

Get Along Home Cindy Cindy

Get along [G] home, Cindy Cindy
Get along [D] home, Cindy Cindy
Get along [G] home, Cindy Cindy
I'll [D] marry [A7] you some [D] day.

You ought to see my Cindy
She lives away down [A7] south
She's so sweet the honeybees
Swarm around her [D] mouth.

Wish I was an apple
Hangin' on a [A7] tree
An' every time that Cindy passed
She'd take a bite o' [D] me

Wish I had a needle
as fine as I could [A7] sew
I'd sew that gal to my coat tails
And down the road we'd [D]go

She took me to the parlor
She cooled me with her [A7] fan
She said I was the prettiest thing
In the shape of mortal [D] man

Now Cindy got religion,
She had it once [A7] before
When she hears my old banjo
She's the first one on the [D] floor.

Now Cindy got religion,
She wheeled round and [A7] round
She got so full of glory
That she knocked the preacher [D] down

Cindy in the summertime
Cindy in the [A7] fall
If I can't have Cindy all the time
I'll Have no one at [D] all.

Cindy is a pretty girl
Cindy is a [A7] peach;
Threw her arms around my neck
Hung on like a [D] leach.

Cindy had a blue eye
She also had one [A7] brown
One eye looked in the country
The other looked in [D] town

She told me that she loved me, she called me sugar [A7] plum
She threw her arms around me,
I thought my time had [D] come

The first time I saw Cindy, she was standing at the [A7] door
Her shoes and stockings in her hand,
her feet all over the [D] floor

I wish I had a dollar, I wish I had a [A7] dime
I'd buy a jar of cider and stay happy all the [D] time

Cindy got religion She really went to [A7] town.
Got so full of glory, Lord,
she shook her stockin's [D] down.

If I had a pretty gal, I'd put her on a [A7] shelf;
Ev'ry time she smiled at me, I'd jump right up my [D] self.