

# 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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For a-courting to slow