

# Marty Robbins, Foggy Foggy Dew

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone I worked at the weaver's trade  
And the only only thing I did that was wrong was to woo a fair young maid

I wooed her in the winter time part of the summer too  
And the only only thing I did that was wrong  
Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew

One night she knelt down by my side when I was fast asleep  
She threw her arms around my neck and then began to weep

She wept she cried she tore her hair ah me what could I do  
So all night long I held her in my arms  
To keep her from the foggy foggy dew

Again I am a bachelor and I live with my son we work at the weaver's trade  
And every single time that I look into his eyes he reminds me of the fair young maid

He reminds me of the winter time part of the summer too  
And the many many times that I held her in my arms  
To keep her from the foggy foggy dew