

Doc Watson, More Pretty Girls Than One

There's more pretty girls than one
More pretty girls than one
Every old town that I rambled around
And there's more pretty girls than one

Mama talked to me last night
She gave me some good advise
She said "Son, you'd better quit this old ramblin' all around
And marry you a sweet little wife"

(break)

Honey, look down that old lonesome road
Hang down your pretty head and cry
'cause I'm thinking all about them pretty little gals
And a-hopin' that I never die

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(break)