

# Black Bottom Blues Deep Elem Blues

G (F) G G (F) G

If you go down in Black Bot-tom, Put your mon-ey in your shoes, The

0 0 | 0 0 3 2 | 0 3 2 0 | 0 0 3 2 | 0 3 2 0

G (F) G G G

wom-en in Black Bot-tom got them Black Bot - tom Blues

0 0 3 2 | 0 3 2 0 | 0 2 0 | 0 2 0 | 0 0 2

10 C C C C G

Oh, good ma-ma, Dad-dy's got them Black Bot-tom Blues,

3 3 | 2 0 | 0 2 0 2 | 0 0 2 0

15 D D C (D) C (D) C (D) (G) G

Oh, good ma - ma, Dad-dy's got them Black Bot-tom Blues

2 2 | 4 0 | 3 0 3 0 | 3 0 2 3

## Complete Lyrics:

*If you go down in Black Bottom,  
Put your money in your shoes,  
The women in Black Bottom  
Got them Black Bottom Blues.  
Oh, good mama, Your daddy's got them black bottom blues.*

*If you go down in Black Bottom  
Just to have a little fun,  
Have your sixteen dollars ready  
When that police wagon comes.*

*Well, I had a good little woman  
And I taken her to the fair,  
She would have won the premium  
But she had bad hair.*

*Well, I went down to Black Bottom  
Just to get a little booze,  
And now I'm on the chain gang  
Wearing them brogan shoes.*

*If you've got a good little woman,  
Better keep her by your side,  
That old (band member name)  
Take your baby and ride.*

Additional verses from Michael Cooney:

*If you go down to Deep Elem,  
Take your money in your pants;  
The women in Deep Elem  
Never give the men a chance.  
Oh, sweet mama, daddy's got the Deep Elem Blues.*

*Now I once knew a preacher,  
Preached the Bible through and through,  
He went down into Deep Elem,  
Now his preaching days are through.*

*Now I once had a sweet gal,  
Lord, she meant the world to me;  
She went down into Deep Elem;  
She ain't what she used to be.*

*Her papa's a policeman  
And her mama walks the street;  
Her papa met her mama  
When they both were on the beat.*

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