Crazy Words, Crazy Tune

Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band (1963) from Yellen/Alger (1926)

Washington at Valley Forge Freezing cold but up spoke George Said vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, doe

Crazy words, crazy tune All that George could croon and swoon Was vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do

On his ukulele, daily
He would strum, beedle-um-bum
Dancing, prancing
And then he'd holler, "Red hot mama!"

Crazy words, crazy tune
All that George could croon and swoon
Was vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do

Kazoo/comb duet (A A B A)

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Vocal pause

Brief kazoo/comb duet (B)

Crazy words, crazy tune All that George could croon and swoon Was vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do G, G G, E7 A7, D7 G, (D7)

B7, B7 E7, E7 A7, A7 D7 (stop) There's a guy I'd like to kill
If he doesn't stop I will
He's got a ukulele, and a voice that's loud and shrill
'Cause he lives next door to me
And he keeps me up till three
With his ukulele and a funny melody

Crazy words, crazy tune
All that you'll ever hear him croon
Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do

Sits around, all night long Sings the same words to every song Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do

His ukulele, daily How he'll strum! Bum bum! bum! Vampin' and stampin' Then he hollers, "Black bottom!"

Crazy words, crazy tune He'll be driving me crazy soon Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do

I have begged that guy to stop
I have even called a cop
Told my dog "Go sic him", but the durn dog
wouldn't go
But tonight will be the end
Yes siree, 'cause I intend
To go up and kick him in the vo-do-de-o, do

Napoleon marched his men Turned around and he said to them Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do Washington, Valley Forge Gee, 'twas cold but spoke George Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do

Remember Patrick Henry
In that speech, famous speech
Cried, "Give me, give me
"Liberty or black bottom!"
You all heard yesterday
What did President Coolidge say
Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do

He's got to stop it, stop it
Yes he must, or I'll just
Kill him, I'll kill him
Then I'll do the black bottom
When I'm jailed, upon my need
To the jury and the judge I'll plead
Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do

Now the minuet, quiet bliss Calm and peaceful, it went like this Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do The Polka too was a treat Your partner said if you tread on his feet Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do

The gliding Foxtrot we've got And the blues, if you choose We've got the Charleston And we'll soon have Black Bottom Our vicar said, "Ah, me Friends, our hymn for tonight will be Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do"

It's a rage, it's a craze Everybody sings now-a-days Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do

Every goof, every sheik
Tunes his uke and begins to shriek
Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do
Go on the east side, the west side
Here or there, everywhere
They vo-do, vo-do-do
Then they holler, "Black bottom!"

Young or old, old or young The guy that started it should be hung Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o, do