

**Ballad Of Lou The Welterweight
The Felice Brothers**

Capo on 4

Standard tuning

Cadd2/B

e|-----
B|--1---
G|-----
D|-----
A|--2---
E|-----

C **Em** **G** **F**
Powder your nose, pull off your pantyhose,
 C **Cadd2/B** **F** **C** **G**
let me love you from behind, my darling.
C **Em** **G** **F**
Powder your nose, pull on your pantyhose,
 C **Cadd2/B** **F** **C** **G**
we're going down to my bout, my darling.

(Same chord progression throughout)

Before the bell would ring
he had a way like Errol Flynn
as he sauntered to the ring
with a sheet on.
But the late rounds scared the girl,
heaven knows she thought the world of Lou,
it was hard to see him swaying
in the neon.

Joey was a no-one,
just some big dumb kid from Flushing.
He had a face like an ugly bull,
always pouting.
He hit Louie kind of low
and he stumbled on the ropes
as the bookies blocked the rows,
shouting.

Powder your nose,
pull off your pantyhose,
let me love you from behind,
my Darling.

Powder your nose,
pull on your pantyhose,
we re going down to my bout,
my Darling.

The blows were hard and loud,
he could hardly hear the crowd
in the bleachers where they howled,
they were cheering.
I remember in the eighth,
it was clear that Lou was fading,
when something caught his eye
by the ceiling.

He saw her as she spoke
through the shifty yellow smoke,
she said: Louie you look bad,
are you dying?
But Louie could not answer,
his eyes were cast up to the rafters,
and then they slowly sealed
in silence.

Powder your nose,
pull off your pantyhose,
let me love you from behind,
my Darling.
Powder your nose,
pull on your pantyhose,
we re going down to my bout,
my Darling.

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