

F 2010  
C 0003  
G7 0212

F

C

On top of old Smokie, all covered in snow

G7

C

I lost my true lover by courtin' too slow

F

C

A' courtin' s a pleasure, and parting is grief

G7

C

F

C!

For a false hearted lover, is worse than a thief

|    |      |
|----|------|
| F  | 2010 |
| C  | 0003 |
| G7 | 0212 |

F

C

On top of spaghetti, all covered with cheese,

G7

C

F

C!

I lost my poor meatball when somebody sneezed.

F

C

It rolled off the table and onto the floor.

G7

C

F

C!

And then my poor meatball rolled right out the door

|    |      |
|----|------|
| F  | 2010 |
| C  | 0003 |
| G7 | 0212 |

It rolled in the garden, And under a bush,  
And then my poor meatball, Was nothing but mush.  
The mush was as tasty As tasty could be,  
And then the next summer, It grew into a tree.

Solo (s) !  
(Pick-up)

| |

||:F

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|C

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|G7

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|C

|F

|C!

Repeat ad infinitum..

|    |      |
|----|------|
| F  | 2010 |
| C  | 0003 |
| G7 | 0212 |

F 2010  
C 0003  
G7 0212

The tree was all covered, All covered with moss,

And on it grew meatballs, And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti, All covered with cheese,

Hold on to your meatball, Whenever you sneeze.