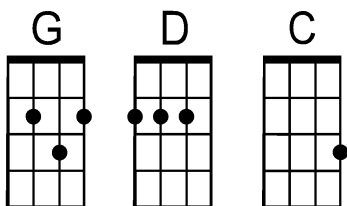


Dead Skunk in the Middle of the Road

by Loudon Wainwright III (1972)



Intro: G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . | | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
Crossing the high-way late last night, he shoulda looked left and he shoulda looked right

| G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
He didn't see the sta--tion wag-on car, the skunk got squashed and there you are

Chorus: . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
You got your dead-- skunk in the middle of the road--
C . . . | G . . . |
Dead-- skunk in the middle of the road--
G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
Dead-- skunk in the middle of the road-- stinking to high-- heaven--
G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . .

. . . | G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
Take a whiff on me, that ain't no rose-- Roll up your windows and hold your nose--
| G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
You don't have to look and you don't have to see, 'cuz you can feel it in your ol--fac--tor--y.

Chorus: . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
You got your dead-- skunk in the middle of the road--
C . . . | G . . . |
Dead-- skunk in the middle of the road--
G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
Dead-- skunk in the middle of the road and it's stinking to high-- heaven.

Instrumental: G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
G . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . .

. . . | G . . . | D . . . |
Yeah, you got your dead possum and your dead ground-hog

. . . | C . . . | G . . . |
on a moon-lit night you got your dead toad-frog--

| G . . . | D . . . |
You got your dead rabbit and your dead rac--coon--

| C . . . | G . . . |
the blood and the guts, they gonna make you swoon

Chorus: You got your dead— skunk— in the middle—
 Dead— skunk in the middle of the road—
 Dead skunk in the middle of the road— stinking to high— heaven. *C'mon stink!*

Instrumental: You got it.
 It's dead— It's in the middle— Dead skunk in the middle—
 Dead— skunk in the middle of the road— stinking to high— heaven—
 (spoken) *All over the road.... Technicolor....*
 oh you got po-llution
 It's dead— It's in the middle— and it's stinking to hi—igh heaven!

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v2 - 6/27/16)