

BLUE SUEDE SHOES

Words and Music by
CARL LEE PERKINS

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Bright F F Bb7

Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet

Well, it's one for the mon-ey, two for the show, three to get ready, now go, cat, go! But don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes.

F F C7 C7sus

3 You can do an - y - thing _ but lay off of my Blue Suede Shoes.

F Bb7 F F F F

Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet

Well, you can knock me down, _ step in my face, _ slan - der my name all from my Burn my house, _ steal my car, _ drink my cider all from my

F F

Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet

o - ver the place; _ Do an - y - thing that you want to do, _ but uh - uh, hon - ey, lay old - fruit jar; _

Bb F

Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet

off of my shoes. Don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes. You can

C7 C7sus 1 F Bb7 F 2 F Bb7 F

Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet Tacet

do an - y - thing _ but lay off my Blue Suede Shoes. Shoes.

BRISTOL STOMP

Words and Music by
KAL MANN & DAVE APPELL

Moderately

C Em C D

The kids in Bris - tol, 're the sharp joint as a pist - ol} when they do the Bris - tol Stomp.

G Em C D G Em

The sounds start - ed are in spin - nin' ev - 'ry Fri - day night, The kids start danc - in'

C D G Em C D

It sounds start - ed are in spin - nin' ev - 'ry Fri - day night, The They kids start danc - in'

an' nev - they do wan - na right. stop. One We dance po - ny is spec - ial it's and a we cra - zy sight dad - to

The Bristol Stomp

see.
gee.
Kids in Bris - tol 're sharp as a pist - ol when they do the Brist - ol Stomp. Oh yea Real - ly sum-pin' when the

Em C D To Coda C

joint is jump - in' when they do the Brist - ol Stomp. It's got that groov - y beat - that makes you

G 3

stomp y'r feet, — So come on — get in line — y'r gon-na feel fine. And when she

D C# D

danc - es with me, We'll fall in love you'll see, — The Brist - ol Stomp - 'll make you mine all —

CODA G Em C D

D.S. al Coda mine. Kids in Bris - tol 're sharp as a pist - ol when they do the Brist - ol Stomp.

Repeat and Fade

BLUEBERRY HILL

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Words and Music by AL LEWIS,
LARRY STOCK & VINCENT ROSE

Moderately

E_b7 A_b E_b B_b7

I found my thrill — On Blue - ber - ry Hill, — On Blue - ber - ry Hill — When I found B_b7

E_b E_bmaj7 E_b6 E_b7 A_b E_b E_b E_bmaj7 A_b6 E_b E_b6 E_b7 D₇

you. — The moon stood still — On Blue - ber - ry Hill — And lin - gered un - til

E_b D_b7 E_b A_b6 E_b E_b6 E_bmaj7 A_b6 E_b E_b6 E_b7 D₇

my dreams came true. — The wind in the wil - low played — Love's sweet mel - o - dy; — But all of those

Gm D₇ Gm D₇ G B_b7 E_b7 A_b E_b

vows we made — Were nev - er to be. — Tho' we're a - part. — You're part of me still

B_b7

1 E_b D_b7 E_b E_b7 2 E_b A_b6 E_b

For you were my thrill — On Blue - ber - ry Hill. I found my Hill.