

**Cindy**  
*Traditional*

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1. You ought to see my Cindy, she lives way down South,  
She's so sweet the honey bees, swarm around her mouth .

*chorus:* Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, get along home, Cindy, Cindy,  
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you some day.

2. The first time I saw Cindy, she was standing in the door,  
Her shoes and stocking in her hand, her feet all on the floor

3. Cindy got religion, she had it once before,  
But when she hears my old guitar, she's the first one on the floor.

4. She kissed me and ahe hugged me, she called me suger plum,  
She throwed her arms around me, I thought my time had come.

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

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

7. 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.

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

9. Cindy in the spring time, Cindy in the fall,  
If I can't have my Cindy girl, I'll have no girl at all.