

She's More To Be Pited

The Stanley Brothers

She's there at the bar every evening
Face powdered and cheeks painted red
Her beauty has faded too early
Brought on by the fast life she's led

She's more to be pitied than scolded
She needs to be loved not despised
Too much beer and wine, too many good times
The lure of the honky-tonk wrecked her young life

She once was the belle of the ballroom
She'd a made some man a sweet wife
But too many parties, the wrong side of town
Ruined her happy young life