

Little Maggie

The Kingston Trio

Oh, well, yonder stands little Maggie with a dram glass in her hand.

She drinkin' away her troubles, oh, Lord,
And foolin' another man.

How could I ever stand it, just to see them two blue eyes.
They shine just like the diamonds, like the diamonds in the sky
.

Pretty flowers were made for bloomin'.
Pretty stars were made to shine.
Pretty girls were made for boys to love.
Surely Maggie was made for mine.

Well, they marched me down to the station with my suitcase in my hand.

I'm going away for to leave you, my love.
Goin' to a far distant land.
Oh, well, sometimes I have a nickel (oh, Lord)
And sometimes I have a dime
And sometimes I have ten dollars (oh, Lord)
Just to pay little Maggie's fine.