

## Twins

### "On Top Of Old Smokey"

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On top of Old Smokey,  
All covered with snow,  
I lost my true lover,  
Come a-courting too slow.

For courting's a pleasure,  
And parting is grief,  
And a false-hearted lover,  
Is worse than a thief.

She'll hug you and kiss you,  
And tell you more lies,  
Than crossties on a railroad,  
And stars in the skies.

For courting's no pleasure,  
When winter winds blow,  
Don't want no true lover,  
All covered with snow.

On top of Old Smokey,  
All covered with snow!

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