

My Legionnaire

Brooke Waggoner

But he would read from his prayer books
That he kept in his coat with button hooks
And I dwelt with him each day
And casted glances all his way

And he, sir, had a touch of class
With his pocket watch made out of brass
And I loved the way he smelled
Like clean clothes left on the shelf

And I would brave the harsh night air
To get to him my legionnaire
And we would flee into the woods
I always knew my boy was good

And I'd pick the whipper-wills
To give to him just for thrills
And he'd buy the gold hair pins
To give to me just for grins

And I'd brave the harsh night air
To get to him my legionnaire
And we would flee into the woods
I always knew my boy was good
Oh oh my boy was good
My boy was good
Oh my boy was good

For his goodness is what won me over
Yes my legionnaire's the kindest soldier
For his goodness is what won me over
Yes my legionnaire's the kindest soldier

Oh I would brave the harsh night air
To get to him my legionnaire
And we would flee into the woods
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