

Cindy

Johnny Cash

I wish I was an apple, a-hangin' on a tree and every time my Cindy passed, she'd take a little bite of me.

Get along, home, Cindy, Cindy, get along home. Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you one day.

Well, Cindy is my honey the sweetest in the south, when we kissed to bees would all swarm around her mouth.

Get along, home, Cindy, Cindy, get along home. Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you one day.

Well, I wish I had a needle and thread, fine as I could sew. I'd sew my Cindy to my side and down the road I'd go.

Get along, home, Cindy, Cindy, get along home. Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you one day.

Well, Cindy got religion. She'd had it once before, she grabbed my ole banjo, man and throw it on the floor.

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Well, it's apples in the summer time, peaches in the fall. If I can't have the gal I want I won't have none at all.

Get along, home, Cindy, Cindy, get along home. Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you one day.

Cindy hugged and kissed me, she hung her head and cried, I swore she was the prettiest thing that ever lived or died.

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