Walkin' My Baby Back Home (1930)

Roy Turk and Fred E. Ahlert

Am7 Bm Bm7 D7 E7 Em7 G Gmaj7 F#7


Gee but it's great after bein' out late walkin' my baby back home


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


We go a-long harmo-niz ing a song or I'm re-citing a poem


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


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


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


Then after I kinda straighten my tie, she has to borrow my comb


One kiss then we con-tinue a-again, walkin' my baby back home


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


She says if I try to kiss her she'll cry.-------- I dry her tears all through the night


Lovin' my baby, I don't mean maybe,

(-Slowin-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------)

Am . D7 . . . . . G . . . G\ - Gmaj7\ Walkin' my ba-by---y----y back ho--o--o--o--ome