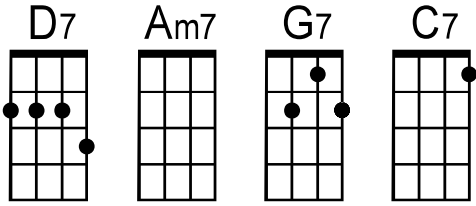


# Ode to Billy Joe

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 ba— lin' 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-mem-ber— 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 biscuits 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— ly— Joe-o-o-oe—  
Put a frog down my back at the Carroll County pictu-ure— 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**  
And 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—