

Going Back to Memphis

Memphis Jug Band (1930)

G, G, G, G
C, C, G, G
D, D, G, G

I'm leaving here, mama, don't you wanna go
I'm leaving here, mama, don't you wanna go
Because I'm sick and tired of all this ice and snow

When I get back to Memphis, you can bet I'll stay
When I get back to Memphis, you can bet I'll stay
And I ain't gonna leave until that judgment day

I love old Memphis, the place where I was born
I love old Memphis, the place where I was born
Wear my box-back suit, and drink my bottle of corn

Solo with ad-lib talking

I wrote my gal a letter, way down in Tennessee
I wrote my gal a letter, way down in Tennessee
Told her I was up here hungry, hurry up and send for me

I'm gonna walk and walk 'til I walk out all my shoes
I'm gonna walk and walk 'til I walk out all my shoes
Because I've got what they call them leaving here blues