

On Top Of Old Smokey

Harry Belafonte

On top of old Smokey
All covered with snow
I lost my true lover
For a courting to slow

Yes courting's a pleasure
And parting is grief
And a false hearted lover
Is worse than a thief

She'll kiss you, she'll hug you
Tell you more lies
Than the cross ties on a railroad
Or the stars in the sky

Let me tell you `bout my baby
She's like bad brandy wine
The first time I kissed her
She drove me out my mind

She's a Baltimore special
Got a fine brown frame
When you see her in motion
Evil woman is her name

Did I tell you `bout the Eastman
Lord what a shame
He run off with my baby
And scandalized my name

Well I went up on a mountain top
To call my baby back
She was gone with that Eastman
Down that lonesome railroad track

If I ever see that Eastman
I'll shoot him with my gun
I'll cut him with my long Jones
And dare that pimp to run

Little Liza, little Liza
I couldn't sleep last night
Come on back home baby
Everything will be all right

Ah, let me tell you, let me tell you
I don't care what you say
If my woman ever comes back
I'll give my life away

If you ever see a dark cloud
Rollin' in the sky
It's my woman gone to heaven
With a tear drop in her eye

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