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