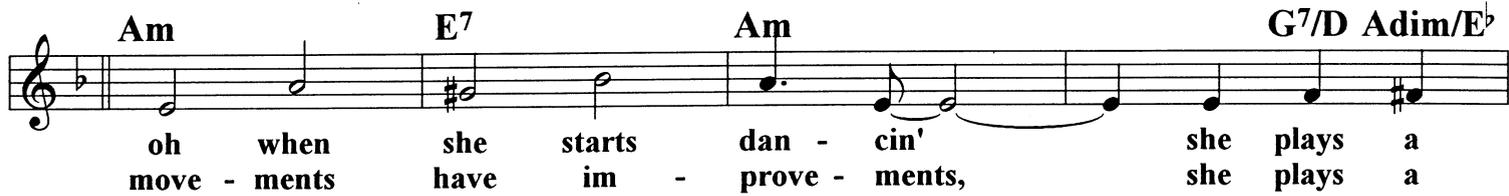


*C7/G* *C7* *F*



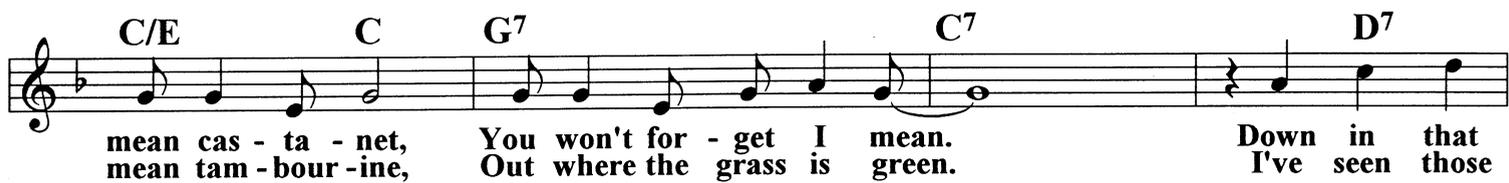
rolls 'em, pat, just kiss your gal good-bye. And oh, oh,  
fel-la' shout, they just lay right out and die. Her danc-in'

*Am* *E7* *Am* *G7/D Adim/Eb*



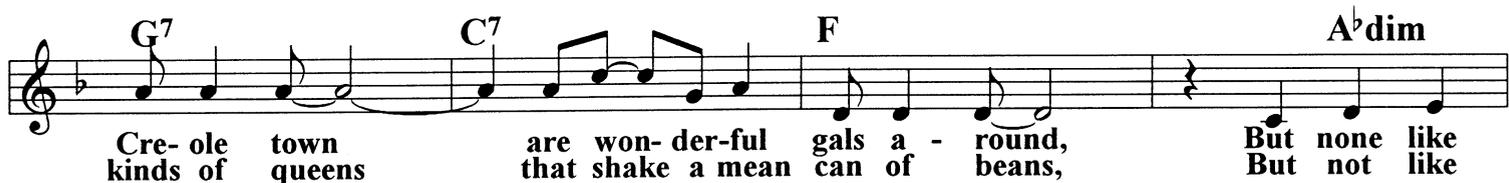
oh when she starts dan-cin' she plays a  
move-ments have im-prove-ments, she plays a

*C/E* *C* *G7* *C7* *D7*



mean cas-ta-net, You won't for-get I mean. Down in that  
mean tam-bour-ine, Out where the grass is green. I've seen those

*G7* *C7* *F* *A<sup>b</sup>dim*



Cre-ole town are won-der-ful gals a-round, But none like  
kinds of queens that shake a mean can of beans, But not like

*C7/G* *C7* *F (Fine: add 1 bar)* *D7* *G7*

Back to "B" for Solos: On to "C":



Clem-en-tine from New Or-leans. Look out for Now  
Clem-en-tine from New Or-leans.

*Patter:*

*C* *C* *G7* *C*



talk a-bout Ta-bas-co ma-mas, Lu-lu Belles and oth-er charm-ers,

*C* *G7* *C*



She's the ba-by that made the farm-ers raise a lot of cane. She

*C* *G7* *C*



said one guy named Ol' Bill Bail-ey, In the dark she kissed him gai-ly,

*C* *G7* *C* *D7* 



Then he threw down his uk-u-le-le, And he prayed for rain. Look out for