

## Brooke Waggoner

### "My Legionnaire"

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But he would read from his prayer books  
That he kept in his coat with button hooks  
And I dwelt with him each day  
And casted glances all his way

And he, sir, had a touch of class  
With his pocket watch made out of brass  
And I loved the way he smelled  
Like clean clothes left on the shelf

And I would brave the harsh night air  
To get to him my legionnaire  
And we would flee into the woods  
I always knew my boy was good

And I'd pick the whipper-wills  
To give to him just for thrills  
And he'd buy the gold hair pins  
To give to me just for grins

And I'd brave the harsh night air  
To get to him my legionnaire  
And we would flee into the woods  
I always knew my boy was good  
Oh oh my boy was good  
My boy was good  
Oh my boy was good

For his goodness is what won me over  
Yes my legionnaire's the kindest soldier  
For his goodness is what won me over  
Yes my legionnaire's the kindest soldier

Oh I would brave the harsh night air  
To get to him my legionnaire  
And we would flee into the woods  
I always knew my boy was good

And I would brave the harsh night air  
To get to him my legionnaire

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