Waylon Jennings, Beautiful Anabel Lee

(Harlan Howard)

I was a child and she was a child Yet our love was something to see My parents were poor I was turned from the door Of my beautiful Anabel Lee.

Now the moon never beams without bringing me dreams Of my beautiful Anabel Lee And the stars never rise but I feel the soft eyes Of my beautiful Anabel Lee.

--- Instrumental ---

But not even the angels in heaven above Nor the demons down under the sea Can't keep me away from my meeting someday With my beautiful Anabel Lee.

And the moon never beams without bringing me dreams Of my beautiful Anabel Lee And the stars never rise but I feel the soft eyes Of my beautiful Anabel Lee.

My beautiful Anabel Lee...