Tom Dooley

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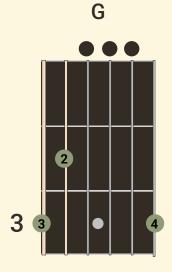


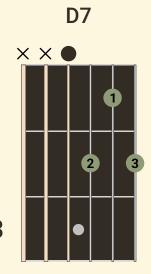
G Hang down your head Tom Dooley, D7 Hang down your head and cry. Hang down your head Tom Dooley, G

Poor boy, you're bound to die.

G
I met her on the mountain,
D7
and there I took her life,
Met her on the mountain,
G
stabbed her with my knife,

G
This time tomorrow,
D7
reckon' where I'd be,
Hadn't been for Grayson,
G
I'd been in Tennessee,





This time tomorrow,
D7
reckon' where I'll be,

Down in some lonesome valley,
G
hangin' from a white oak tree.

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