

Cindy

(a.k.a. "Get Along Home, Cindy")

Words & Music:
Traditional American

D A
You ought to see my Cindy, she lives 'way down South.
D G D A D
She's so sweet, the honeybees, swarm around her mouth.

CHORUS:

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

The first I seen my Cindy, she was standing in the door.
Her shoes and stockings in her hand with her feet all over the floor.

CHORUS:

I wish I was an apple, a-hangin' on a tree.
And every time my Cindy passed she'd take a bite of me.

CHORUS:

Well, I wish I had a needle and thread, fine as I could sew.
I'd sew my Cindy to my side and down the road I'd go.

CHORUS:

Well, it's apples in the summer time, peaches in the fall.
If I can't have the gal I want I won't have none at all.

CHORUS:

Cindy hugged and kissed me, she hung her head and cried.
I swore she was the prettiest thing that ever lived or died.

CHORUS: