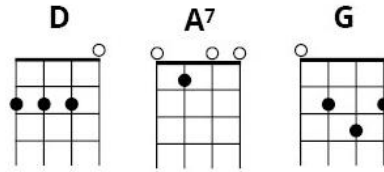


Cindy – Traditional Folk Song



1st Verse

D A7
You ought to see my Cindy, she lives away down South,
D G D A7 D
She is so sweet, the honeybees all swarm around her mouth.

Chorus

G D
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, get along home, Cindy, Cindy
G D A7 D
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy. I'll marry you someday.

2nd Verse

I wish I were an apple,
a hanin' on a tree
And every time my Cindy passed,
she'd take a bite of me
(Chorus)

4th Verse

The first time I saw Cindy,
she was standing at the door
Her shoes and stockings in her hand,
her feet all over the floor
(Chorus)

3rd Verse

I wish I had a nickel,
I wish I had a dime
I wish I had my Cindy,
beside me all the time.
(Chorus)

5th Verse

I wish I had a needle,
as fine as I could sew.
I sew that gal to my coattail,
and down the road we'd go.
(Chorus)