

Tom Dooley

Hang down your head Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley, poor boy you're bound to die

**I met her on the mountain, there I took her life
Met her on the mountain, stabbed her with my knife.**

Hang down your head Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley, poor boy you're bound to die

**This time tomorrow , reckon where I'll be
Hadn't a-been for Grayson, I'd a-been in Tennessee**

Hang down your head Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley, poor boy you're bound to die

**This time tomorrow Reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley, hanging from a white oak tree**

Hang down your head Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley, poor boy you're bound to die