

Lord of the Manor

The Everly Brothers

The lord of the manor
Loves the upstairs maid
And I tend the flowers
Of the seeds he lays
His collar is velvet,
His hands are real soft
She sleeps with the master
I'm awake in the loft
I wish in the bedroom
The sheets were all torn
I wish that the flowers
Would only grow thorns

The lord of the manor
Has a wife of grey
He pays the chauffeur
To drive her away
The lord and my baby
Are upstairs alone
The one who could stop them
Is physically gone
I wish in the bedroom
The sheets were all torn
I wish that the flowers
Would only grow thorns