

Cindy

G

You ought to see my Cindy,

She lives way down south;
She's so sweet the honey bees

D7

G

Swarm around her mouth.

Chorus:

C

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,

G

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,

C

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,

D7

G

I'll marry you some day.

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

She took me to her parlor,
She cooled me with her fan;
She said I was the prettiest thing
In the shape of mortal man.

She kissed me and she hugged me,
She called me sugar plum;
She threw her arms around me,
I thought my time had come.

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

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

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

I wish I was an apple
A-hanging on a tree,
Every time that Cindy passed,
She'd take a bite of me.