

Storms on the Ocean

Doc Watson

I'm going away for to leave you, love
I'm going away for a while
But I'll return to you sometime
If I go ten thousand miles

The storms are on the ocean
And the heavens may cease to be
This world may lose its motion, love
If I prove false to thee

Who will shoe your pretty little feet
And who will glove your hands
And who will kiss your sweet, sweet lips
When I'm in a far off land?

Papa will shoe my pretty little feet
And mama will glove my hand
And no one will kiss my sweet, sweet lips
Till you return again

The storms are on the ocean
And the heavens may cease to be
This world may lose its motion, love
If I prove false to thee

Oh, see that lonesome turtle dove
As he flies from pine to pine
Mourning for his own true love
Just the way I mourn for mine

I won't go back on the ocean, love
I'll never go back to sea
I won't turn my back on my blue-eyed girl
Lest she goes back on me

The storms are on the ocean
And the heavens may cease to be
This world may lose its motion, love
If I prove false to thee