CINDY



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I wish I was an apple, a-hanging in a tree.

And every time my sweet-heart passed, she'd take a bite of me. She told me that she loved me, she called me sugar plum, She threw her arms around me, I thought my time had come.

Get along home Cindy, Cmdy, get along home Cindy, Cindy, Get along home Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you some day.

Oh, Cindy got religion, she got it once before, But when she heard my old banjo, she was the first one on the floor Cindy went to preachin', she swung around and 'round, She got so full of glory, she knocked the preacher down.

Get along home, Cindy