

# Michael Nesmith, Bonaparte's Retreat

I met the girl I love  
In a town way down in Dixie  
'Neath the stars above  
She was the sweetest girl I ever did see

Then I held her in my arms  
And told her of her many charms,  
And I kissed her while the fiddles played "Bonaparte's Retreat";

It was on that night  
That I held her oh so tight  
And I heard her say,  
"Please don't ever go away";

So, I held her in my arms  
And told her of her many charms,  
And I kissed her while the fiddles played "Bonaparte's Retreat";

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And told her of her many charms,  
And I kissed her while the fiddles played "Bonaparte's Retreat";