

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

[C] On top of old **[F]** smokey all covered with **[C]** snow
 I lost my true **[G7]** lover for courting too **[C]** slow

For courting's a **[F]** pleasure and parting's a **[C]** grief
 And a false hearted **[G7]** lover is worse than a **[C]** thief

For a thief will just **[F]** rob you and take all you **[C]** save
 But a false hearted **[G7]** lover will lead you to the **[C]** grave

And the grave will **[F]** decay you and turn you to **[C]** dust
 Not one girl in a **[G7]** hundred a poor boy can **[C]** trust

They'll hug you and **[F]** kiss you and tell you more **[C]** lies
 Than cross-lines on a **[G7]** railroad or stars in the **[C]** skies

So come all you **[F]** maidens and listen to **[C]** me
 Never place your **[G7]** affections on a green willow **[C]** tree

For the leaves they will **[F]** wither and the roots they will **[C]** die
 You'll all be **[G7]** forsaken and never know **[C]** why.

