

# Alan Jackson, First Love

(Alan Jackson)

I was fifteen, she was eighteen  
The prettiest thing I'd ever seen in my life  
I loved her at first sight  
I found her in Marietta, a town north of Atlanta  
I brought her home to see my folks  
They loved her too

We were together for a long time  
Thought it would be for all time  
But things change and rearrange  
She had to go  
She left me cryin' in '79  
An airline pilot, in Carolina  
I was a wreck, can't drive a check  
It broke my heart

My first love was an older woman  
There's been many since  
But there'll never be another  
Built in 1955, snowshoe white, overdrive  
I never should've sold her, I'll always love her  
She was mine

Years went by, teardrops dried  
I got her back, I was surprised  
In '93, a gift to me on Christmas Eve  
We were both older, so I restored her  
Could've sold her, for a lot more  
But I will never she's mine forever  
Until I go

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There's been many since  
But there'll never be another  
Built in 1955, snowshoe white, overdrive  
I never should've sold her, I'll always love her  
She was mine

I'll never sell her she's mine forever  
I love her so