GET ALONG HOME CINDY

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TRADITIONAL

You ought to see my Cindy, She lives a-way down South,
And she's so sweet the honey bees All swarm around her mouth.
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy I'll marry you someday.
The first time that I saw her She was standin' in the door,
Her shoes and stockings in her hand, Her feet all over the floor.
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy I'll marry you someday.
I wish I was an apple A-hangin' on a tree,
And every time my Cindy passed, She'd take a bite of me.
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
I'll marry you someday.