

# Mardi Gras Songs



Baton Rouge  
Battle of New Orleans  
C'est La Vie  
City of New Orleans  
Diggy Liggy Lo  
House of the Rising Sun  
Jambalaya  
Johnny B. Goode  
Lady Marmalade  
Me and Bobby McGee  
Mr Bojangles  
Proud Mary  
St James Infirmary Blues  
The Ella B  
When the Saints Go Marching In  
You're No Good

## Baton Rouge (Guy Clark / John Charles li Crowley) Key G

**G**                    **D**  
 I'm gonna leave Texarkana  
**C**                    **G**  
 I'm goin' down to Louisiana  
                          **D**                    **G**  
 I'm gonna try my luck in Baton Rouge  
    **D**  
 I'm gonna follow ol' red river down  
**C**                    **G**  
 Till I see the lights of town  
    **D**                    **G**  
 I ain't gonna get no sleep in Baton  
 Rouge

### CHORUS:

**D**  
 Baton Rouge Baton Rouge  
**C**  
 I'm gonna get me some alligator shoes  
**D**  
 Baton Rouge Baton Rouge  
**C**                    **D**                    **G**  
 I'm gonna wear 'em out in Baton Rouge

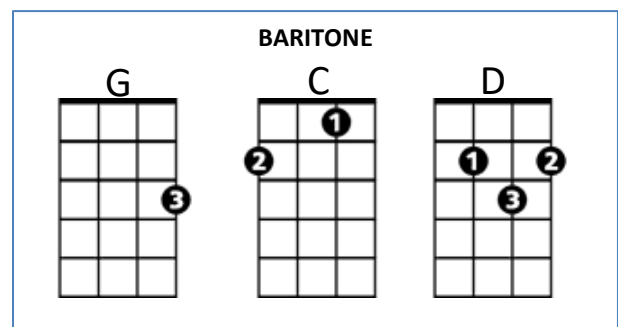
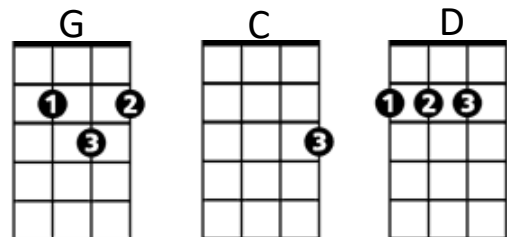
**G**                    **D**  
 It was a Texas girl that broke my heart  
**C**                    **G**  
 Then she tore my truck apart  
    **D**                    **G**  
 I guess I'll get me another in Baton  
 Rouge  
    **D**  
 I like Crawfish I like rice  
**C**                    **G**  
 I like girls that treat you nice  
    **D**                    **G**  
 I'm gonna find me one in Baton Rouge

### (CHORUS)

**G**                    **D**  
 I'm gonna learn to walk that walk  
**C**                    **G**  
 I'm gonna learn to talk that talk  
    **D**                    **G**  
 I'm gonna learn to dance in Baton  
 Rouge  
    **D**  
 Ain't life just like a cul-de-sac  
**C**                    **G**  
 I'm a Texas boy and I'm goin' back  
    **D**                    **G**  
 Soon as I catch my breath in Baton  
 Rouge

### (CHORUS)

**D**                    **G**  
 I'm gonna strut my stuff in Baton Rouge  
    **D**                    **G**  
 I'm gonna cool my heels in Baton Rouge



## BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS (Jimmie Driftwood)

**C** **F**  
 In 1814 we took a little trip  
**G7** **C**  
 Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty  
 Mississip'

**F**  
 We took a little bacon and we took a little beans  
**G7** **C**  
 And we caught the bloody British in the town of  
 New Orleans

### Chorus

**C**  
 We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'  
**G7** **C**  
 There wasn't as many as there was a while ago  
 We fired once more and they began to runnin'  
**G7** **C**  
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

**C** **F**  
 We looked down the river and we see the British  
 come  
**G7** **C**  
 And there musta been a hundred of 'em beatin'  
 on the drum  
**F**  
 They stepped so high and they made their bugles  
 ring  
**G7** **C**  
 We stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a  
 thing

### (Chorus)

**C** **F**  
 Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise  
**G7** **C**  
 If we didn't fire our musket till we looked 'em in  
 the eyes  
**F**  
 We held our fire till we seen their faces well  
**G7** **C**  
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns and really  
 gave 'em Well...

### (Chorus)

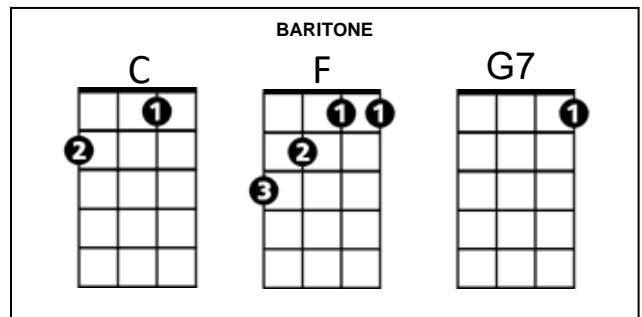
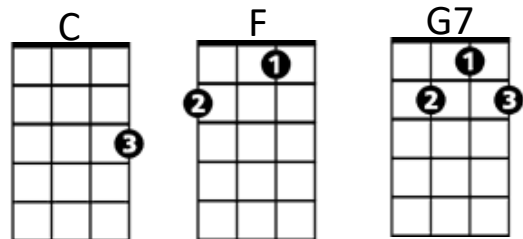
### Reprise:

**C**  
 Yeah! They ran through the briars and they ran  
 through the brambles  
**G7**  
 And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit  
**C**  
 couldn't go  
 They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch  
 'em  
**G7** **C**  
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

