

Tom Dooley

Doc Watson

Hang your head, Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry
You killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know you're bound to die You left her by the roadside
Where you begged to be excused
You left her by the roadside
Then you hid her clothes and shoes Hang your head, Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry
You killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know you're bound to die You took her on the hillside
For to make her your wife
You took her on the hillside
And there you took her life You dug the grave four feet long
And you dug it three feet deep
You rolled the cold clay over her
And tromped it with your feet Hang your head, Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry
You killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know you're bound to die Trouble, oh it's trouble
A-rollin' through my breast
As long as I'm a-livin', boys
They ain't a-gonna let me rest I know they're gonna hang me
Tomorrow I'll be dead
Though I never even harmed a hair
On poor little Laurie's head Hang your head, Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry
You killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know you're bound to die In this world and one more
Then reckon where I'll be
If is wasn't for Sheriff Grayson
I'd be in Tennessee You can take down my old violin
And play it all you please
For at this time tomorrow, boys
It'll be of no use to me Hang your head, Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry
You killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know you're bound to die At this time tomorrow
Where do you reckon I'll be?
Away down yonder in the holler

Hangin' on a white oak treeHang your head, Tom Dooley

Hang your head and cry

You killed poor Laurie Foster

And you know you're bound to die

Songwriters

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