Mardi Gras Songs

Baton Rouge
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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)
BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS (Jimmie Driftwood)

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

BARITONE
City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman)

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

Chorus:
Good morning America how are you
Say don't you know me I'm your native son
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done
Dealing card game with the old men in the club car
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor
And the sons of Pullman porters
And the sons of engineers
Ride their fathers’ magic carpet made of steel
Mothers with their babes a sleep
Rocking to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

(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
Diggy Liggy Li loved Diggy Liggy Lo

F
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

C
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

C
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 Orleans.

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.
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:

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)
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
F                              C
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
Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, go sister
Dm
Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, go sister
Dm
He met marmalade down in old New Orleans
Dm
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
        A7
sun
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

C  G7  C7  F
C
D  G  D  A7  D7
C#  C

BARITONE

C  G7  C7  F
C
C
Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker)

Intro: C Em Am G C

C    Em    Am    F    G
C    Em    Am    F    G

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you - In worn out shoes
With silver hair a ragged shirt and baggy pants - The old soft shoe
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
C    Em    Am    F    G

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

C    Em    Am    F    G
C    Em    Am    F    G

He said his name Bojangles then he danced a lick - across the cell
He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh he jumped so high - he clicked his heels
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.
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and him - traveled about
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
But most the time I spend behind these county bars - 'cause I drinks a bit
He shook his head, and as he shook his head - I heard someone ask him please - please

(CHORUS)

C    D7    Em    F    G
(Play Intro, end in C)

BARITONE

C    D7    Em    F    G
C    D7    Em    F    G
C    D7    Em    F    G
C    D7    Em    F    G

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

(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

Instrumental Verse

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

Am       E7          Am
When I die just bury me
Am           F7          C    E7
In my high-top Stetson hat
Am            E7               Am
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

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
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
Her accommodations are among the best
C
Give you three square meals a day
C
And a place to rest
C
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' 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
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
Just one for all and we' re having a blast
When the Saints Go Marching In (James McParkland)

Intro: G D7 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 revelation 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 hallelujah 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
You’re No Good (Clint Ballard, Jr.) (Linda Ronstadt 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   Am    D7
I'm telling you now baby
Am    D7   Am    D7
And I'm going my way
Am    D7   Am    D7
Forget about you baby
Am    D7   Am    D7
'Cause I'm leaving to day

Chorus:

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

(Reprise)

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