**C** **F**  
 We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down  
**G7** **C**  
 So we grabbed an alligator and we fought  
 another round  
 We filled his head with cannonballs and  
**F**  
 powdered his behind  
**G7** **C**  
 And when we touched the powder off, the 'gator  
 lost his mind

### (Chorus) / (Reprise)

#### Instrumental first two lines of verse



## C'est La Vie (Chuck Berry)

**F**  
It was a teen-aged wedding  
And the old folks wished them well  
You could see that Pierre  
**C**  
Truly loved the mademoiselle  
And now the young Monsieur and Madame  
Have rung the chapel bell  
C'est La Vie, say the old folks

**F**  
It goes to show you never can tell

**F**  
They furnished off the apartment  
With a two room tag-end sale  
The coolerator was crammed  
**C**  
With TV dinners and Ginger Ale  
But when Pierre found work  
The little money come in, worked out well  
C'est La Vie, say the old folks

**F**  
It goes to show you never can tell

**F**  
They had a hi-fi phono -  
Boy, did they let it blast  
700 little records

**C**  
All rock and rhythm and jazz  
But when the sun went down  
The rapid tempo of the music fell  
C'est La Vie say the old folks

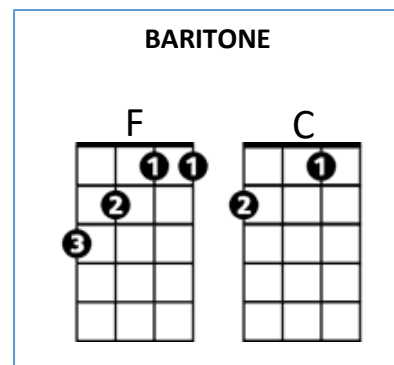
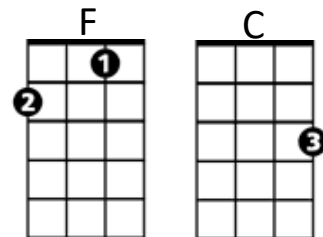
**F**  
It goes to show you never can tell

**F**  
They bought a souped up chitney  
Was cherry red fifty-three  
Drove it down to Orleans  
**C**  
To celebrate their anniversary  
It was there where Pierre  
Was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle  
C'est La Vie say the old folks

**F**  
It goes to show you never can tell

**(Repeat First Verse)**

**C**  
C'est La Vie, say the old folks  
**F**  
It goes to show you never can tell



## City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman)

**C** **G7** **C**  
 Riding on the city of New Orleans  
**Am** **F** **C**  
 Illinois Central Monday morning rail  
**G7** **C**  
 Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
**Am** **G7** **C**  
 Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  
**Am**  
 All along the southbound Odyssey  
**Em**  
 The train pulls out of Kankakee  
**G7** **D7**  
 And rolls along past houses farms and fields  
**Am**  
 Passing trains that have no name  
**Em**  
 And freight yards full of old black men  
**G7** **C**  
 And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

### Chorus:

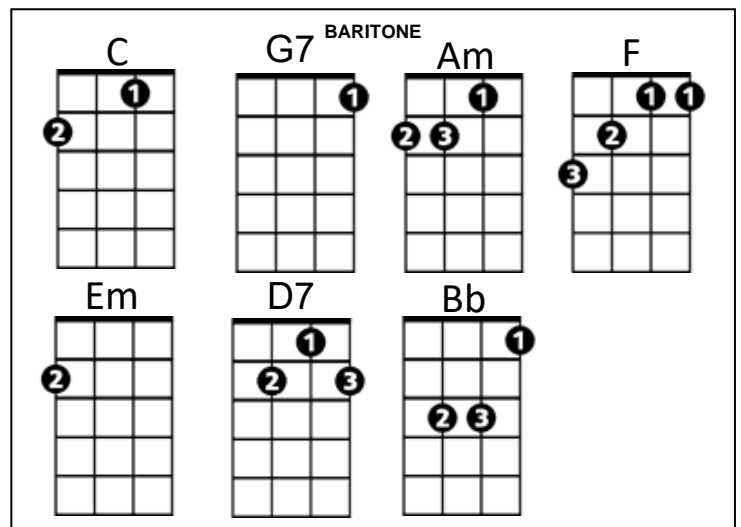
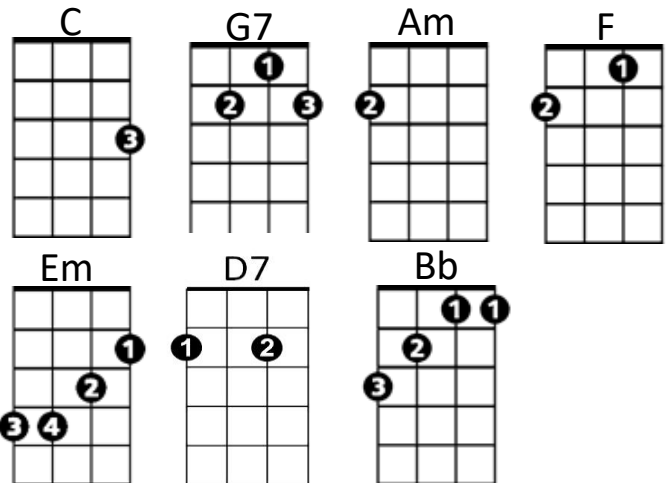
**F** **G7** **C**  
 Good morning America how are you  
**Am** **F** **C**  
 Say don't you know me I'm your native son  
**G7** **C** **G7** **Am**  
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
**Bb** **G7** **C**  
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

