Katy Daley

Lonesome River Band

Α

With her old man she came from Tiperary

F

In the pioneer days of '42 Her old man was shot in Tombstone City

Α

For the making of his good old mountain dew

CHORUS:

Α

Come on down the mountain, Katy Daley

Ε

Come on down the mountain, Katy Do Can't you hear us calling, Katy Daley

Α

We want to drink your good ol' mountain dew

Α

Wake up and pay attention Katy Daley

Е

I am the judge that's gonna sentence you All the boys in court have drunk your whiskey

Α

And to tell the truth, I drank a little too

CHORUS

Α

So to the jail they took poor Katy Daley

F

And very soon the gates were opened wide Angels came to court Katy Daley

Δ

And took her far across the Great Divide

CHORUS