

CHATTANOOGIE SHOE SHINE BOY

Words by William Jerome, Music by Jean Schwartz

(C), (G7), (C), (C)3

Have you (C) ever passed the corner of Fourth and Grand,
Where a little ball of rhythm has a (C7) shoeshine stand.

(F) People gather 'round and they clap their hand,
He's a (C) great big bundle of joy.

He pops a (G7) boogie woogie rag,
the (F) Chattanooga shoeshine (C) boy. (C)3

He (C) charges you a nickel just to shine one shoe,
He makes the oldest kind of leather (C7) look like new.
You (F) feel as though you want'a dance when he gets
through.

He's a (C) great big bundle of joy.
He pops a (G7) boogie woogie rag,
the (F) Chattanooga shoeshine (C) boy. (C)3

(C7) It's a (F) wonder that the rag don't tear,
the (C) way he makes it pop.
You (D7) ought to see him fan the air,
with his (G7) hoppity, hippity, hippity, hoppity,
hoppity, hippity hop.

He (C) opens up for business when the clock strikes nine,
He likes to get them early when they're (C7) feelin' fine.
(F) Everybody gets a little rise and shine,
With the (C) great big bundle of joy.
He pops a (G7) boogie woogie rag,
the (F) Chattanooga shoeshine (C) boy. (C)3

Tag:

He pops a (G7) boogie woogie rag,
the (F) Chattanooga shoeshine (C) boy. (C)3