**G7** **C**  
 Dealing card game with the old men in the club car  
**Am** **F** **C**  
 Penny a point ain't no one keeping score  
**G7** **C**  
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  
**Am** **G7** **C**  
 Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor  
**Am**  
 And the sons of Pullman porters  
**Em**  
 And the sons of engineers  
**G7** **D7**  
 Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel  
**Am**  
 Mothers with their babes a sleep  
**Em**  
 Rocking to the gentle beat  
**G7** **C**  
 And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

### (Chorus)

**G7** **C**  
 Nighttime on the City of New Orleans  
**Am** **F** **C**  
 Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee  
**G7** **C**  
 Halfway home and we'll be there by morning  
**Am** **G7**  
 Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the  
**C**  
 sea  
**Am**  
 And all the towns and people seem  
**Em**  
 To fade into a bad dream  
**G7** **D7**  
 And the steel rail still ain't heard the news  
**Am**  
 The conductor sings his songs again  
**Em**  
 The passengers will please refrain  
**G7** **C**  
 This train got the disappearing railroad blues

### (Chorus) (GOOD NIGHT) (Repeat last line to end)



# Diggy Liggy Lo (J.D. Miller)

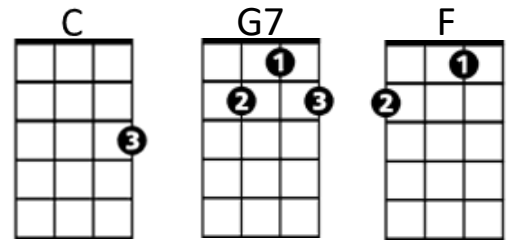
## Intro: Chords/melody 1st Verse

**C**  
Diggy Liggy Li and Diggy Liggy Lo

**G7**  
They fell in love at the fais-do-do

The pop was cold and the coffee \*chaud

**C**  
For Diggy Liggy Li and Diggy Liggy Lo



## CHORUS:

**C** **F**  
Diggy Liggy Li loved Diggy Liggy Lo

**C**  
Everyone knew he was her beau

**G7**  
No body else could ever show

**C**  
So much love for Diggy Liggy Lo

**C**  
That's the place they find romance

**G7**  
Where they do the Cajun dance

Steal a kiss now they had a chance

**C**  
She show's her love with ev'ry glance

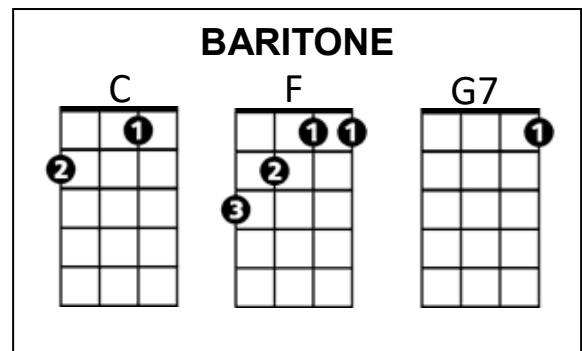
## (CHORUS)

**C**  
Finally went and uh-seen her Pa

**G7**  
Now he's got hisself a Papa-in-law

Moved out where the Bayou's low

**C**  
Now he's got a little Diggy Liggy Lo



## (CHORUS) 2x

## House of the Rising Sun (Traditional / adapted by Eric Burdon)

**Intro: Am C D F / Am E7 Am E7**

**Am C D F**  
There is a house in New Orleans  
**Am C E7**  
They call the Risin' Sun  
**Am C D F**  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy.  
**Am E7 Am E7**  
And God, I know I'm one.

**Am C D F**  
My mother was a tailor.  
**Am C E7**  
She sewed my new blue jeans.  
**Am C D F**  
My father was a gamblin' man  
**Am E7 Am E7**  
Down in New Or-leans.

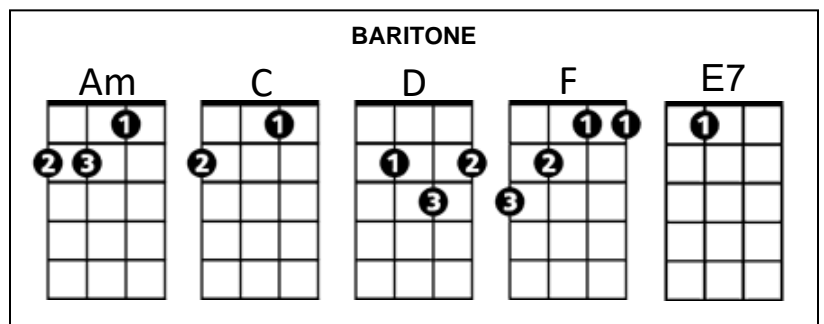
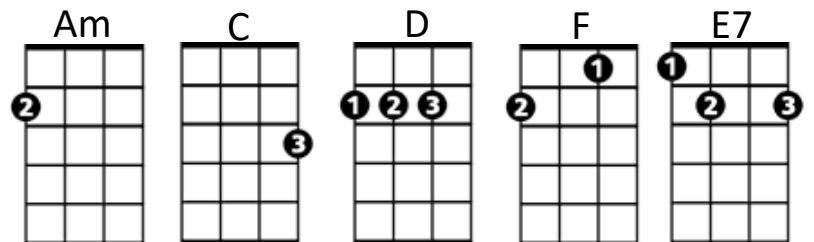
**Am C D F**  
Now, the only thing a gambler needs  
**Am C E7**  
Is a suitcase and a trunk  
**Am C D F**  
And the only time that he's satis-fied  
**Am E7 Am E7**  
Is when he's on a drunk

**Am C D F**  
Oh, Mother, tell your children  
**Am C E7**  
Not to do what I have done.  
**Am C D F**  
Spend your lives in sin and misery  
**Am E7 Am E7**  
In the house of the risin' sun.

