Tom Dooley

Bobby Bare

Been many song written about the eternal trying The song about a mystic relation A beautiful woman named Laurie and a condemned man by the name of Tom Dooley

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.

Met her on the mountains There I took her life Met her on the mountains Stabbed her with my knife

Took her on the hillside As God almighty knows Took her on the hillside That's where I hid her clothes

Why don't you 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 dug a grave five feet long I dug it 3 feet deep Rolled the cold clay over her And stumped it with your feet.

Baby this time tomorrow Reckon where I'll be If it had not been for Grace I'da been here in Tennessee

You ought to 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 Hanging from a white oak tree, yea

But if Tom Dooley was hung for the murder of Laurie Foster Then we're scouting North Carolina at sunrise 23rd, 1868, have a nice day Tom

Oh you should 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.