

Sinead O' Connor, Peggy Gordon

O Peggy Gordon, You are my darling
Come sit you down upon my knee
And tell to me the very reason
Why I am slighted so by thee

I am so deep in love that I can't deny it
My heart lies smothered in my breast
But it's not for you to let the whole world know it
A troubled mind can find no rest

I leaned myself on a cask of brandy
It was my fancy, I do declare
For when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking
Wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wished I was in a lonesome valley
Where womankind cannot be found
And the pretty little birds do change their voices
And every moment a different sound

I wish I was away in Ingo
Far away across the briny sea
Sailing over deepest waters
Where love nor care never trouble me