# Tom Dooley - Doc Watson

Hang your head, Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry
You killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know you're bound to die

You left her by the roadside
Where you begged to be excused
You left her by the roadside
Then you hid her clothes and shoes

Hang your head, Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry
You killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know you're bound to die

You took her on the hillside
For to make her your wife
You took her on the hillside
And there you took her life

You dug the grave four feet long
And you dug it three feet deep
You rolled the cold clay over her
And tromped it with your feet

Hang your head, Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry
You killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know you're bound to die

"Trouble, oh it's trouble
A-rollin' through my breast
As long as I'm a-livin', boys
They ain't a-gonna let me rest

I know they're gonna hang me
Tomorrow I'll be dead
Though I never even harmed a hair
On poor little Laurie's head."

Hang your head, Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry
You killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know you're bound to die

"In this world and one more
Then reckon where I'll be
If is wasn't for Sheriff Grayson
I'd be in Tennessee

You can take down my old violin
And play it all you please
For at this time tomorrow, boys
It'll be of no use to me"

Hang your head, Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry;
You killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know you're bound to die

"At this time tomorrow
Where do you reckon I'll be?
Away down yonder in the holler
Hangin' on a white oak tree

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And you know you're bound to die