

Alex Campbell

"On Top Of Old Smokey"

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On top of old Smokey-ey-ey
All covered in snow
I lost my true lover
For a courtin' to slow

Now courtin's a pleasure-ure
And partin's are grief
But a false hearted lover
Is worse than a thief

A thief he will rob you
And take all you have
But a false hearted lover
He will lead you to the grave

And the grave will decay you-ou-ou-ou
And turn you to dust
There's not one man in a million
A poor girl can trust

For they hug you and squeeze you
And tell you more lies
Than on the cross ties on a railroads
Or the stars in the sky

Come all you young ladie-ie-ie-ies
And listen to me
Never spread your affections
On the green willow tree

For the leaves they will wither-er-er
The roots they will die-ie-ie
You'll all be forsaken
And you'll never know why

On top of old Smokey-ey-ey-ey
All covered in snow-ow-ow-ow
I lost my true lovin' ma-a-an
For a courtin' to slow

