"Tom Dooley"

Mixolydian - DAD

Hang down your head Tom Dooley, Hang down your head and cry.

Hang down your head Tom Dooley, poor boy your bound to die.

You met her on the mountain
And there you took her life
You met her on the mountain
And stabbed her with your knife.

At this time tomorrow,
Reckon where I'll be,
If it hadn't been for Grayson
I'd been in Tennessee.

At this time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley
Hangin' from a white oak tree.

Hand me down my banjo
Give here to me,
This time tomorrow
It'll be no use to me.