

Flatt And Scruggs, Storms Are On The Ocean

I'm going away for to leave you love
I'm going away for a while
But I'll return to you sometime
If I go ten thousand miles

The storms are on the ocean
And the heavens may cease to be
This world may lose it's motion love
If I prove false to thee

Oh who's gonna shoe your pretty little feet
Who's gonna glove your little hand
Who's gonna kiss your ruby red lips
When I'm in a foreign land

Oh see that lonesome turtledove
As he flies from pine to pine
He's a mourning for his own true love
Just the way I mourn for mine