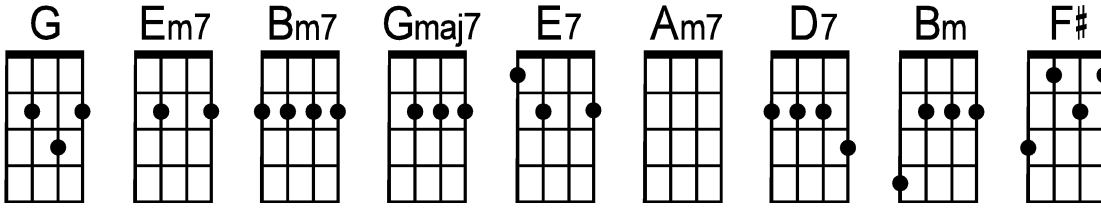


Walkin' My Baby Back Home

Roy Turk and Fred E. Ahlert (1930)



(sing d)

G . Em7 . | Bm7 . Em7 . | Gmaj7 . Em7 . | E7 . . . |
 Gee but it's great after bein' out late Walkin' my baby back home—

Am7 . D7 . | Am7 . D7 . | Am7 . D7 . | G . . . |
 Arm in arm over meadow and farm Walkin' my baby back home—

G . Em7 . | Bm7 . Em7 . | Gmaj7 . Em7 . | E7 . . . |
 We go a-long harmo-nizing a song or I'm re-citing a poem—

Am7 . D7 . | Am7 . D7 . | Am7 . D7 . | G . . . |
 Owls go by and they give me the eye Walkin' my baby back home—

. | Bm . Bm7 . | Bm . Bm7 . | Gmaj7 . . . | F# . . . |
 We stop for a while, she gives me a smile, she snuggles her head to my chest

. | D7 . . . | E7 . . . | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . |
 We start in to pet and that's when I get her powder all over my vest

| G . Em7 . | Bm7 . Em7 . | Gmaj7 . Em7 . | E7 . . . |
 Then af-ter I kinda straighten my tie she has to borrow my comb—

Am7 . D7 . | Am7 . D7 . | Am7 . D7 . | G . . . |
 One kiss then we con-tinue a-gain Walkin' my baby back home—

. | Bm . Bm7 . | Bm . Bm7 . | Gmaj7 . . . | F# . . . |
 She's 'fraid of the dark so I have to park out-side of her door till it's light

. | D7 . . . | E7 . . . | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . |
 She says if I try to kiss her she'll cry— I dry her tears all thru the night

G . Em7 . | Bm7 . Em7 . | Gmaj7 . Em7 . | E7 . . . |
 Hand in hand to a barbe-cue stand, right from her doorway we roam—

Am7 . D7 . | Am7 . D7 . | Am7 . D7 . | Bm . E7 . |
 Eats and then it's a pleasure a-gain Walkin' my baby Talkin' my baby

Am7 . D7 . | Bm . E7 . |
 Lovin' my baby I don't mean maybe

Am . . . | D7 . . . | G . . . | G\ --- Gmaj7\ |
 Walkin'— my ba-by— back home—