# On Top Of Spaghetti

Folk song (origin unknown)

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**INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / [G] / [G] / [G7]**

On **[G7]** top of spa-**[C]**ghetti, all covered in **[G]** cheese **[G] / [G]**

I **[G]** lost my poor **[D7]** meatball, when somebody **[G]** sneezed **[G] / [G7]**

It **[G7]** rolled off the **[C]** table, and onto the **[G]** floor **[G] / [G]**

And **[G]** then my poor **[D7]** meatball, it rolled out the **[G]** door **[G] / [G7]**

It rolled **[G7]** into the **[C]** garden, and under a **[G]** bush **[G] / [G]**

And **[G]** now my poor **[D7]** meatball, is nothing but **[G]** mush **[G] / [G7]**

The **[G7]** mush was as **[C]** tasty, as tasty can **[G]** be **[G] / [G]**

And **[G7]** early next **[D7]** summer, it grew into a **[G]** tree **[G] / [G7]**

The **[G7]** tree was all **[C]** covered with beautiful **[G]** moss **[G] / [G]**

And **[G]** on it grew **[D7]** meatballs, and spaghetti **[G]** sauce **[G] / [G7]**

So if **[G7]** you eat spa-**[C]**ghetti, all covered in **[G]** cheese **[G] / [G]**

Hang **[G]** on to your **[D7]** meatball, and don't ever **~[G]~** sneeze!

Ahhhhhh-**[G]↓** choo!

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**On Top Of Old Smokey**

**INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / [G] / [G] / [G7]**

On **[G7]** top of old **[C]** Smokey, all covered with **[G]** snow **[G] / [G]**

I **[G]** lost my true **[D7]** lover, from courting too **[G]** slow **[G] / [G7]**

Now **[G7]** courting is **[C]** pleasure, and parting is **[G]** grief **[G] / [G]**

And a **[G]** false-hearted **[D7]** lover, is worse than a **[G]** thief **[G] / [G7]**

For a **[G7]** thief will just **[C]** rob you, and take what you **[G]** have **[G] / [G]**

But a **[G]** false-hearted **[D7]** lover, will lead you to the **[G]** grave **[G] / [G7]**

And the **[G7]** grave will de-**[C]**cay you, and turn you to **[G]** dust **[G] / [G]**

Not **[G]** one boy in a **[D7]** hundred, a poor girl can **[G]** trust **[G] / [G7]**

They'll **[G7]** hug you and **[C]** kiss you, and tell you more **[G]** lies **[G] / [G]**

Than **[G]** cross ties on a **[D7]** railroad, or stars in the **[G]** skies **[G] / [G7]**

So come **[G7]** all you young **[C]** maidens, and listen to **[G]** me **[G] / [G]**

Never **[G]** place your af-**[D7]**fection, on a green willow **[G]** tree **[G] / [G7]**

For the **[G7]** leaves they will **[C]** whither, and the roots they will **[G]** die **[G] / [G]**

You'll **[G]** all be for-**[D7]**saken, and never know **[G]** why **[C] / [G] ↓**

[www.bytownukulele.ca](http://www.bytownukulele.ca)