

# On Top of Old Smoky

C F C F C  
On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,  
G C F C  
I lost my true lover by courtin' too slow.

C F C F C  
Now courtin's a pleasure; parting is grief;  
G C F C  
But a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.

C F C F C  
A thief, he will will rob you and take what you have,  
G C F C  
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave.

C F C F C  
The grave will decay you, and turn you to dust;  
G C F C  
There ain't one in a million, a poor girl can trust.

C F C F C  
They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies,  
G C F C  
Than cross-ties on railroads, or stars in the skies.

C F C F C  
They'll tell you they love you to give your heart ease,  
G C F C  
But the minute your back's turned, they'll court who they please.

C F C F C  
I'll go back to old Smoky, old Smoky so high,  
G C F C  
Where the wild birds and turtle doves can hear my sad cry.

C F C F C  
On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,  
G C F C  
I lost my true lover, by courtin' too slow.