

On Top Of Old Smokey

Burl Ives

On top of old smokey
All covered with snow
I lost my true lover
From a courtin' too slow

On top of old smokey
I went there to weep
A false hearted lover
Is worse than a thief

For a thief, he will rob you
And take what you have
But a false hearted lover
Will send you to your grave

She'll hug you and kiss
And tell you more lies
Than the cross tiles on the railroad
Or the stars in the skies

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