

Porter Wagoner

"False True Love"

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(Ann Bybee)

Come in, come in, you old true love
And chat for a while with me
For it's been three quarters of a long year or more
Since I spoke one word to thee.

I shan't come in, I shan't set down
I ain't got a moment's time
And since you are engaged with another true love
Then your heart is no longer mine.

When you were mine, my old true love
Then your head lay on my breast
You could make me believe, by the falling of your arm,
That the sun rose up in the west.

There is many the star shall twinkle in the west
There is many the leaf below
There is many the damn that shall light upon a man
For treating a poor girl so.

I wish to the Lord I'd never been born
Or had died when I was young
Then I never would have mourned for my old true love
Nor have courted no other one...

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