

Take Your Fingers Off It (a.k.a. Sugar Pudding)

Memphis Jug Band (1928)

Harmonica/kazoo/jug jam

Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it
You know it don't belong to you
Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it
You know it don't belong to you

I'm sad that she wouldn't, ??? that she couldn't
Give us a little of that sugar pudding

Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it
You know it don't belong to you, I say
You know it don't belong to you

Harmonica/kazoo/jug jam

Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it
You know it don't belong to you
Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it
You know it don't belong to you

Now old lady Dinah, she's long and tall
She could stretch herself from wall to wall

Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it
You know it don't belong to you, I say
You know it don't belong to you

Harmonica/kazoo/jug jam

Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it
You know it don't belong to you
Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it
You know it don't belong to you

'Scuse me Miss Lady, don't be misled
But I'm talking 'bout the clothes ??? your head

Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it
You know it don't belong to you, I say
You know it don't belong to you

Harmonica/kazoo/jug jam

C, C-A7
D7-G7, C
C, C-A7
D7, G7
C, C7
F, Fm
C, C-A7
D7-G7, C-A7
D7-G7, C

Memphis Jug Band, 1934

Tell your ma, tell your pa
I would say yes, but I can't say no

I'm gonna tell everybody in the neighborhood
I got a gal who treats me good

Tell everybody, no time to lose
I'm goin', I'm gettin' loose

Old lady Dinah, she's long and tall
Sleeps in the kitchen, head's in the hall

Memphis Jug Band, 1957

You know it's sad to see a woman who says she wouldn't
Give us a little of that sugar puddin'

Two old maids laying in bed
One turned over toward the other and said

A nickel is a nickel, a dime is a dime
A house full of children, and none of them mine

I whooped my woman with a single tree
You oughta heard her holler, don't you murder me

Old lady Dinah, she's long and tall
Sleeps in the kitchen, her feet in the hall

Even Dozen Jug Band, 1964

I may be little and I may be thin
But I'm an awful good daddy for the shape I'm in

I never been to heaven but I been told
St. Peter taught the angels how to jelly roll

Big fish, little fish swimming in the water
Come back here, man, and marry my daughter

There's just one thing that I could never understand
Why a bow-legged woman likes a knock-kneed man

I may be awful little and awful thin
But I'm an awful good daddy for the shape I'm in

