

The Girl I Left Behind Me

John Hartford

Oh, the girl I left, the girl I left
The girl I left behind me
If ever I cross that bridge again
I'll pick her up behind me

Last night I slept in a Sycamore tree
With the wind and rain all around me
Tonight I'll sleep in a warm feather bed
With that girl I left behind me

Oh, the girl I left, the girl I left
The girl I left behind me
If ever I cross that bridge again
I'll pick her up behind me

Oh, she jumped in bed, and she covered up her head
And swore I couldn't find her
But I knew damn well, that she lied, lied hell
So I jumped right in behind her

Oh, the girl I left, the girl I left
The girl I left behind me
If ever I cross that bridge again
I'll pick her up behind me