

50 ROCK MEDLEY (12 BAR BLUES)

C C7
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog Cryin' all the time
F C
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog Cryin' all the time
G7 F C G7
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine

Well they said you was high-classed Well, that was just a lie
Yeah they said you was high-classed Well, that was just a lie
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine

Come on baby Let's do the twist
Come on baby Let's do the twist
Take me by my little hand And go like this

Come on baby Let's do the twist
Come on baby Let's do the twist
Take me by my little hand And go like this

Well I said shake, rattle and roll I said shake rattle and roll
I said shake, rattle and roll I said shake rattle and roll
Well you won't do right To save your doggone soul Shake rattle and roll

Well I said shake, rattle and roll I said shake rattle and roll
I said shake, rattle and roll I said shake rattle and roll
Well you won't do right To save your doggone soul Shake rattle and roll

Tutti frutti, oh rootie Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie Wop bop a loo bop a lop ba ba!

I got a gal, named Sue, she knows just what to do
I got a gal, named Sue, she knows just what to do
She rock to the East, she rock to the West She is the gal that I love best

Ba la Batman
Ba la Batman
Batman, Batman, Batman

Ba la Batman
Batman Batman
Batman, Batman, Batman

C
One two three o'clock, four o'clock rock Five six seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock
Nine ten eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock rock We're gonna rock around the clock tonight.

So put your glad rags on and join me hon' We're gonna have some fun when the clock strikes one.
We're gonna rock around the clock tonight We're gonna rock rock rock till the broad daylight
We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight.

Who wears short shorts We wear short shorts
They're such short shorts We like short shorts
Who wears short shorts We wear short shorts.

Who wears short shorts We wear short shorts
They're such short shorts We like short shorts
Who wears short shorts We wear short shorts.

Matty told Hatty about a thing she saw. Had two big horns and a wooly jaw.
Wooly bully, wooly bully.
Wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

Hatty told Matty, "Let's don't take no chance. Let's not be L-seven, come and learn to dance."
Wooly bully, wooly bully
Wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

C
Rockin in the tree top all day long Rockin and boppin just singin hius song
All the birds of j-Bird street Loves to hear the bird go Tweet Tweet Tweet
Rockin' robin (tweet tweet tweet) Rock, rock, rockin' robin (Tweet, tweedle-lee-dee)
GO, rockin' robin 'Cause we're really gonna rock tonight (Tweet, tweedle-lee-dee)

Go grease lightning you're burning up the quarter mile (Grease lightning go grease lightning)
Go grease lightning you're coasting through the heat lap trial (Grease lightning go grease lightning)
You are supreme (Oh oh!) the chicks'll scream (Oh oh!) for grease lightning Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

Go grease lightning you're burning up the quarter mile (Grease lightning go grease lightning)
Go grease lightning you're coasting through the heat lap trial (Grease lightning go grease lightning)
You are supreme (Oh oh!) the chicks'll scream (Oh oh!) for grease lightning Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

Go go Go Johnny go! Go Go
Go GO Johnny go! Go Go Johnny go!
Gooooooooooooooooo Johnny B. Goode!

Go go Go Johnny go! Go Go
Go GO Johnny go! Go Go Johnny go!
Gooooooooooooooooo Johnny B. Goode!

Went to a dance, lookin' for romance Saw Barbara Ann, so I thought I'd take a chance
With Barbara Ann, Take my hand
You got me rockin' and a-rollin' (Oh! Oh!) Rockin' and a-reelin' Barbara Ann ba ba

Oh Barbara Ann,
take my hand Barbara Ann
You got me rockin' and a-rollin' Rockin' and a-reelin' Barbara Ann ba ba Ba Barbara Ann

C
The warden threw a party in the county jail. The prison band was there and they began to wail.
The band was jumpin' and the joint began to swing. You should've heard those knocked out jailbirds sing.
Let's rock, everybody, let's rock.
Everybody in the whole cell block Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock.
Spider Murphy played the tenor saxophone Little Joe was blowin' on the slide trombone

The drummer boy from Illinois went crash, boom, bang The whole rhythm section was the Purple Gang