

# 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