

TOM DOOLEY

C///|G7///|C///|C///

[C] Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
Hang down your head and [G7] cry,
Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you're bound to [C] cry.

I met her on the mountain,
and there I took her [G7] life,
Met her on the mountain,
stabbed her with my [C] knife.

[C] Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
Hang down your head and [G7] cry,
Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you're bound to [C] cry.

[C] From this time tomorrow,
reckon' where I'd [G7] be,
Hadn't been for Grayson,
I'd been in Tennes-[C]-see.

[C] Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
Hang down your head and [G7] cry,
Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you're bound to [C] cry.

[C] From this time tomorrow,
reckon' where I'll [G7] be,
Down in some lonesome valley,
hanging from a wide oak [C] tree.

[C] Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
Hang down your head and [G7] cry,
Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you're bound to [C] die.