

Porter Wagoner "Stranger's Story"

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Now listen to a story a stranger just told me of a love
that he's not ashamed
He has her no longer but proud he once owned her
Though she shares another man's name
He told of the good times they had in the springtime
before she was stolen away
He blamed her oh no none he said she was too young
To know her heart wanted to stay
Then he drank to her new love that it might be true love
A future so happy and bright
With his eyes growing misty as he drank down the
whiskey
That was tellin' his story that night
Though he didn't know me he told all of the story
And not a word said without pride
Then he asked if I blamed her but oh when he named
her
I wanted to run out and hide
How could I tell him the man that had dealt him his
sorrow and sadness was me
So I left from the table while I was still able to hold back
my own misery
A wonder comes to me maybe he knew me and told me
just so I would cry
But without his knowing the tears were then flowing
For she had just told me goodbye

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