

Marty Robbins, She Was Young And She Was Pr

She was young and she was pretty she was warm and tender too
She was all a man could ask for but her heart could not be true
No her heart could not be true
Eyes that sparkle just like diamonds lips as fresh as morning dew
She was young and she was fickle and her heart could not be true
No her heart could not be true
Cheeks just like a rose when blooming and a form so fine and rare
Curls that hung below her shoulders gold the color of her hair
Now she's gone no one can claim her in my cell I'm sad and blue
One bright night I shot and killed her she was young and so untrue
She was young and so untrue
One bright night I watched another kissed her like I used to do
So I drew my gun and killed her she was young and so untrue
In the morning just at daybreak when the roses kissed the dew
I shall hang because I killed her she was young and so untrue
She was young and so untrue