

Tom Dooley

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Refrain:

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.

1

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.“

2

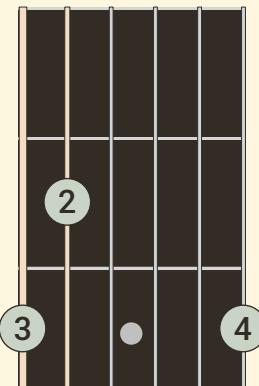
G
„This time tomorrow,
D7
reckon' where I'd be,
Hadn't been for Grayson,
G
I'd been in Tennessee.“

3

G
„This time tomorrow,
D7
reckon' where I'll be,
Down in some lonesome valley,
G
hangin' from a white oak tree.“

G

○○○



D7

XXO

