

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FLOYD KYMES RUSSELL

WACO BLUES



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INTRO.
Slow

I
That

had a gal named Lil - ly Al - a - baster White, The
she could sing lak a sky-lark in de mud, Her
gal of mine took the Ka - ty for a trip, She
when that kind old Ka - ty whis - tle blew, It

way she'd roll dem eye-balls was a sight, Her
voice was sweet as a heif - er chew-in' a oud, And
sold her wash - board, then she packed her grip, She
made her feel just lak that whis - tle "blue," She

fists were hard as a hick'-ry bois - dare log, She
when she'd sing dem nois-es un - to me Why
nev - er looked as sad since she was born, Her
rode as far as Bell Mead then she sprang, And

had a face laka lov-in' yal-ler hound dog. And oh, oh, those
 I'd just sleep and dream of sym - pho - ny
 face looked lak a graveyard in a storm And
 walked the ties to Sand Town as she sang.

cresc.

Wa-co Blues, float-in'down de Bra-zos, Wa-co Blues, float-in'down de Bos-que, Wa-co Blues

If ma fever don't rise I'll sing hal-ly-loo-ye, You're a

long gone human if the blues gets to yer, Wa-co Blues, float-in'down de

Bra-zos, Wa-co Blues, float-in'down de Bos-que, Wa-co Blues.

D.C.