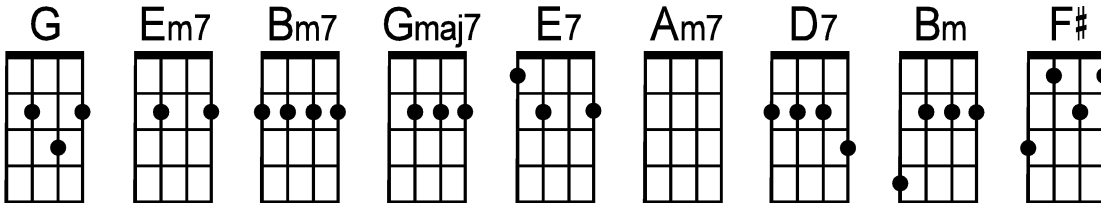


Walkin' My Baby Back Home

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

(-Slowin-----)
Am . **D7** . | . . . | **G** . . . | **G** . **GMaj7** . |
 Walkin' my ba—by— back home—