

Folk Singer

Eddy Arnold

He used to sing his songs 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 grown 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

Lavished in glory fortune at his feet the folk singer
Awoke one morning and he could not 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
Now he sings for his Sara Jane the folk singer

And once again the mountains ring to the folk singer, the folk singer
The folk singer, the folk singer