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BROWN & OBERG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FLOYD KYMES RUSSELL

# WACO BLUES



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FLOYD KYMES RUSSELL  
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## 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 lak a 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.

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

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

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

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