

Pretty Flowers

The Stanley Brothers

Over yonder stands little Maggie
With a dram glass in her hands
She's drinking away her troubles
And a courting another man
Pretty flowers were made for blooming
Pretty stars were made to shine
Pretty women were made for loving
Little Maggie was made for mine
Last time I saw little Maggie
She was sitting on the banks of the sea
With a forty-four around her
And a banjo on her knee
Lay down your last gold dollar
Lay down your gold watch and chain
Little Maggie's gonna dance for daddy
Listen to that old banjo ring
Go away, go away, little Maggie
Go and do the best you can
I'll get me another woman
You can get you another man