

## **Marty Robbins** **"Lolene"**

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When but a boy I courted Sally  
My life was young, not quite sixteen  
We talked of things I sometimes dreamed of  
And things beyond my wildest dreams

At seventeen I met Wynona  
Her warm, red lips set me aglow  
She taught me things she should not teach me  
More that a young man ought to know

At nineteen years my love was Sara  
She was much older than the rest  
Of all the men she said had kissed her  
She loved the way I kissed her best

Time has flown and I am older  
My years are five and thirty-five  
Too late, too late I met my lover  
A woman very much alive

Lolene, Lolene your name is music  
Your nearness makes my blood run wild  
Alas, alas I cannot claim you  
Compared to me, you're but a child

So one last time I must be with you  
And kiss the lips that thrilled my heart  
And then goodbye, no more to see you  
Forever we must be apart

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