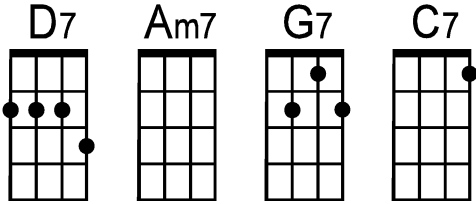


Ode to Billy Joe

by Bobbie Gentry (1967)



Strum: & | 1 2 & 3 & 4 & | 1 2 & 3 & 4 & |
U | D D U -- U D U | D D U -- U D U |

Intro: D7 . ' -- ' . ' | . . ' -- ' . ' | . . ' -- ' . ' | . . ' --

It was the third of June, a-nother sleepy, dusty, del-ta— day-ay-ay-ay—

I was out choppin' cotton and my brother— was bal—in' hay-ay-ay-ay—

And at dinner-time we stopped and walked back to the house to e-e-eat—

And Momma hollered at the back door, "Y'all re-member to wipe your fe-e-eet—"

And then she said, "I got some news this mornin—" from Choc-taw Ri-i-i-idge—

To-day, Billy Joe Mc-Allis-ter jumped off the Talla-hach-ee— Bri-idge—"

Papa said to Mama as he passed a-round the blackeyed— pea-e-eas—

"Well, Billy Joe never had a lick of sense. Pass the bis-cuits— plea-e-ease—

There's five more acres in the lower forty I've got to plo-o-ow—ow"

And Mama said "It was a shame a-bout Billy Joe an-y—how-o-ow—

Seems like nothing' ever comes to no good— up on Choc-taw— Ri-i-i-idge—

And now Billy Joe Mc-Allis-ter's jumped off the Talla-hach-ee— Bri-idge—"

Brother said he recol-lected when he and Tom and Bill—y— Joe-o-o-oe—

Put a frog down my back at the Carroll County picture— show-o-o—ow—

And wasn't I talkin' to him after church last Sun-day— night-i-i-ight?

|D7
 "I'll have a—nother piece of apple pie You know it don't seem- right-i-i-ight
 |G7
 I saw him at the sawmill yester-day on Choc-taw- Ri-i-i-idge—
 |D7\ --- --- --- |C7\ --- --- --- |D7
 And now you tell me Billy Joe's jumped off the Talla-hach-ee- Bri-idge—"

D7 |Am7 |D7
 Momma said to me, "Child- what's happened to your ap-pe—ti-i-i-ite?
 |Am7 |D7
 I've been cookin' all morning' and you haven't touched a single— bi-ite—
 |G7
 That nice young preacher Brother Taylor dropped by to—day-ay-ay—
 |D7
 Said he'd be pleased to have dinner on Sunday— oh, by the way-ay-ay-ay—
 |G7
 He said he saw a girl that looked like you up on Choc-taw- Ri-i-i-idge—
 |D7\ --- --- --- |C7\ --- --- --- |D7
 And she and Billy Joe was throwin' somethin' off the Talla-hach-ee- Bri-idge—"

|D7 |Am7 |D7
 A year has come and gone since we heard the news 'bout Billy Joe-o-o—oe—
 |Am7 |D7
 Brother married Becky Thompson and bought a store in Tup-e—lo—
 |G7
 There was a virus goin' 'round, Papa caught it and he died last spri-i-ing—ing
 |D7
 And now Momma doesn't seem to want to do much of an-y—thing-i-ing—ing
 |G7
 And me, I spend my time pickin' flowers up on Choc-taw- Ri-i-i-idge—
 |D7\ --- --- --- |C7\ --- --- --- |
 And drop them in to the muddy water off the Talla-hach-ee-
 D7 |D7\
 Bri—idge—