

Porter Wagoner

"False True Lover"

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FALSE TRUE LOVER

Writer Shirley Collins

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 jingle 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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