

Mel Tillis, Destroyed By Man

There's a girl in a barroom we all know her well
Her name it's the story that some may like to tell
She may be young and pretty with lips red as wine
A girl whose eyes reflect the years no makeup can't hide
In her world walk the lonely the rejected and condemn
It's a world that once sent her there's no turning back again
Like a rose that lies brushed and crumbled on the sand
She was created by heaven now destroyed by man
Destroyed by man and the love that she gave
Lost unless heaven canceled worthy the same
Men don't respect her still they hold her hand
She was created by heaven now destroyed by man