

# My Heart It Belongs to She

Andy M. Stewart

Late in the evening when the gloamin' comes down  
It's deep in the country I'll be  
When all the wild creatures and all sensible men  
Are seekin' their beds I'll roam free.  
Where the wild salmon spring through a peat water ring  
And the blackbird and the thrush ring a jig from each tree  
Some contentment I'll find with the town far behind  
For my heart, it belongs to she.

And who could have blamed her, she married so young  
And what of this world did she see?  
Naught but pots and of pans and a hard drinking man  
Being a wife and a mother of three.  
And who could have blamed her when passion's wild flame  
And the young man with money one day replaced me?  
Being a fool from the start, now I've paid with my heart  
For my heart, it belongs to she.

If I pass a cottage and a family within  
Its light and its warmth leave me cold.  
And if I pass a young girl who catches my eye  
Her youth and her hope leave me old.  
And who could have blamed her when all else had failed  
Whose hopes and whose dreams were no interest to me?  
Being a fool from the start, now I've paid with my heart  
For my heart, it belongs to she.