Tom Dooley

Steve Earle

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
I said she'd be my wife
I met her on the mountain
Stabbed her with my knife

I drug her to the river
As God Almighty knows
The man beside the water
Hid her shoes and clothes

I dug her grave a footlong
I dug it three foot deep
I threw the cold clay on her
Tramped it with my feet

'Bout this time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Down there in that holler
Hangin' from a tree

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