

Storms Are on the Ocean

June Carter Cash

I'm a going way to leave you, love
I'm going away for awhile
But I'll return to you sometimes
If I go 10, 000 miles

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

Oh, who will dress your pretty little feet
And who will glove your hand
Oh who will kiss your rosy red cheeks
When I'm in a far off land

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

Oh, have you seen those mournful doves
Flying from pine to pine
A mourning for their own true love
Just like I mourn for mine

Oh, Papa will dress my pretty little feet
And Mama will glove my hand
And you can kiss my rosy red cheeks
When you return again

Oh, 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