

## Allan Taylor

### "The Ladies Are The Loving Kind"

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There's a house on the outside of town  
Where the ladies they dress so fine  
We stopped there on our way but I had no means to pay  
'Cause the ladies are the loving kind

My comrades they all went inside  
And the ladies they soon complied  
I lay down alone to wait for the dawn  
The ground it was cold and hard

It was late when she came to me  
As I lay there in misery  
She took me to her room and she made me feel so  
warm  
Lady, you're a sweet memory

'Cause tomorrow I ride to the war  
Where many have gone before  
My brothers have gone and I must follow on  
God knows what we're fighting for

Keep the lamp in your window burning bright  
And I'll watch it till we ride out of sight  
And if I lose the track when I'm trying to make it back  
I'll be guided by your loving light

'Cause who's to say if it's right or if it's wrong  
When a lady is the loving kind  
It don't matter much to me what you are or used to be  
'Cause lady you lay sweet on my mind

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