

Waylon Jennings "Beautiful Anabel Lee"

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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

But not even the angels in heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can keep me away from my meeting someday
With 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

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