

Alan Jackson, First Love

(Alan Jackson)

I was fifteen, she was eighteen
The prettiest thing I'd ever seen in my life
I loved her at first sight
I found her in Marietta, a town north of Atlanta
I brought her home to see my folks
They loved her too

We were together for a long time
Thought it would be for all time
But things change and rearrange
She had to go
She left me cryin' in '79
An airline pilot, in Carolina
I was a wreck, can't drive a check
It broke my heart

My first love was an older woman
There's been many since
But there'll never be another
Built in 1955, snowshoe white, overdrive
I never should've sold her, I'll always love her
She was mine

Years went by, teardrops dried
I got her back, I was surprised
In '93, a gift to me on Christmas Eve
We were both older, so I restored her
Could've sold her, for a lot more
But I will never she's mine forever
Until I go

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I'll never sell her she's mine forever
I love her so