

Boppin The Blues
Carl Perkins

A

Well, all my friends are boppin the blues,

A7

it must be goin round.

D

All them cats are boppin the blues,

A

it must be goin round.

E

A E

I love you, baby, I must be rhythm bound.

A

Well, the doctor told me, Carl, you don t need no pills.

D

A

Yeah, that doctor told me, boy, you don t need no pills.

E

A E

Just a handful of nickels and a jukebox will cure your ills.

A

Well, all my friends are boppin the blues,

A7

it must be goin round.

D

All them cats are boppin the blues,

A

it must be goin round.

E

A E

I love you, baby, I must be rhythm bound.

A

A7

Well, the old cat bug, bit me, man, I don t feel no pain.

D

A

Yeah, that jitterbug caught me, man, I don t feel no pain.

E

A E

I still love you baby, but I ll never be the same.

A

Well, all my friends are boppin the blues,

A7

it must be goin round.

D

All them friends are boppin the blues,

A

it must be goin round.

E **A** **E**

I love you, baby, but I must be rhythm bound.

(**A** **A7** **A** **A7** **A** **A7** **D** **A** **E** **D** **A** **E**)

A

Well, all my friends are boppin the blues,

A7

it must be goin round.

D

All them cats are boppin the blues,

A

it must be goin round.

E **A** **E**

I love you, baby, but I must be rhythm bound.

A

A7

Well, grandpa done got rhythm, and he threw his crutches down.

D

Oh, the old boy done got rhythm and blues and he threw

A

them crutches down.

E **A**

Grandma, he ain t triflin , well the old boy s rhythm bound.

A

Well, all my friends are boppin the blues,

A7

it must be goin round.

D

All them cats are boppin the blues,

A

it must be goin round.

E **A** **E**

I love you, baby, but I must be rhythm bound.

A

A7

A rock bop, rhythm and blues...A rock bop, rhythm and blues.

D

A

A rock rock, rhythm and blues...A rock rock, rhythm and blues.

E

D

A

Rhythm and blues, it must be goin