

Big Harp

"Poor Miss"

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Lone and alone she lies, poor miss
Five flights from earth and one from heaven
Dark hair and eyes, she tries hard not to cry
But still alone she lies

And I never knew the reasons
There ain't no lover in your bed
But lady you were always some kind
Of woman to me

There ain't no gardens for my poor miss
There ain't no sunshine in April's spring
Just four dark walls, and light comes shadowly
Ah, poor miss, ah me!

And I still remember the sunlight on your face
Lady you were always some kind
Of woman to me

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