

**CINDY**

G D7  
I wish I was an apple, a hanging on a tree,  
G C D7 G  
And every time my Cindy passed, she'd take a bite of me.  
D7  
You ought to see my Cindy, she lives away down South.  
G C D7 G  
She is so sweet the honey bees all swarm around her mouth.

C  
**CHORUS:** Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,  
G  
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,  
C  
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,  
G D7 G  
I'll marry you some day.

D7  
She took me to her parlor, she cooled me with her fan,  
G C D7 G  
She swore I was the purtiest thing in the shape of mortal man.  
D7

I wish I had a needle, as fine as I could sew,  
G C D7 G  
I'd sew that gal to my coattail, and down the road I'd go. **CHORUS**

D7  
She kissed me and she hugged me, She called me sugar plum.  
G C D7 G  
She threwed her arms around me, I thought my time had come.  
D7

Cindy got religion, she had it once before,  
G C D7 G  
But when she heard my old banjo, she was the first one on the floor.

**CHORUS**

D7  
I wish I had a nickel, I wish I had a dime,  
G C D7 G  
I wish I had my Cindy girl to love me all the time.

D7  
Cindy in the springtime, Cindy in the fall,  
G C D7 G  
If I can't have my Cindy, I'll have no girl at all. **CHORUS**