

There Is A Tavern In The Town

Nat King Cole

There is a tavern in the town
And there my true love sits right down
And drinks her beer so merry-merrily
And never, never thinks of me

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee
Do not let this parting grieve thee
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part

Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu
I can no longer stay with you
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree
And may the world go well with thee

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