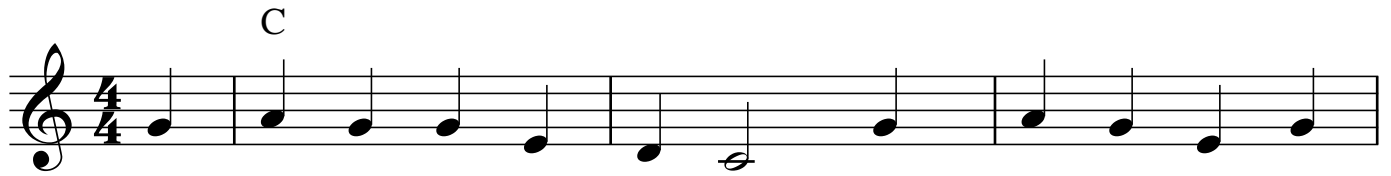


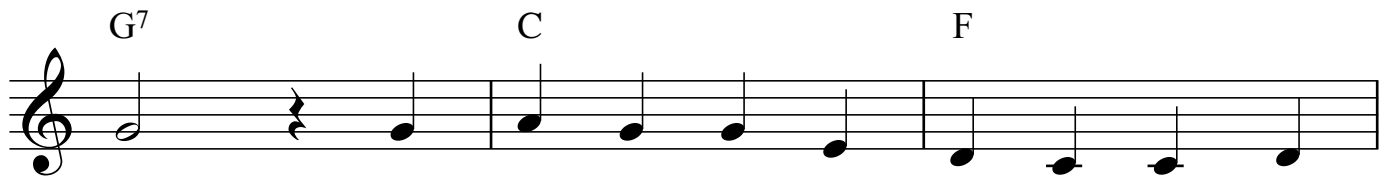
Cindy

C



You ought to see my Cin - dy, She lives a - way down
The first time that I saw her, She was stand-in' in the
I wish I was an ap - ple, A - hang-in' on a

G⁷ C F



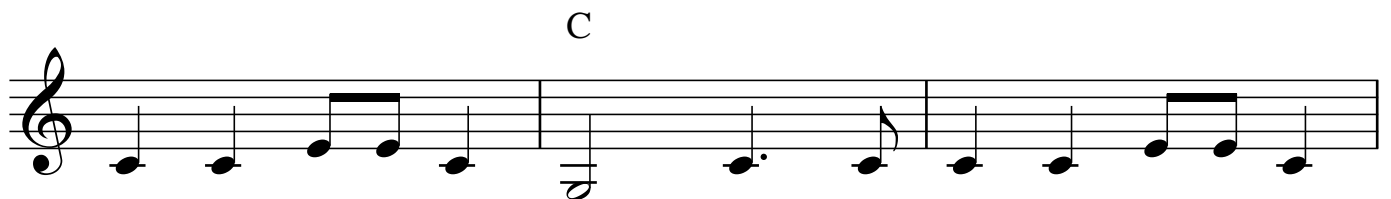
South, And she's so sweet the hon - ey bees, All
door, Her shoes and stock-ings in her hand, Her
tree, And ev - 'ry time my Cin - dy passed, She'd

C F C F



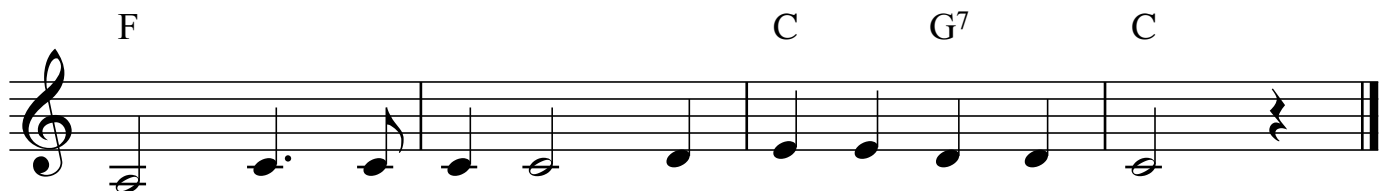
swarm a - round her mouth. Get a long home, Cind - dy,
feet all over the floor.
take a bite of me.

C



Cin - dy, Get a-long home, Cin - dy, Cin - dy, Get a-long

F C G⁷ C



home, Cin - dy, Cin - dy, I'll mar - ry you some - day.