**Am C D F**  
Well, I've got one foot on the platform.  
**Am C E7**  
The other foot on the train.  
**Am C D F**  
I'm goin' back to New Orleans  
**Am E7 Am E7**  
To wear that ball and chain.

**Am C D F**  
There is a house in New Orleans  
**Am C E7**  
They call the Risin' Sun  
**Am C D F**  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy.  
**Am E7 Am**  
And God, I know I'm one.

**Am C D F Am E7 /**  
**Am D Am D Am D / Am**



## Jambalaya (Hank Williams)

1 5(7)  
Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.

1

Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.

5(7)

My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.

1

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

### Chorus:

5(7)

Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filé gumbo

1

Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.

5(7)

Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gayo,

1

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

1 5(7)  
Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin',

1

Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen.

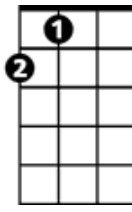
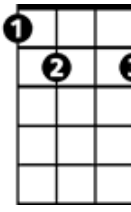

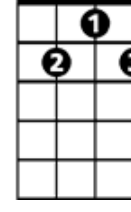
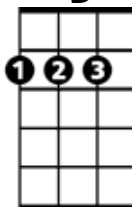
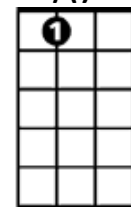
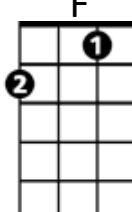

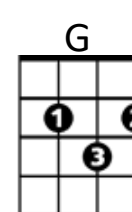
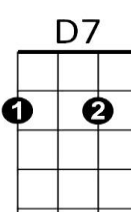
5(7)

We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh.

1

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

**(Chorus) (2X)**

1	5(7)
A 	E7 
C 	G7 
D 	A7 
F 	C7 
G 	D7 



## Johnny B. Goode (Chuck Berry)

**Intro: C F C G F C G**

**C**  
Deep down Louisiana close to New Orleans

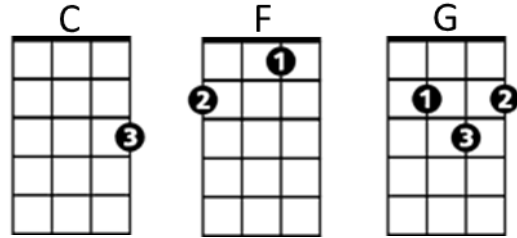
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens

**F**  
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood

**C**  
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode

**G**  
Who never ever learned to read or write so well

**C** **F** **C**  
But he could play the guitar just like a ringing a bell



### Chorus:

**C**  
Go go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go

**F** **C**  
Go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go

**G F C G**  
Go, Johnny B. Goode

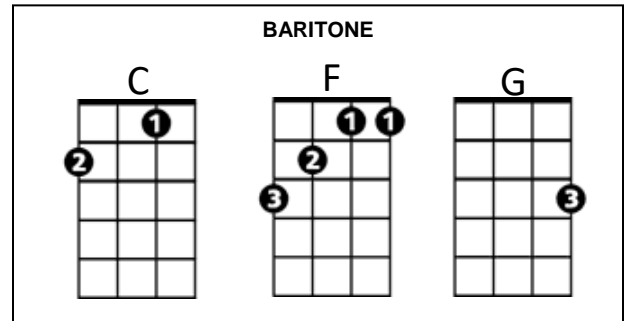
**C**  
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack

Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track  
**F**  
Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade

**C**  
Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made

**G**  
People passing by they would stop and say

**C** **F** **C**  
Oh my that little country boy could play



### (Chorus)

**C**  
His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,

And you will be the leader of a big old band.

**F**  
Many people coming from miles around

**C**  
To hear you play your music when the sun go down

**G**  
Maybe someday your name will be in lights

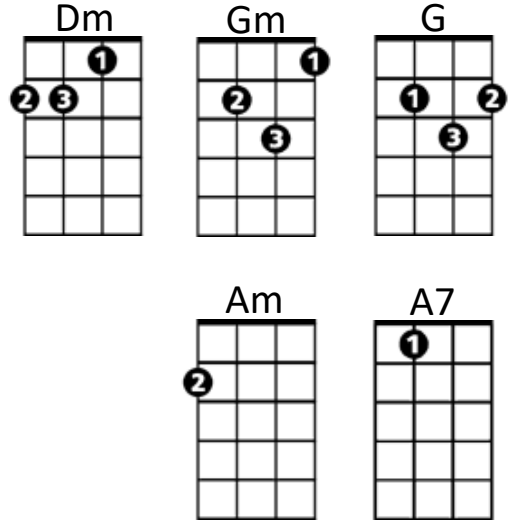
**C** **F** **C**  
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight."

### (Chorus)

Lady Marmalade (Kenny Nolan / Robert Crewe)

Intro: Dm Gm

Dm G  
Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, go sister  
Dm G  
Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, go sister  
Dm G  
He met marmalade down in old New Orleans  
Dm G  
Struttin' her stuff on the street  
Gm Dm A7  
She said "hello, hey Joe, you wanna give it a go?"



Chorus:

Dm G  
Gitchi gitchi ya ya da da  
Dm G  
Itchi gitchi ya ya here  
Dm G  
Mocha-choca-lata ya ya  
Gm Dm  
Creole Lady Marmalade

Reprise:

Dm G  
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?  
Dm G  
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?

