

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Cindy

You ought to see my cindy
She lives way down aouth
She's so sweet the honey bees
Swarm around her mouth

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
I'll marry you some day

The first I seen my Cindy
She was standing in the door
Her shoes and stocking in her hand
Her feet all over the floor

* Refrain

She took me to her parlor
She cooled me with her fan
She said I was the prettiest thing
In the shape of the floor

* Refrain

She kissed me and ahe hugged me

She called me suger plum
She threw her arms around me
I thought my time had come

* Refrain

Oh, Cindy is a pretty girl
Cindy is a peach
She threw her arms around my neck
And hung on like a leech

* Refrain

And if I was a sugar tree
Standing in the town
Easy time my Cindy passed
I'd shake some sugar down

* Refrain

And if had a needle and thread
Fine as I could sew
I'd sew that gal to my coat tails
And down the road I'd go

* Refrain

I wish I was an apple

A-hanging on a tree
Every time that Cindy passed
She'd take a bite a of me

* Refrain