(sing d)

G    Em7   Bm7   Gmaj7   E7   Am7   D7   Bm   F#7

G seven it's great after bein' out late
G seven walkin' my baby back home—

Arm in arm over meadow and farm
G seven walkin' my baby back home—

We go a-long harmo-nizing a song
G seven or I'm re-citing a poem—

Owls go by and they give me the eye,
G seven walkin' my baby back home—

We stop for a while, she gives me a
Bm smile, she snuggles her head to my chest

We start in to pet and that's when I get
D seven her powder all over my vest

Then af-ter I kinda straighten my tie,
G seven she has to borrow my comb—

One kiss then we con-tinue a—gain,
Am seven walkin' my baby back home—

She's 'fraid of the dark so I have to
Bm park out—side of her door till it's light

She says if I try to kiss her she'll cry—
D seven I dry her tears all thru the night

Hand in hand to a barbe-cue stand,
G seven right from her doorway we roam—

Eats and then it's a pleasure a—gain,
Am seven walkin' my baby Talkin' my baby

Lovin' my baby, I don't mean maybe

(Slowin)—San Jose Ukulele Club—San Jose Ukulele Club—San Jose Ukulele Club—San Jose Ukulele Club

Am   D7 . . . . . . . . G . . . . G\ - Gmaj7\ |
Walkin' my ba—by———- back home———-