

# Porter Wagoner, Tragic Romance

Nestled in the heart of the Tennessee Hills  
There neat the pines midst the rocks and the rills  
There stands my old homestead of long long ago  
It brings back sweet memories of the one I loved so  
I'll tell you the reason why I left her there  
To roam this old world with its sorrow and care  
I saw her one night in the arms of a man hugging and kissing as two lovers can  
I went to my home with a heart full of woe packed my belongings determined to go  
For many long years this old world I did roam  
With thoughts of my sweetheart my darling my own  
[ fiddle ]

While dining one day in a little country town  
A stranger walked in and he chanced to sit down  
While talking of loved ones I happened to find  
That his sister was that old sweetheart of mine  
When he heard my story to me then he said  
The one you left there has a long time been dead  
She waited so long for the day you'd return  
And why you had left her she never did learn  
Now I was the one who you saw that fatal night  
Wrapped in the arms of my sister so tight  
She loved you so dearly but you broke her heart  
Stranger from her ever more you must part