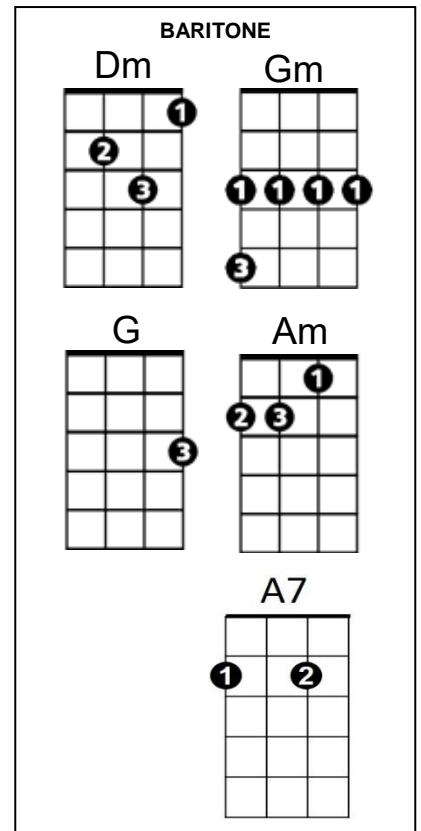
Dm G  
He sat in her boudoir while she freshened up  
Dm G  
That boy drank all that magnolia wine  
Gm Dm A7  
On her black satin sheets where he started to freak

(Chorus)

Dm G  
Hey, hey, hey – Touch of her skin feelin' silky smooth  
Dm G  
The colour of café au lait  
Gm Dm A7  
Made the savage beast inside roar until it cried - More, more, more

Dm G  
Now he's back home doing nine-to-five  
Dm G  
Living his grey flannel life  
Gm Dm A7  
But when he turns off to sleep - old memories creep, more, more, more

(Chorus) / (Reprise)



## ME AND BOBBY McGEE (Kris Kristofferson) Key C

**C**  
Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the trains  
**G7**  
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down  
Just before it rained

**C**  
Took us all the way into New Orleans

**C**  
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana  
**C7** **F**  
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues  
With them windshield wipers slappin' time,  
**C**  
and Bobby clappin' hands, we finally  
**G** **G7**  
sang up every song that driver knew

**F** **C**  
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
**G7** **C** **C7**  
Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free  
**F**  
Feelin' good was easy, Lord,  
**C**  
When Bobby sang the blues  
**G7**  
You know feelin' good was good enough for me  
**C** **C#** **D**  
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

**D**  
From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun  
**A7**  
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul  
Standing right beside me,  
Through everythin' I done  
**D**  
And every night she kept me from the cold

**D**  
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away

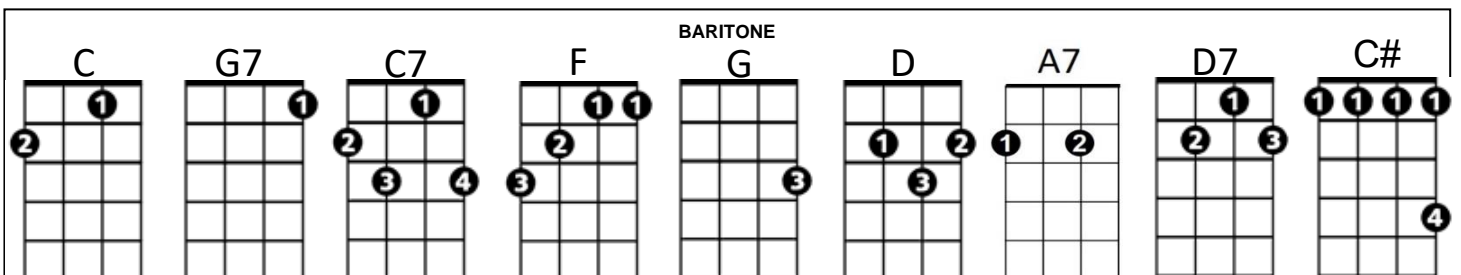
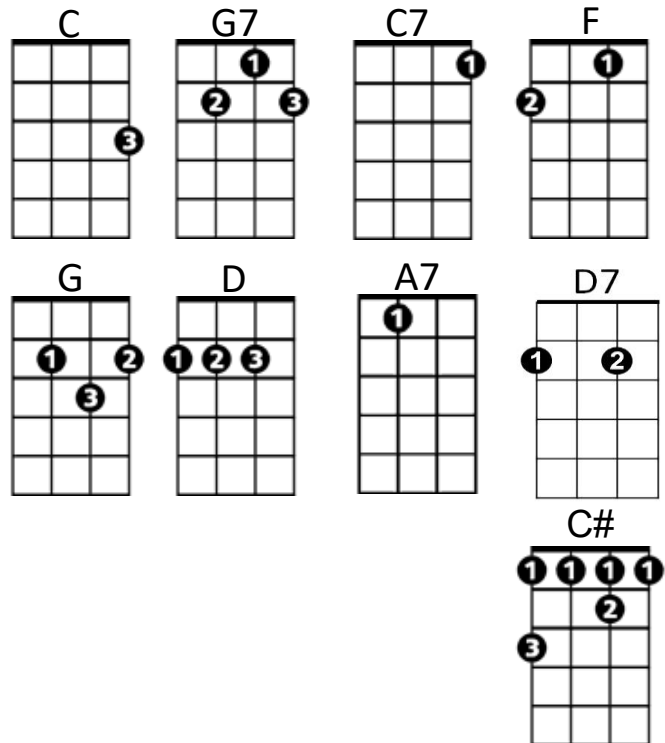
**D7** **G**  
She was lookin' for the home I hope she'll find  
**D**

Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday

**A7**  
Holdin' Bobby's body close to mine

**(2X)**

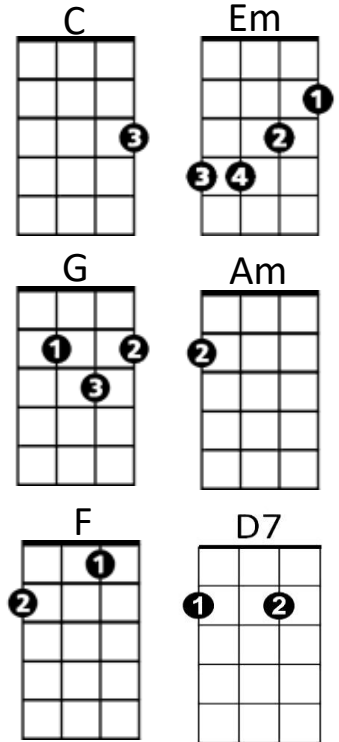
**G** **D**  
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
**A7** **D** **D7**  
Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free  
**G** **D**  
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues  
**A7**  
You know feelin' good was good enough for me  
**D**  
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee



## Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker)

**Intro: C Em Am G C**

**C**                    **Em**                    **Am**                    **F**                    **G**  
 I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you - In worn out shoes  
**C**                    **Em**                    **Am**                    **F**                    **G**  
 With silver hair a ragged shirt and baggy pants - The old soft shoe  
**F**                    **Em**                    **Am D7**                    **G**  
 He jumped so high, jumped so high - Then he'd lightly touch down.



**CHORUS:**

**Am G Am G Am G C C Em Am G**  
 Mr. Bojangles Mr. Bojangles Mr. Bojangles dance

**C**                    **Em**                    **Am**                    **F**                    **G**  
 I met him in a cell in New Orleans I was - down and out  
**C**                    **Em**                    **Am**                    **F**                    **G**  
 He looked to me to be - the eyes of age - as he spoke right out  
**F**                    **Em**                    **Am D7**                    **G**  
 He talked of life, talked of life - He laughed, slapped his leg a step

**C**                    **Em**                    **Am**                    **F**                    **G**  
 He said his name Bojangles then he danced a lick - across the cell  
**C**                    **Em**                    **Am**                    **F**                    **G**  
 He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh he jumped so high - he clicked his heels  
**F**                    **Em**                    **Am D7**                    **G**  
 He let go a laugh, let go a laugh, shook back his clothes all around

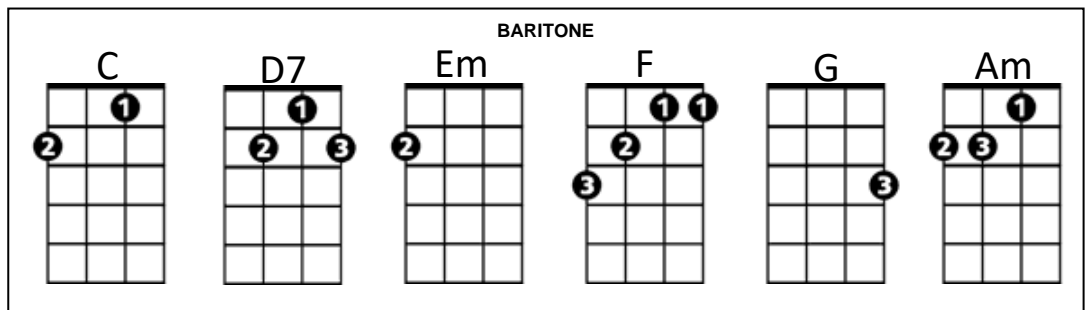
**(CHORUS)**

**C**                    **Em**                    **Am**                    **F**                    **G**  
 He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs - throughout the south.  
**C**                    **Em**                    **Am**                    **F**                    **G**  
 He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and him - traveled about  
**F**                    **Em**                    **Am D7**                    **G**  
 His dog up and died, up and died, after 20 years he still grieves

**C**                    **Em**                    **Am**                    **F**                    **G**  
 He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks - for drinks and tips  
**C**                    **Em**                    **Am**                    **F**                    **G**  
 But most the time I spend behind these county bars - 'cause I drinks a bit  
**F**                    **Em**                    **Am D7**                    **G**                    **G7**  
 He shook his head, and as he shook his head - I heard someone ask him please - please

**(CHORUS)**

(Play Intro, end in C)



## Proud Mary (Creedence Clearwater Revival)

**Intro: F D / F D / F D C Bb G**

**G**

Left a good job in the city, workin' for the man every night and day

And I never lost one minute of sleepin', worryin' 'bout the way things might have been

**D** **Em**

Big wheel keep on turnin', Proud Mary keep on burnin'

**G**

Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

**G**

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis, pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans

But I never saw the good side of the city, 'til I hitched a ride on a river boat queen

**D** **Em**

Big wheel keep on turnin', Proud Mary keep on burnin'

**G**

Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

**(Repeat Intro)**

**(Instrumental verse)**

**G**

Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

**(Repeat Intro)**

**G**

If you come down to the river, bet you're gonna find some people who live

You don't have to worry, 'cause you have no money, people on the river are happy to give

**D** **Em**

Big wheel keep on turnin', Proud Mary keep on burnin',

**G**

Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

**G**

Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

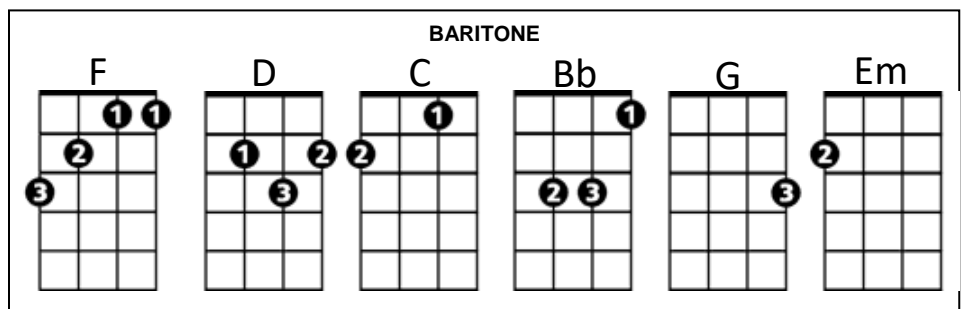
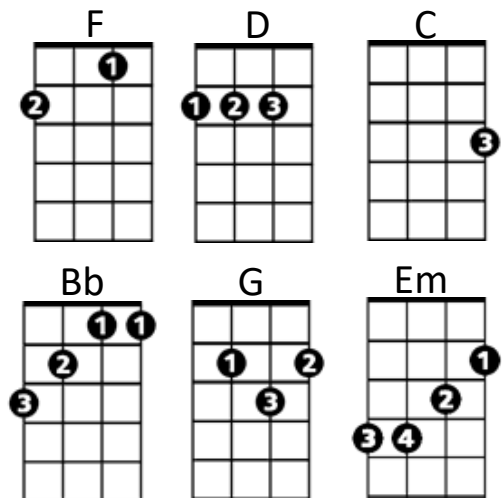
**G**

Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

**G**

Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

**(Repeat Intro)**



## St. James Infirmary Blues (Traditional)

**Am E7 Am**  
 It was down at old Joe's bar room  
**Am F7 C E7**  
 At the corner by the square  
**Am E7 Am**  
 They were serving drinks as usual  
**F7 E7 Am**  
 And the usual crowd was there

**Am E7 Am**  
 On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy  
**Am F7 C E7**  
 His eyes were bloodshot red  
**Am E7 Am**  
 And as he looked at the gang around him  
**F7 E7 Am**  
 These were the very words he said.

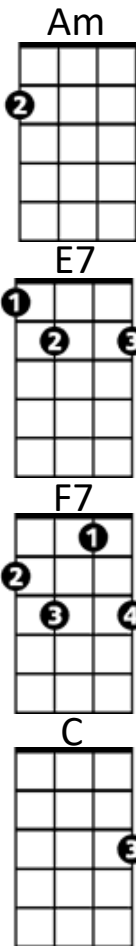
**Am E7 Am**  
 I went down to St. James Infirmary  
**Am F7 C E7**  
 I saw my baby there  
**Am E7 Am**  
 Stretched out on a long, white table  
**F7 E7 Am**  
 So young, so cold, so fair

**Am E7 Am**  
 Seventeen coal-black horses  
**Am F7 C E7**  
 Hitched to a rubber-tied hack  
**Am E7 Am**  
 Seven girls goin' to the graveyard  
**F7 E7 Am**  
 Only six of them are coming back

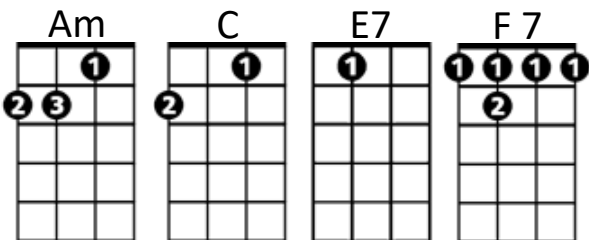
**Am E7 Am**  
 Let her go. Let her go, God bless her  
**Am F7 C E7**  
 Wherever she may be  
**Am E7 Am**  
 She may search this wide world over  
**F7 E7 Am**  
 And never find another man like me

### Instrumental Verse

**Am E7 Am**  
 When I die just bury me  
**Am F7 C E7**  
 In my high-top Stetson hat  
**Am E7**  
 Place a twenty-dollar gold piece  
**Am**  
 On my watch chain  
**F7 E7 Am**  
 To let the Lord know I died standing pat  
  
**Am E7 Am**  
 I want six crap-shooters for my pall-bearers  
**Am F7 C E7**  
 A chorus girl to sing me a song  
**Am E7 Am**  
 Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon  
**F7 E7 Am**  
 To raise hell as we roll along  
  
**Am E7 Am**  
 Now that you've heard my story  
**Am F7 C E7**  
 I'll take another shot of booze  
**Am E7 Am**  
 And if anyone here should ask you  
**F7 E7 Am**  
 I've got the gambler's blues



BARITONE



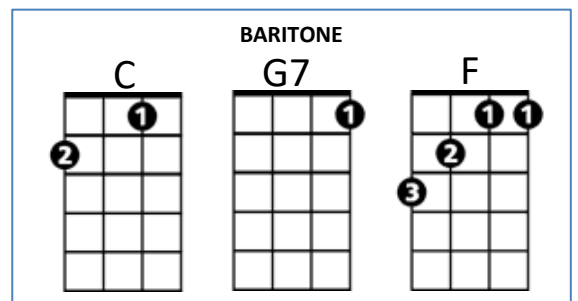
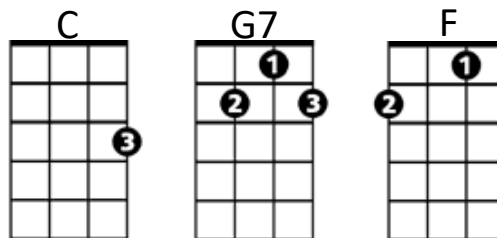
**Instrumental Verse, end on Am**

# The Ella B (The Amazing Rhythm Aces) Key C

**C**  
Have you ever took a boat ride  
**G7**  
Down the Mississippi  
Well if you ever do you oughta take it on the  
**C**  
Ella B  
**G7**  
Cause she starts off in St. Louis in Missouri  
And she takes you down to New Orleans and  
**C**  
On out to the sea  
**F** **C**  
Well you heard about the good Queen Mary  
**F** **C**  
That sailed on the seven seas  
**F** **C**  
But you ain't never took no boat ride,  
**G7** **C**  
Till' you been riding on the Ella B  
**C** **G7**  
Her accommodations are among the best  
Give you three square meals a day  
**C**  
And a place to rest  
You just smell them ol' hot biscuits  
**G7**  
And the country ham  
Good 'ol fried chicken, mashed potatoes  
**C**  
And candied yams  
**F** **C**  
Well you heard about the Constitution ~  
**F** **C**  
Fightin' n' th' Revolutionary War  
**F** **C**  
For America's inland Navy  
**G7** **C**  
She's the finest from shore to shore

