## Wake up, darling Corey

U.S.A.

Wake up, wake up, darlin' Corey, what makes your sleep so sound. When the revee nooers are comin' for to tear your still house down?

Go away, go away, darlin' Corey stop hangin' around my bed. -Bad liquor destroyed my body, pretty woman's gone to my head. Don't you hear those bluebirds a-singing? Don't you hear their mournful sound? They are preachin' Corey's funeral in some lonesome graveyard ground.

The last time I saw darlin' Corey she was sittin' on the bank of the sea, with a jug of liquor in her arm and a 45 across her knee.





