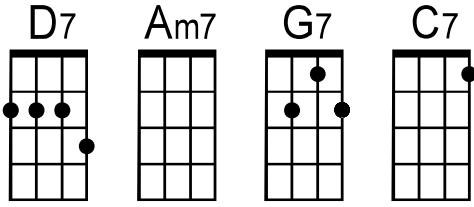


# Ode to Billy Joe

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** . ' -- ' . ' | . . ' -- ' . ' | . . ' -- ' . ' | . . ' --

**D7** . . . | **Am7** . . . | **D7** . . . | . . .  
 It was the third of June, a-nother sleepy, dusty, del-ta- day-ay-ay-ay—

. | . . . | **Am7** . . . | **D7** . . . | . . .  
 I was out choppin' cotton and my brother— was bal—in' hay-ay-ay-ay—

. | **G7** . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
 And at dinner-time we stopped and walked back to the house to e-e-eat—

. | **D7** . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
 And Momma hollered at the back door, "Y'all re-member to wipe your fe-e-eet—"

. | **G7** . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
 And then she said, "I got some news this mornin—" from Choc-taw Ri-i-i-idge—

. | **D7** \ --- --- --- | **C7** \ --- --- --- | **D7** . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 To-day, Billy Joe Mc-Allis-ter jumped off the Talla-hach-ee- Bri-idge—"

**D7** . . . | **Am7** . . . | **D7** . . . | . . .  
 Papa said to Mama as he passed a-round the blackeyed— pea-e-eas—

. | . . . | **Am7** . . . | **D7** . . . | . . .  
 "Well, Billy Joe never had a lick of sense. Pass the bis-cuits— plea-e-ease—

. | **G7** . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
 There's five more acres in the lower forty I've got to plo-o-ow— ow"

. | **D7** . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
 And Mama said "It was a shame a-bout Billy Joe an-y— how-o-ow—

. | **G7** . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
 Seems like nothing' ever comes to no good— up on Choc-taw— Ri-i-i-idge—

. | **D7** \ --- --- --- | **C7** \ --- --- --- | **D7** . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 And now Billy Joe Mc-Allis-ter's jumped off the Talla-hach-ee- Bri-idge—"

. | **D7** . . . | **Am7** . . . | **D7** . . . | . . .  
 Brother said he recol-lected when he and Tom and Bill— y— Joe-o-o-oe—

. | . . . | **Am7** . . . | **D7** . . . | . . .  
 Put a frog down my back at the Carroll County picture— show-o-o— ow—

. | **G7** . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
 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 upon 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 upon 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—