

Kansas City Blues

Jim Jackson (1927)

E-E6, E-E6, E-E6, E-E6 A-A6, A-A6, E-E6, E-E6 E-E6, E-E6, E-E6, E-E6
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I woke up this morning, feeling bad
Thought about the good times I once have had

I'm gonna move to Kansas City, I'm gonna move to Kansas City
I'm gonna move, baby, honey where they don't allow you

My mother told me, daddy told me, too
Ever'body grins in your face, son, ain't no friend to you

You outta move to Kansas City, you outta move to Kansas City
You outta move to Kansas City baby, honey where they don't allow you

I've got me a bulldog, shepherd and two gray hounds
Two high yellows, three blacks and one brown

We gonna move to Kansas City, we gonna move to Kansas City
We gonna move, baby, honey where they don't allow you

It takes a rockin' chair to rock, a rubber ball to roll
Nice lookin', teasin' brown to satisfy my soul

Then I will move to Kansas City, then I'll move to Kansas City
I'm gonna move to Kansas City, baby, honey where they don't allow you

T's for Texas, T's for Tennessee
Boll-weevil's got Mississippi and the women wants me

I'm gonna move to Kansas City, I'm gonna move to Kansas City
I'm gonna move, baby, honey where they don't allow you

You can always tell when your good girl wants to flirt
Wants a pair of red slippers to match that high-cut skirt

Then she'll move to Kansas City, then she'll move to Kansas City
Then she'll move, baby, honey where they don't allow you