

# Jeff Healey, It's Tight Like That/wipe ' Em Off

(based on Dorsey, Whittaker)

Jeff:

Listen here, folks, I'm gonna sing a little song  
Don't get mad, I don't mean no wrong  
You know, it's tight like that!  
Aw, it's tight like that!  
You hear me talkin' to you  
I mean, it's tight like that!

If you see my gal, tell her to hurry home  
I ain't had no sleep since she's been gone  
You know, it's tight like that!  
I mean it's tight like that!  
You hear me talkin' to you  
I mean, it's tight like that!

Now when you see my girl live across the hall  
Found another mule, kicking in my stall  
You know, it's tight like that!  
I mean it's tight like that!  
You hear me talkin' to you  
I mean, it's tight like that!

Uncle Bill came home, 'bout half past ten  
Couldn't find his key so he couldn't get in  
You know, it's tight like that!  
Aw, it's a nasty thing like that!  
You hear me talkin' to you  
I mean, it's tight like that!

[Scatting]  
Tight like that!  
[Scatting]

Chris:

You ain't treatin' me right, Mr. Burn  
Drop my parcel in the mud  
You gotta wipe it off, Oh wipe it off  
Now I came in clean, so you gotta wipe it off

You ain't treatin' me right, Mr. Neal  
You can't drive my automobile, unless you  
Wipe it off, Oh wipe it off  
Now I came in shiny so you gotta wipe it off

Now Jeff Healey don't you be no fool  
You shouldn't play on that same old tool  
Unless you wipe it off, Oh wipe it off  
Yes You gotta wipe it off, Jeff Healey