

**Pernell Roberts****"Alberta"**

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Alberta, let your hair hang low,  
Alberta, let your hair hang low,  
I'll give you more gold than your apron can hold,  
If you'll only let your hair hang low.

I saw her first on an April one,  
As she walked through the mist in a field of hay,  
Her hair hit the world with it's golden glow,  
And her smile on her face burnt my heart away.

Alberta, what's on your mind?  
Alberta, what's on your mind?  
My heart's so sad 'cause you treat me so bad,  
Alberta, what's on your mind?

I thought my golden time would last,  
But the field of hay was soon cut down,  
A short few weeks and all was past,  
And my golden girl... just a pain goes on.

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