"Bawdy Blues"

FOR

FINGERSTYLE GUITAR

taught by
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Ain't Got Nobody To Grind My Coffee

INTRO

C  C# G  E7  A7  G  D7

VERSE

Once I had a loving mama,
just as sweet as she could be.

But my ever-lovin' mama,
she's done gone from me. And

since she left me be-hind,
here's what's on my mind: I find I ain't
got no-body to grind my coffee in the mornin',

A7 3
B7 2

I gonna find another coffee grinder
to do my grindin' like my sweet gal could? I ain't

D 2
A7 2

got no body to light my brand new percolator, ain't

got no body to warm my oven for me.

baby used to love me, it was oh, so good. She'd even haul my ashes, she would chop my kindlin' wood. Ain't

got no body to love me like she could, and do my grindin' for me.
ev 'ry morn-in', and do my grindin' for me.
Ain't Got Nobody To Grind My Coffee
Lead Sheet

G G° D7 G G° D7
Once I had a loving mama, just as sweet as she could be,
G G° D A7 D7
but my ever lovin' mama, she's done gone from me.
D7 Em A7 D A7 D7
And since she left me behind, here's what's on my mind. I find,

G E7
Ain't got nobody to grind my coffee in the morning,
A7 D7 G
ain't got nobody to serve my breakfast in bed.
B7 Em B7 Em
My baby went away a week ago today.
D A7
How'm I gonna find another coffee grinder
D7
who could do my grinding like my sweet gal could?

G E7
Ain't got nobody to light my brand-new percolator,
A7 D7 B7
ain't got nobody to heat my oven for me.
D7 G A7 D7
When my baby used to love me, she was oh, so good.
G A7 D7
She would haul my ashes, even chop my kindling wood.
C C#° G E7
Ain't got nobody who would love me like she could,
A7 D7 G
and do my grinding for me.

G E7
Ain't got nobody to light my brand-new percolator,
A7 D7 B7 D7
ain't got nobody to heat my oven for me.
G A7 D7
My baby used to love me pretty, I'll confess.
G A7 D7
Believe me, she could do it different from the rest.
C C#° G E7
Ain't got no other who could put me to a test,
A7 D7 G E7 A7 D7 G G7
and grind my coffee for me, I say, and do my grinding for me.
Big Ten Inch

INTRO

A\B 2 2 2 2
A\B 2 2 2 2
A\B 0 2 0 0
A\B 4 3 1 0

A\B

got me the strangest woman.
Last night I tried to tease her,
Believe me, this chick's no cinch.
But

A\B

I really get her goin';
She said, 'Just stop that jivin';
and I whip out that big ten-inch

A\B

band that plays the blues,
the band that plays the blues,
the band that plays the blues.
She just loves that big ten-inch record of our fav'-rite blues.
Big Ten Inch
Lead Sheet

A7
Got me the strangest woman, believe me this chick’s no cinch.

A7
But I really get her going when I whip out my big ten inch…

B7 A7 E7
record of a band that plays the blues, well a band that plays the blues.

A7 B7 E E7
She just loves my big ten inch record of our favorite blues.

A7
Last night I tried to tease her, I gave my love a little pinch.

A7
She said, “Now stop that jivin’ and whip out your big ten inch…

B7 A7 E7
record of a band that plays the blues, well a band that plays the blues.”

A7 B7 E E7
She just loves my big ten inch record of our favorite blues.

A7
I cover her with kisses when we’re in a lover’s clinch.

A7
And she gets all excited when she begs for my big ten inch…

B7 A7 E7
record of a band that plays the blues, well a band that plays the blues.

A7 B7 E E7
She just loves my big ten inch record of our favorite blues.

A7
My girl don’t go for smokin’ and liquor just makes her flinch.

A7
Seems she don’t go for nothin’ ’cept for my big ten inch…

B7 A7 E7
record of a band that plays the blues, well a band that plays the blues.

A7 B7 E E7
She just loves my big ten inch record of our favorite blues.
Madame Bucks was quite de-luxe, servants by the score, butlers and maids galore, footmen at each door. Then one day Dan, her kitchen man, gave her notice he's through.
She cried, "Dan, don’t leave me. It’ll grieve me if you do."

CHORUS

I love his cabbage, crave his hash, daffy ‘bout his succotash, and

I can’t live without my kitchen man.

