

Cindy, I'll Marry You Someday

Robert Plant

You ought to see my Cindy, she lives way down South*
She's so sweet the honeybees swarm around her mouth

Get along home Cindy, Cindy get along home
Get along home Cindy, Cindy I'll marry you someday

First I seen Cindy, she was standin' in the door
Her shoes and stockings in her hand and her feet all over the floor

She kissed me and she hugged me, she called me a sugarplum
She thrown her arms around me and called me a sugarplum

I wished I had a nickel, wished I had a dime
I give it to my Cindy to love me all the time

She took me to her parlor, she called me with her fan
She said I was the prettiest thing to dream a mortal man

I wished I was an apple, a-hangin' on a tree
Ev'rytime that Cindy would pass me by, she take a bite of me

Oh, Cindy is a pretty girl, Cindy is a peach
She threw her arms around my neck and hung on like a leach

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