

M.O.D.

"Tom Dooley"

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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;
I killed 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,
They'll be hanging me;
If it wasn't for sheriff Grayson,
I'd 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,
Hangin' 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.

Poor boy, you're bound to die...

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