

The Manhattan Transfer, Fair And Tender Ladies

Come all ye fair and tender ladies
Take warning how you board young men
They're like a star on summer mornin'
They'll thirst a fear and then they're gone

They'll tell to you some lovin' story
And they make you think that they love you well
Then away they'll go and court some other
And leave you there in grief to dwell

I wish I was on some tall mountain
Where the ivy rocks are black as ink

I'd write a letter to my lost true lover
Whose cheeks are like the mornin' pink

For love is handsome, love is charming
And love is pretty while it's new
But love grows cold as love grows old
And fades away like the mornin' dew
And fades away like the mornin' dew
And fades away like the mornin' dew