

# A Young Girl

Charles Aznavour

She left her neighborhood in which  
Everyone was filthy rich  
She left her parents' home and strayed  
With a vagabond who made  
Vows of love she'd never heard  
And she believed his every word  
She left no forwarding address  
Just took her youth and happiness  
As with the boy she vanished in  
The secret sweetness of their sin

A young girl  
A young girl of sixteen  
Child of springtime, still green  
Lying here by the road

He told her love demanded space  
So they roamed from place to place  
Although she realized she'd sin  
She threw caution to the wind  
As she followed him around  
While he slowly dragged her down  
So overpowering was her love  
That it had made a captive of  
The young girl's heart and soul and mind  
In other words love drove her blind

A young girl  
A young girl of sixteen  
Child of springtime, still green  
Lying here by the road

Too much emotion for a girl  
She let her heart become her world  
But was that God has never wrought  
For asunder we are taught  
Had she been wiser she'd have known  
She couldn't feed him love alone  
She should have known the day would come  
When he would quit her just for crumbs  
He wanted fresh new meat to carve  
Left her heart and mind to starve

A young girl  
A young girl of sixteen  
Child of springtime, still green  
Lying here by the road  
Dead