G
She's there at the bar every evening,
D
Face powdered and cheeks painted red.
G
Her beauty has faded too early,
D G G7
Brought on by the fast life she's led.
Chorus:
C G
She's more to be pitied than scolded.
D
She needs to be loved, not despised.
G
Too much beer and wine, Too many good times,
D G
The lure of the honky-tonk wrecked her young life.
Verse2:
She once was the bell of the ballroom.
She'd have made some man a sweet wife,
But too many parties and the wrong kind of pals
Ruined her happy young life.
(Chorus)

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