

Nancy Parsons

Nancy Parsons was her name and it's true that she was on the game
But she made the rules to suit herself to land a man of power and wealth
Not for her the drudges life, of a Bond St tailor's wife,
The tailor is the worst of men, he takes a fool and dresses them

What's a poor girl to do, to get away from the likes of you
I took my chance and sailed away to France
to the woods of the Fountain Blue.

The Earl of Grafton had a wife and a mistress for his other life
A Minister of King and Crown can find the time to play around
Charlie Maynard was a Duke, a man of very bad repute
but Nancy taught them both to dance; Oh, the mystery of such sweet
romance.

What's a poor girl to do

But beauty is as beauty does and jealous hearts can feel no lust
So when the news they did receive that told them both they'd been deceived
and Nancy and a serving man had taken gold and hatched a plan
to run away as lovers will, they swore an oath they'd both be killed

What's a poor girl to do ...

And when the spies had made full sure,
they'd tracked them down to Founteinbleu,
they paid a band of hired men
to do their worst and murder them.
The lovers had run out of luck
But before the blow was struck
They took their lives by their own hand
And blood became their wedding band.

What's a poor girl to do.....

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