

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
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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