

# 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.