

## The Corrs "Peggy Gordon"

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Oh, Peggy Gordon, you are my darling  
Come, sit you down upon my knee  
And tell to me, the very reason  
Why I am slighted so by thee

I'm so in love that I can't deny it  
My heart lies smothered in my breast  
But it's not for you to let the world know it  
A troubled mind can know no rest

I did put my head to a glass of brandy  
It was my fancy, I do declare  
For when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking  
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wish I was in some lonesome valley  
Where womankind could not be found  
Where little birds sing, upon the branches  
And every moment has a different sound

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