# Hank Locklin, Maiden's Prayer

When the evening falls twilight shadows find
There beneath the stars an Indian maiden divine
The moon is on high and seems to see her there
In her eyes there's a light shining ever so bright as she whispers a silent prayer
[ trumpet - guitar ]
Every word reveals an empty broken heart
Broken by fate that's keeping them so far apart
Lonely there she kneels and tells the stars above
In her arms he belongs and her prayer is a song her undying song of love