I’m wild about his turnip top, like the way he warms my chop, and
I can't live without my kitchen man.

Anybody else could leave, and I would only laugh,

but he means that much to me, and you ain't heard the half.

Doo-doo-doo, etc.
I'm just wild about that kitchen man.
Madam Bucks was quite de-luxe, servants by the score,
footmen at each door, butlers and maids galore.
But one day Dan, her kitchen man, gave in his notice, he's through!
She cried, “Dan don’t leave me, It’ll grieve me if you do”.

I love his cabbage, crave his hash, daffy ’bout his succotash,
I can’t do without my kitchen man!
Wild about his turnip top, Like the way he warms my chop,
I can’t do without my kitchen man!

Anybody else could leave and I would only laugh,
but he means that much to me, and you ain’t heard the half!
Oh, his jelly roll is so nice and hot, never fails to hit the spot.
I can’t do without my kitchen man!

His frankfurters are oh so sweet, how I like his sausage meat.
I can’t do without my kitchen man!
Oh, how that boy can open clam, no-one else can catch my ham.
I can’t do without my kitchen man!

When I eat his doughnut, all I leave is the hole.
Any time he wants to, why, he can use my sugar bowl.
Oh, his baloney’s worth a try, never fails to satisfy.
I can’t do without my kitchen man!”
She's Your Cook But She Burns My Bread Sometimes

Well, she's your cook, she burns my bread sometimes.

She gives me all the mixin's to make things come out just fine.

I ain't sayin' it just to be so bold, out in your pasture, but when you left home,
I really like the way she twists her sweet jelly roll, as soon as you're gone, I get the good work on, 'cause she's
your cook, she burns my bread sometimes.
She's Your Cook But She Burns My Bread Sometimes

Lead Sheet

E C#7 F#7 B7 E
I said she's your cook, but she burns my bread sometimes.

E C#m F#7 B7
She give me all the mixin's to make things work out just fine.

B7 E E7
Now I ain't sayin' it just to be so bold,

A C
but I really like the way she twists her sweet jelly roll,

C E C#7 F#7 B7 E
because she's your cook, but she burns my bread sometimes.

E C#7 F#7 B7 E
I said she's your cook, she burns my bread sometimes.

E C#m F#7 B7
She give me all the mixin's to make things work out just fine.

B7 E E7
I was out in the pasture, but when you left home,

A C
as soon as you'd gone, I get the good work on,

C E C#7 F#7 B7 E
because she's your cook, but she burns my bread sometimes.

E C#7 F#7 B7 E
I said she's your cook, but she burns my bread sometimes.

E C#m F#7 B7
She give me all the mixin's to make things work out just fine.

B7 E E7
Now look here, man, you really ought to know,

A C
I'm using your money and your sweet jelly roll,

C E C#7 F#7 B7 E
because she's your cook, but she burns my bread sometimes.
Let's Make Christmas Merry, Baby

(E) Swing eighths \( \frac{3}{8} \)

\[ \text{Let's make} \]

\[ \text{Christmas merry, baby.} \]

\[ \text{Let me be your Santa Claus.} \]

\[ \text{I wanna slide down your chimney,} \]

Originated, Scanned, Edited, Packaged & Posted First to avaxhome.ws by sKurt
fill your stockings full of toys.
Yes, I'll bring you a dolly, chartreuse Cadillac and a diamond ring.

Bring you a dolly, chartreuse Cadillac and a diamond ring.

I'll rock you in my cradle,
Let’s Make Christmas Merry, Baby
Lead Sheet

B7 E9 A7 E7
Let’s make Christmas merry, baby. Let me be your Santa Claus.

E7 A7 E F:\m7 G:\m7
Let’s make Christmas merry, baby. Let me be your Santa Claus.

Gm7 F:\m7 B7 E E7 A7 E B7
I wanna slide down your chimney and fill your stockings full of toys.

B7 E9 A7 E7
I’ll come ’round about midnight, come thru the snow or frost.

E7 A7 E F:\m7 G:\m7
I’ll come ’round about midnight, come thru the snow or frost.

Gm7 F:\m7 B7 E E7 A7 E B7
I’ll let you ride on my reindeer, you won’t need a hobby horse.

