

Corrs, The "Peggy Gordon"

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Oh
Peggy Gordan
You are my darling
Come sit you down upon my knee
And tell to me the very reason why I am slighted so by
thee

I'm so in love that I can't deny it
My heart lies
Smotheres in my breast but it's not for you to let the
world know it
A troubled mind can know no rest

I put my head to a glass of brandy
I was my fancy I do declare
For when I'm drinking I am always thinking
And wishing Peggy Gordan was here

I wish I was in some lonesome valley where womankind
cannot be found
Where little birds sing upon the branches
And every moment has a different sound

Oh
Peggy Gordan
You are my darling
Come sit you down upon my knee
And tell to me the very reason why I am slighted so by
thee

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