

Seven Nations, My Little Lady

and as the conversation drags I try to think of something quickly
'cause if I don't move too fast she'll be gne and I'll be wondering why
I took so many trips I sang too many songs
I said one too many times I won't be gone that long

my little lady she's so glad so glad I'm sad
we were happy together
and with a ticket in her hand that hand sweet hand
I think I'll lose her forever

And as I struggle for my words she grabs her bags so nonchalantly
I guess there were way too many goodbyes
they were the hardest thing I've ever done
I took so many trips I sang so many songs
I said one too many times I won't be gone that long

my little lady she's so glad so glad I'm sad
we were happy together
and with a ticket in her hand that hand sweet hand
I think I'll lose her forever

you think I would have listened
you'd think I'd learned my lesson
I gave in to competition
and all the trappings of the modern man

my little lady she's so glad so glad I'm sad
we were happy together
and with a ticket in her hand that hand sweet hand
I think I'll lose her forever