

# On Top of Old Smokey

C F C G7

On top of old smok - ey, all cov - ered with snow.  
 On top of old smok - ey, I went there to weep.  
 For a thief, he will rob you, and take what you have.  
 She'll hug you and kiss you, and tell you more lies.  
 On top of old smok - ey, all cov - ered with snow.

8 C G7 C F C

I lost my true lov - er for court - in' too slow.  
 A false heart - ed lov - er, is worse than a thief.  
 But a false heart - ed lov - er, will send you to your grave.  
 Than the cross ties on the rail - road, or the stars in the sky.  
 I lost my true lov - er, for court - in' too slow.

1	2	3	1	2	3
↓	↑	↑	↓	↑	↑
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