**BRIDGE: Chords for verse**

**C**  
It takes about a week ~  
**G7**  
To get back down that ol' river  
Once you get on board you just wish  
**C**  
It would last forever  
Oh you just sit out on the deck,  
**G7**  
Fish off the side all day  
Watch the sunny southland roll by  
**C**  
And dream your blues away  
**F** **C**  
Well you heard about the ship Titanic ~  
**F** **C**  
Sailing on the northern sea  
**F** **C**  
But you ain't never took no boat ride,  
**G7** **C**  
Till' you been riding on the Ella B  
**C**  
Well there ain't no tourist class ~  
**G7**  
And it ain't too fast  
**C**  
Just one for all and we' re having a blast



## When the Saints Go Marching In (James McParkland)

**Intro: G D7 G**

**G**

Oh, when the saints go marching in

**D7**

Oh, when the saints go marching in

**G      G7      C**

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

**G      D7      G**

When the saints go marching in

**G**

Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call

**D7**

Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call

**G      G7      C**

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

**G      D7      G**

When the trumpet sounds the call

**G**

Oh, when the band begins to play

**D7**

Oh, when the band begins to play

**G      G7      C**

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

**G      D7      G**

When the band begins to play

**G**

Oh, when the stars fall from the sky

**D7**

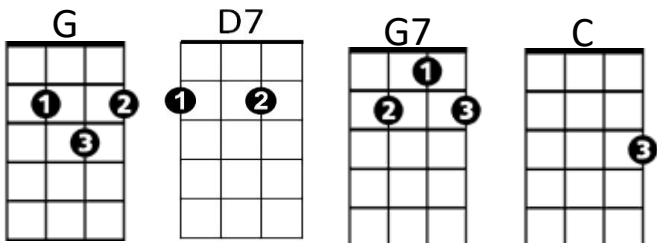
Oh, when the stars fall from the sky

**G      G7      C**

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

**G      D7      G**

When the stars fall from the sky



**G**

Oh, when the rev-elation comes

**D7**

Oh, when the revelation comes

**G      G7      C**

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

**G      D7      G**

When the revelation comes

**G**

Oh, when the sun begins to shine

**D7**

Oh, when the sun begins to shine

**G      G7      C**

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

**G      D7      G**

When the sun begins to shine

**G**

Oh, on that hal-lelujah day

**D7**

Oh, on that hallelujah day

**G      G7      C**

Oh Lord, I want to be in that number

**G      D7      G**

On that hallelujah day

**G**

Yes, when the saints go marching in

**D7**

Yes, when the saints go marching in

**G      G7      C**

Yes Lord, I want to be in that number

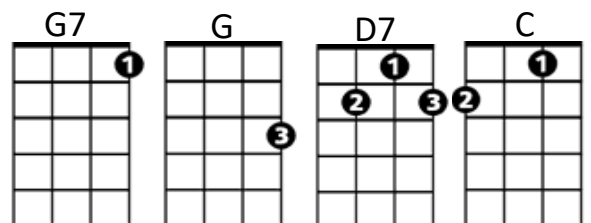
**G      D7      G**

When the saints go marching in

**G    C   D7   G**

Halla lu-uuu ja

BARITONE





# You're No Good (Clint Ballard, Jr.) (Linda Rondstadt arrangement)

Intro: Am D7 / Am D7 / Am D7 / Am D7

Am D7 Am D7  
 Feeling better now that we're through  
 Am D7 Am D7  
 Feeling better 'cause I'm over you  
 F G C  
 I learned my lesson, it left a scar  
 Am D7 E7  
 Now I see how you really are

Am D7  
 I'm telling you now baby  
 Am D7  
 And I'm going my way  
 Am D7  
 Forget about you baby  
 Am D7  
 'Cause I'm leaving to day

## Chorus:

Am D7  
 You're no good, you're no good,  
 Am  
 You're no good  
 D7 Am D7  
 Baby you're no good  
 Am D7  
 I'm gonna say it again  
 Am D7  
 You're no good, you're no good,  
 Am  
 You're no good  
 D7 Am D7  
 Baby you're no good

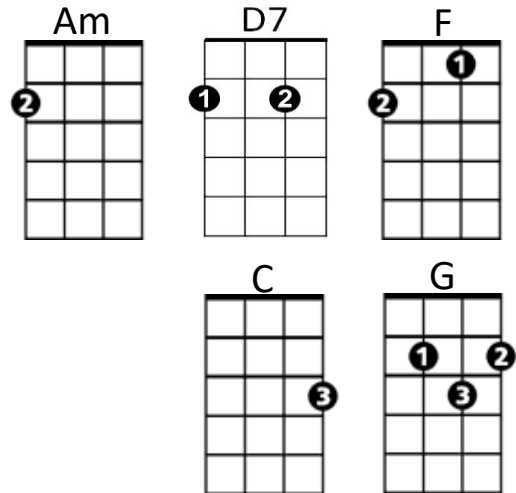
Am D7 Am D7  
 I broke a heart that's gentle and true  
 Am D7 Am D7  
 Well I broke a heart over someone like you  
 F G C  
 I'll beg his forgiveness on bended knee  
 Am D7 E7  
 I wouldn't blame him if he said to me

## (CHORUS)

D7 Am D7  
 Oh, oh no

(TACET)  
 You're no good, you're no good,  
 You're no good  
 Baby you're no go -oo - od

(Repeat Intro) end on Am



## (CHORUS)

