

Tommy Roe, The Folk Singer

He use to sing his songs to his Sara Jane,
The folk singer,
His songs filled with love made the mountains ring,
To the folk singer,
At first Sara Jane was to be his bride,
But as his fame grew she was pushed aside,
So the mountain girl would say good-bye,
To the folk singer,
He let his hair grow long and he dressed in style,
The folk singer,
His voice was pure and the fans went wild,
For the folk singer,
He said Sara Jane was much too plain,
So he left her alone as grew more fame,
But sorrow will come like a mountain rain,
To the folk singer,
Lavished in glory, fortune at his feet,
The folk singer,
Awoke one morning and he couldn't speak,
The folk singer,
The doctor said his singing days were through,
Thousands wept, Sara Jane did too,
He could not sing now his friends were few,
The folk singer,
Sick at heart in the mountains again,
The folk singer,
Now Sara Jane didn't look so plain,
To the folk singer,
Oh the power of love can do strange things,
Cause love has made him sing again,
only now he sings for his Sara Jane,
The folk singer,
And once again the mountains ring,
To the folk singer,
The folk singer,
The folk singer.