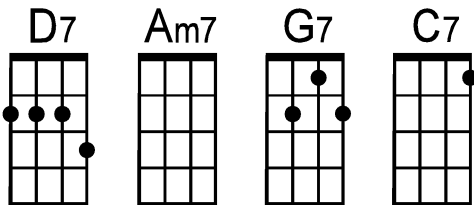


Ode to Billy Joe

by Bobbie Gentry (1967)



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<i>Suggested strum:</i>	U		D	D	U	D	U	--	U		D	D	U	D	U	--	U	
<i>String picked:</i>	4		3	1	1	3	1	--	4		3	1	1	3	1	--	4	
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Intro: ' D7 . ' . ' -- ' | . . ' .

' -- ' | D7 | Am7 | D7 |
It was the third of June, a-nother sleepy, dusty, del-ta day-ay-ay-ay—

. | D7 | Am7 | D7 |
I was out choppin' cotton and my brother was bal--in' hay-ay-ay-ay—

. | G7 | | |
And at dinner-time we stopped and walked back to the house to e-e-eat.

. | D7 | | |
And mamma hollered at the back door, "Y'all re-member to wipe your fe-e-eet."

. | G7 | | |
And then she said, "I got some news this mornin' from Choc-taw Ri-i-i-idge—

. | D7\ --- --- --- | C7\ --- --- --- | D7 | |
To-day, Billy Joe Mc-Allis-ter jumped off the Talla-hach-ee Bri--idge."

D7 | Am7 | D7 |
Papa said to Mama as he passed a-round the blackeyed pea-e-ease—

. | D7 | Am7 | D7 |
"Well, Billy Joe never had a lick of sense. Pass the biscuits plea-e-ease—

. | G7 | | |
There's five more acres in the lower forty I've got to plo-o-ow--- ow."

. | D7 | | |
And Mama said it was a shame a-bout Billy Joe any--how-o-ow—

. | G7 | | |
Seems like nothing' ever comes to no good up on Choc-taw Ri-i-i-idge—

. | D7\ --- --- --- | C7\ --- --- --- | D7 | |
And now Billy Joe Mc-Allis-ter's jumped off the Talla-hach-ee Bri--idge.

D7 | Am7 | D7 |
Brother said he recol-lected when he and Tom and Billy Joe-o-o--oe—

. | D7 | Am7 | D7 |
Put a frog down my back at the Carroll County picture show-o-o--ow—

. | G7 | | |
And wasn't I talkin' to him after church last Sun-day night-i-i-ight?

. | D7 | | D7 |
"I'll have a-nother piece of apple pie. You know, it don't seem right-i-i-ight

| G7 | | |
I saw him at the sawmill yester-day on Choc-taw Ri-i-i-idge—
| D7\ --- --- --- | C7\ --- --- --- | D7 . . . | |
And now you tell me Billy Joe's jumped off the Talla-hach-ee Bri-idge.”

D7 | Am7 | D7 . . . |
Momma said to me, “Child, what's happened to your ap-pe—ti-i-i—ite?
| D7 | Am7 | D7 . . . |
I've been cookin' all morning' and you haven't touched a single bite.

| G7 | | |
That nice young preacher Brother Taylor dropped by to—day-ay-ay.
| D7 | | |
Said he'd be pleased to have dinner on Sunday, oh, by the way-ay-ay-ay—

| G7 | | |
He said he saw a girl that looked a lot like you up on Choctaw Ri-i-i-idge—
| D7\ --- --- --- | C7\ --- --- --- | D7 . . . |
And she and Billy Joe was throwin' somethin' off the Talla-hach-ee Bri—idge.

| D7 | Am7 | D7 . . . | |
A year has come and gone since we heard the news a-bout Billy Joe-o-o—oe—.
D7 | Am7 | D7 . . . |
Brother married Becky Thompson, they bought a store in Tup-el—o.

| G7 | | |
There was a virus goin' 'round, Papa caught it and he died last spri-i-ing—ing
| D7 | | |
And now Momma doesn't seem to want to do much of any—thing-i-ing—ing

| G7 | | |
And me, I spend a lot of time pickin' flowers up on Choc-taw Ri-i-i-idge—
| D7\ --- --- --- | C7\ --- --- --- | D7 . . . | | D\
And drop them in— to the muddy water off the Talla-hach-ee Bri-idge.