

Lolene

Marty Robbins

When but a boy I courted Sally
My life was young, not quite sixteen
We talked of things I sometimes dreamed of
And things beyond my wildest dreams

At seventeen I met Wynona
Her warm, red lips set me aglow
She taught me things she should not teach me
More that a young man ought to know

At nineteen years my love was Sara
She was much older than the rest
Of all the men she said had kissed her
She loved the way I kissed her best

Time has flown and I am older
My years are five and thirty-five
Too late, too late I met my lover
A woman very much alive

Lolene, Lolene your name is music
Your nearness makes my blood run wild
Alas, alas I cannot claim you
Compared to me, you're but a child

So one last time I must be with you
And kiss the lips that thrilled my heart
And then goodbye, no more to see you
Forever we must be apart