

Jim Ed Brown & The Browns

"Folk Singer"

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(Merle Kilgore)

He used to sing his song
To his Sara Jane the folk singer
His songs filled with love
Made the mountains ring, the folk singer.

At first Sara Jane was to be his bride
But as his fame grew she was pushed aside
Sweet mountain girl would say goodbye to the folk
singer
He let his hair grow long and he dressed in style the
folk singer.

His voice was pure and the fans went wild for the folk
singer
He said Sara Jane was much too plain
So he left her alone as he gained more fame
But sorrow will come like the mountain rain to the folk
singer.

--- Instrumental ---

Lavished in glory, fortune at his feet the folk singer
Awoke one morning and he couldn't speak the folk
singer
The doctors said his singing days were through
Thousands wept Sara Jane did too.

He couldn't sing now his friends were few the folk
singer
Sick at heart in the mountains again the folk singer
Now Sara Jane didn't look so plain to the folk singer
Ah, the power of love can do strange things.

'Cause love has made him sing again
Only now he sings for his Sara Jane the folk singer
And once again the mountains ring
For this folk singer, oh, the folk singer...

