Porter Wagoner, Late Love Of Mine

The ceremony's beginning for the late love of mine
But there's no one attending but me and the mem'ries she left behind
I watched as her love for me died a little at a time
She tried in every way she could the late love of mine
How could I expect a good woman to love a slave to the wine
I knew someday I'd lose her the late love of mine
The strong drink is made for the weak ones that won't stand by love that they find
And I'm trying to bury the mem'ries of the late love of mine
How could I expect...