

Hank Thompson, I Was The First One

I was the first to chose her to make her mine
I was the first to lose her be left behind
I was the first she cried to harsh words I spoke
I was the first she lied to first heart she broke

If she seems so warm and tender the way she kisses now
Then you might remember I was the one who taught her how
I was the first to show her those stars above
I was the first to know her to know her love
[fiddle]
If she seems so warm and tender...