

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.