Cindy

You ought to see my Cindy, She lives away down
The first time that I saw her, She was standin' in the
I wish I was an apple, Hangin' on a

G7    C        F
South, And she's so sweet the honey bees, All
door, Her shoes and stockings in her hand, Her
tree, And every time my Cindy passed, She'd

F C F C
swarm around her mouth. Get a long home, Cindy,
feet all over the floor. Take a bite of me.

C
Cindy, Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, Get along

F C G7 C
home, Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you someday.

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