sisters three

Forgive these words I speak

For all them pretty, pretty girls

With their lips and their curls

Have robbed my pride from me, dear mom

Far away, far away, far away

Far away, far away, far away

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