

Old 97's, Miss Molly

Oh have you seen Miss Molly. Her cheeks are rosy red.
Her lips are soft as satin and they taste like ginger bread.
Oh. Oh. Oh. Me oh my Miss Molly, I'm in love with you.
Me oh my Miss Molly won't you say you love me too.
Now when Miss Molly smiles, the sun is dim a spell.
And when she laughs her voice is like a little silver bell.
Oh. Oh. Oh. Me oh my Miss Molly, I'm in love with you.
Me oh my Miss Molly won't you say you love me too.
I'll trade my horse and saddle, my drivin' I'll resign,
if only Miss Molly would say that she'll be mine.
Oh. Oh. Oh. Me oh my Miss Molly, I'm in love with you.
Me oh my Miss Molly won't you say you love me too.
Now listen here Miss Molly, I've told you once before.
But even though I've told you so, I'll tell you just once
more
Oh. Oh. Oh. Me oh my Miss Molly, I'm in love with you.
Me oh my Miss Molly won't you say you love me too.
repeat
repeat