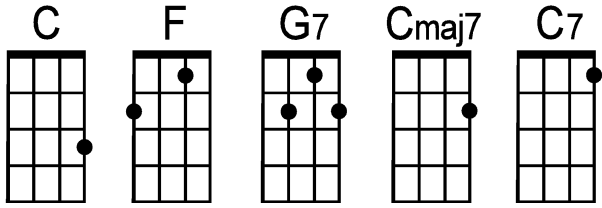


Richland Woman Blues

by Mississippi John Hurt



(sing e)

C . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
Gimme red lip—stick . . . a bright pop-py rouge—

A . . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** |
single bob hair—cut— . . . and a shot of good booze—

C7 . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
Hurry down sweet dad—dy— . . . come blowin' your horn—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
If you come too late— . . . sweet mama will be gone—

C . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
Now, I'm raring to go— . . . got red shoes on my feet—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** |
My mind's sittin' right— for— . . . a Tin Liz-zie seat—

C7 . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
Hurry down sweet dad—dy— . . . come blowin' your horn—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
If you come too late— . . . sweet mama will be gone—

C . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
I'd like to fa—shion shop . . . and get the one that looks best—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** |
Your only sweet ma—ma— . . . wants a brand new dress—

C7 . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
Hurry down sweet dad—dy— . . . come blowin' your horn—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
If you come too late— . . . sweet mama will be gone—

C . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
The red roo-ster said— . . . "Cocka-doodle-do—do—"

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** |
The Richland wo-man said— . . . "Any dude-'ll do—"

C7 . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
Hurry down sweet dad—dy— . . . come blowin' your horn—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
If you come too late— . . . sweet mama will be gone—

C . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | .
Dress skirt cut high— then they cut low—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** |
Don't think I'm a sport? Keep on watchin' me go—

C7 . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | .
Hurry down sweet dad—dy— come blowin' your horn—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
If you come too late— sweet mama will be gone—

C . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
With rosy red gar—ters— pink hose on my feet—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** |
Turkey red bloo—mers— with a rum—ble seat

C7 . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | .
Hurry down sweet dad—dy— come blowin' your horn—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
If you come too late— sweet mama will be gone—

C . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
Every Sun—day mor—nin'— church folk watch me go—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** |
My wings sprouted out— the preacher told me so—

C7 . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | .
Hurry down sweet dad—dy— come blowin' your horn—

. . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . **G7\ G7\ C** |
If you come too late— sweet mama will be gone—

San Jose Ukulele Club

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