

Connie Francis

"On Top of Old Smokey"

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(Charles Grean)

On top of old Smokey all covered with snow
I lost my true lover by courting too slow
Oh, courting's a pleasure, parting is grief
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.

(But a thief he will just rob you
And take what you say
But a false hearted lover
Will send you to your grave.)

Hey'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
Than the crossties on the railroad or the stars in the
skies
Your grave will decay you and turn you to dust
Not one boy in ten thousand a poor girl can trust.

On top of old Smokey all covered with snow
I lost my true lover by courting too slow...

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