

Wanda Jackson, When I Was A Young Girl

When I was a young girl I used to see pleasure
When I was a young girl I used to drink ale
Right out of the ale house and into the jail house
Right out of the bar room and down to my grave
Come mama come papa sit you beside me
Come mama come papa and pity my case
My poor heart is aching my heart it is breaking
My body salve-aided and I'm bound to die
Go send for the preacher to come and pray for me
Go send for the doctor to heal up my
My poor heart is aching my heart it is breaking
My body salve-aided and hell is my home
I want three young ladies to bear up my coffin
I want three young ladies to take me along
I want them to carry a bunch of wild roses
To put on my body as I pass along
One morning one morning in May
One morning one morning in May
I spy this young lady all clad in white linen
All clad in white linen cold as a clay
When I was a young girl I used to see pleasure
When I was a young girl I used to drink ale
Right out of the bar room
Right out of the ale house and into the jail house
Right out of the bar room down to my grave