

On Top of Old Smoky

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On top of old Smokie,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover
From courtin' too slow.

From courtin's great pleasure,
And flirtin' is grief,
A false hearted lover
Is worse than a thief.

For a thief, he'll just rob you,
And take what you have,
But a false-hearted lover
Will send you to your grave.

She'll hug you and kiss you,
And tell you more lies,
Than cross ties on a railroad
Or the stars in the skies.

The grave will decay you
will turn you to dust
not one boy in a hundred
a poor girl can trust.

They'll tell you they love you
To give your heart ease
As soon as your back's turned
they'll court as they please