

The Corrs, 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'm so in love that I can't deny it
My heart lies smothered in my breast
But it's not for you to let the world know it
A troubled mind can know no rest

I put my head to a glass of brandy
It was my fancy, I do declare
For when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wish I was in some lonesome valley
Where womankind cannot be found
Where little birds sing upon the branches
And every moment has a different sound

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