

DARLIN' COREY

WAKE UP, WAKE UP, DARLING COREY, WHAT MAKES YOU SLEEP SO SOUND?  
THE REVENUE OFFICER'S A COMMIN' FOR TO TEAR YOUR STILL HOUSE DOWN.

THE FIRST TIME I SAW DARLING COREY SHE WAS SITTING BY THE SEA  
HAD A PISTOL STRAPPED AROUND HER BODY, HAD A BANJO ON HER KNEE.

GO 'WAY GO 'WAY DARLING COREY, QUIT HANGING 'ROUND MY BED  
PRETTY WOMEN DRIVING ME CRAZY, CORN LIQUOR'S KILLING ME DEAD.

THE LAST TIME I SEEN DARLING COREY, SHE HAD A DRAM GLASS IN HER HAND.  
SHE WAS TRYING TO DRIVE AWAY HER TROUBLES, WITH A RAMBLING, GAMBLING MAN.

DIG A HOLE, DIG A HOLE IN THE MEADOW, DIG A HOLD IN THE COLD COLD GROUND.  
DIG A HOLE DIG A HOLE IN THE MEADOW, JUST TO LAY POOR COREY DOWN.

OH LISTEN TO THE BLUE BIRDS A SINGING, DON'T YOU HEAR THAT MORNFUL SOUN.  
THEY'RE A PREACHING A' COREY'S FUN'RAL, IN THAT LONESOME GRAVE YARD GROUND.