

# Wanda Jackson, When I Was A Young Girl

When I was a young girl I used to see pleasure  
When I was a young girl I used to drink ale  
Right out of the ale house and into the jail house  
Right out of the bar room and down to my grave  
Come mama come papa sit you beside me  
Come mama come papa and pity my case  
My poor heart is aching my heart it is breaking  
My body salve-aided and I'm bound to die  
Go send for the preacher to come and pray for me  
Go send for the doctor to heal up my  
My poor heart is aching my heart it is breaking  
My body salve-aided and hell is my home  
I want three young ladies to bear up my coffin  
I want three young ladies to take me along  
I want them to carry a bunch of wild roses  
To put on my body as I pass along  
One morning one morning in May  
One morning one morning in May  
I spy this young lady all clad in white linen  
All clad in white linen cold as a clay  
When I was a young girl I used to see pleasure  
When I was a young girl I used to drink ale  
Right out of the bar room  
Right out of the ale house and into the jail house  
Right out of the bar room down to my grave