Richland Woman Blues
By Mississippi John Hurt

F                                        C                               G                                        C        C7
Gimme red lipstick and a bright poppy rouge.   A single bob haircut and a shot of good booze.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                       C                                   G                                     C
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                     C                                   G                             C       C7
Now, I'm raring to go, got red shoes on my feet.   My mind is sittin' right for a Tin Lizzie seat.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                       C                                   G                                     C
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                          C                                  G                                        C    C7
I'd like to fashion shop, and get the one looks best.  Your only sweet mama, wants a brand new dress.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                       C                                   G                                     C
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                    C                                          G                          C    C7
The red rooster said, "Cocka-doodle-do-do."    The Richland woman said, "Any dude'll do."
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                       C                                   G                                     C
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                            C                                 G                                           C   C7
Dress skirt cut high, then they cut low.    Don't think I'm a sport? Keep on watchin' me go.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                       C                                   G                                     C
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                          C                                   G                                      C
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                    C                                          G                          C    C7
With rosy red garters, pink hose on my feet.   Turkey red bloomer, with a rumble seat.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                                       C                                   G                                     C
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

F                            C                                 G                                           C   C7
Every Sunday mornin', church folk watch me go.  My wings sprouted out, the preacher told me so.
Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn,   If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

San Jose Ukulele Club-Brian W