

# 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