

# Steve Forbert, Gambling Barroom Blues

(Jimmie Rodgers)

I went down to the corner, just to meet my gal,  
I found her standing on the sidewalk, talking to my pal.  
I strolled back to the bar room, to get another drink of gin.  
But the first thing I knew, I was reelin', rocking and drunk again.

I kept drinking gin and liquor to way up in the night,  
when my pal walked into the bar room, we had an awful fight.

I reached down for my razor, and we knocked around, but when I pulled  
my pistol, I quickly smoked him down.

ref:Hay-ee-hay-hoo-a-ha-ha bo-hoo-hey-ho the gamblin bar room blues

I went to see my baby, and met her on the way,  
I told her I've had to leave her, I told her I could not stay.  
I started down to the station and stopped in at the bar,  
there I met a policeman, riding in a motor car.

We both drank lots of liquor, that flat footed cop and I,  
I thought he would never leave me, Lord, I thought I'd die.  
My baby came in to join us, and then it began to rain, then I had  
to hurry, hurry, to catch that midnight train.

I laid my head on the ballroom door, I never get drunk anymore,  
I found my watch and my golden chain, I found my babys diamond ring.  
Police, police, police, you're just as drunk as me,  
I grabbed that all eight-wheeler, and went to the deep blue sea-ee.