(Spoken) Throughout history there've been many songs written about the eternal triangle. This next one tells the story of a Mr Grayson, a beautiful woman and a condemned man named Tom Dooley. When the sun rises tomorrow, Tom Dooley must hang...

CHORUS
G
Hang down your head Tom, Dooley. Hang down your head and cry.
G
Hang down your head Tom, Dooley. Poor boy, you're bound to die

Verse 1
G
I met her on the mountain, there I took her life.
G
Met her on the mountain, stabbed her with my knife (to Chorus)

Verse 2
G
This time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be,
G
Hadn't a-been for Grayson, I'd a-been in Tennessee (Play Chorus 2x)

Verse 3
G
This time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be
G
Down in some lonesome valley, hangin' from a white oak tree (Play Chorus 2x)

Final Tag
D7
Poor boy, you're bound to die, Poor boy, you're bound to die
D7
Poor boy, you're bound to die, Poor boy, you're bound to die