Tom Dooley

SWEENEYÂ´S MEN

Hang your head Tom Dooley
Hold your head and cry
You killed poor Laura Foster
Now you're bound to die

You took her on that hillside
As god might he knows
Well You took her on that hillside
Boy there you took her clothes

You took her by that roadside
Were you begged to be excused
Well you took her by that roadside
And there you took her shoes

So hang your head Tom Dooley
Hold your head and cry
Your killed poor Laura Foster
Now you're bound to die

You took her on that hillside
For to making her you wife
When you took her on that hillside
There you took her life

Then you dug a grave four foot long
dug it three foot deep
Well You throwed the cold clay over her face
And stamped it with your feet

So hang your head Tom Dooley
Hold your head and cry
You killed poor Laura Foster
Boy now you're bound to die

Take down my old violin
Play it all you please
Well this time tomorrow
He no use to me

Well this world and one more
Where do you reckon I'll be?
If it hadn't been for Grayson,
I'd been in Tennesee

So hang your head Tom Dooley
Hold your head and cry
Your killed poor Laura Foster
Now you're bound to die

Lyrics submitted by Michael.

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