B7 E9 A7 E7
Yes I’ll bring you a dolly, chartreuse Cadillac and a diamond ring.

E7 A7 E F:\m7 G:\m7
I’ll bring you a dolly, chartreuse Cadillac and a diamond ring.

Gm7 F:\m7 B7 E E7 E:\b7 D7 E E7
I’m gonna rock you in my cradle, we’ll make them joy bells ring.
I have guessed the reason why.

may not be Prince Charming, but that needn't be 'til we start cookin' and

you can't tell the difference after dark.

They say the ladies like 'em
tall and dark and handsome, but gals who know can

testify, they stay romanced when I romance 'em. Wait until I've

won you, and my love drops down upon you, 'cause you can't tell the
difference after dark.

SOLO
You Can’t Tell The Difference After Dark
Lead Sheet

G     Gº       A7      D7      G     Gº       A7      D7
Look what love has done to me. It seems there’s no more fun for me.

B7      Em      D      A      D7
Why must all the girls act so shy? I have guessed the reason why.

G     Gº       D7
I may not be prince charming, but that needn’t so alarming

A7      D7      G     Gº      Am7      D7
‘cause you can’t tell the diff’rence after dark.

G     Gº       D7
I may not good looking, but wait ‘til we start cookin’,

A7      D7      G      C      G
and you can’t tell the diff’rence after dark.

G      B7      E7
They say the ladies like ‘em tall and dark and handsome,

A7      D7
but gals who know can testify: they stay romanced when I romance ‘em.

G     Gº       D7
Wait until I’ve won you and my love drops down upon you.

A7      D7      G
You can’t tell the diff’rence after dark.

Original lyrics:

Look what the sun has done to me. It seems there’s no more fun, to me.
Why must all the boys act so shy? I have guessed the reason why.

I may be as brown as a berry, but that’s only secondary,
and you can’t tell the diff’rence after dark.

I may not be so appealin’, but I’ve got that certain feelin’,
and you can’t tell the diff’rence after dark.

They say that gentlemen prefer the blonde haired ladies.
Tell me am I out of style, just because I’m slightly shady?

Wait until I’ve won you, and my love drops down upon you.
You can’t tell the diff’rence after dark.
My Pencil Won’t Write No More

A

G\#6

G

F\#7

B7

E7

"Now, listen here folks, there’s one thing sure, you really oughta know,

my old pencil won’t write no more,

because the lead’s all gone,

yeah, the lead’s all gone.

You know, the lead’s all gone, this pencil won’t write no more,

and can’t write for that woman, you gotta let her go,"

lead’s all gone.
I lay down in my bed, tryin' to write a line, I could feel my old pencil droopin' forward all the time, because the lead's all gone, yeah, the lead's all gone. You know the lead's all gone, this pencil won't write no more.
My Pencil Won’t Write No More

Lead Sheet

A
Now listen here folks, there’s one thing sure: my old pencil won’t write no more,
A7 D F A
because the lead’s all gone, oh the lead’s all gone,
F# B7 E7 A
oh the lead’s all gone, the pencil won’t write no more.

A
I lay down in my bed just to write a line. I could feel my old pencil droopin’ forward all the time,
A7 D F A
because the lead’s all gone, oh the lead’s all gone,
F# B7 E7 A
oh the lead’s all gone, the pencil won’t write no more.

A
I met a hot mama, I wanted to love her so bad, but I lost all the lead in my pencil I had,
A7 D F A
because the lead’s all gone, oh the lead’s all gone,
F# B7 E7 A
oh the lead’s all gone, the pencil won’t write no more.

A
I hugged and kissed her, all last night. It wasn’t nothin’ doin’, my old pencil wouldn’t write,
A7 D F A
because the lead’s all gone, oh the lead’s all gone,
F# B7 E7 A
oh the lead’s all gone, the pencil won’t write no more.

A
You sure can tell when a man’s pencil is wrong, his mama’s always shiftin’ from home,
A7 D F A
because the lead’s all gone, oh the lead’s all gone,
F# B7 E7 A
oh the lead’s all gone, the pencil won’t write no more.

A
Now listen here man, you ought to know, can’t write for that woman, you have to let her go,
A7 D F A
because the lead’s all gone, oh the lead’s all gone,
F# B7 E7 A
oh the lead’s all gone, the pencil won’t write no more.