

# The Beach Boys, Ballad Of Ole' Betsy

Betsy, Betsy, ahhhhh

She was born in '32, and was she ever pretty

She rode a freight train west, all the way from Detroit city

Betsy's seen more places than I'll ever hope to see

Betsy's been more loyal than any friend could be

With some she traveled fast, with others it was slow

Betsy's seen them all, she'd seen them come and go

She must have had some others before I finally met her

And now that she's all mine, they'd better just forget her

Betsy was a lady and that she will remain

Betsy took some beatings but she never once complained

She had a classic beauty that everyone could see

I was the last to meet her, but she gave her life to me

She may be rusted iron, but to me she's solid gold

And I just can't hold the tears back

'Cause Betsy's growing old