Bad, Bad Leroy Brown
by Jim Croce (1972)

G                                         A7
Well, the southside of Chicago is the baddest part of town
B7                                      C*  D7*
And if you go down there, you better just beware of a man name of Leroy Brown.
G                                              A7
Now Leroy, more than trouble, you see he stand 'bout six foot four.
B7                                    C*                                    D7*                      G
All the downtown ladies call him 'treetop lover', all the men just call him 'sir'.

G
Chorus:    And he's bad.. bad.. Leroy Brown
A7
Baddest man in the whole damn town
B7                                      C*  D7*  C*  G
Badder than ol' King Kong and meaner than a junkyard dog.

G
Now Leroy, he a gambler, and he like his fancy clothes
B7                                    C*                                    D7*                      G
And he like to wave his diamond rings under everybody's nose
G                                        A7
He got a custom Continental, he got an Eldorado, too.
B7                                    C*                                    D7*                      G
He got a thirty-two gun in his pocket for fun, he got a razor in his shoe.

Chorus

G
Well, Friday night, 'bout a week a go, Leroy, shootin' dice
B7                                    C*                                    D7*                      G
And at the edge of the bar sat a girl name of Doris and ooh, that girl looked nice.
G                                      A7
Well, he cast his eyes upon her, and trouble soon began.
B7                                    C*                                    D7*                      G
And Leroy Brown, he learned a lesson 'bout messin' with the wife of a jealous man.

Chorus

G
Well, the two men took to fightin', and when they pulled them from the floor
B7                                    C*                                    D7*                      G
Leroy looked like a jigsaw puzzle with a couple of pieces gone.

Chorus

B7                                    C*                                    D7*  C*  G  D7  G
Yes, you were badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junk yard dog.

San Jose Ukulele Club