

# Patty Loveless, Pretty Little Miss

Shady Grove, Pretty little miss  
Shady Grove my darlin  
Shady Grove, Pretty little miss  
Goin back to Harlem

Well, the boys all call me pretty little miss, it dont ever phase me  
But everytime he calls my name it nearly drives me crazy.

Shady Grove, Pretty little miss  
Shady Grove my darlin  
Shady Grove, Pretty little miss  
Goin back to Harlem

Momma says he's not my type he really loves another,  
But he's gonna marry me when I turn twelve this summer.

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Well, well Paint and powder curl my hair the day he came a callin  
he ran off with my older sis and i commenced to squallin

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Oh spring has sprung, summers gone, the fall is quickly fadin'  
i guess ill spend my winter months a sad and lonely maiden