

Porter Wagoner

"The Late Love of Mine"

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The ceremony's beginning
For the late love of mine
But there's no one attending
But me and the mem'ries she left behind.

I watched as her love for me
Died a little at a time
She tried in every way she could
The late love of mine.

How could I expect a good woman
To love a slave to the wine
I knew someday I'd lose her
The late love of mine.

The strong drink is made for the weak ones
That won't stand by love that they find
And I'm trying to bury the mem'ries
Of the late love of mine.

How could I expect a good woman
To love a slave to the wine
I knew someday I'd lose her
The late love of mine.

The strong drink is made for the weak ones
That won't stand by love that they find
And I'm trying to bury the mem'ries
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