

Waylon Jennings, Beautiful Anabel Lee

(Harlan Howard)

I was a child and she was a child
Yet our love was something to see
My parents were poor I was turned from the door
Of my beautiful Anabel Lee.

Now the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of my beautiful Anabel Lee
And the stars never rise but I feel the soft eyes
Of my beautiful Anabel Lee.

--- Instrumental ---

But not even the angels in heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can't keep me away from my meeting someday
With my beautiful Anabel Lee.

And the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of my beautiful Anabel Lee
And the stars never rise but I feel the soft eyes
Of my beautiful Anabel Lee.

My beautiful Anabel Lee...