

# BACK IN THE U.S.A.

Words and Music by  
CHUCK BERRY

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Medium Beat

Oh, well, oh well, I feel so good to - day. We just touched ground on an in - ter - na - tional run - way. \_  
 Jet pro - pelled back - home, \_ from o - ver - seas to the U. S. A. \_ New  
 York, Los An - gel - es, oh, how I yearned for you, De - troit, Chi - ca - go, Chat - ta - noo - ga, Bat - on  
 Rouge. Let a - lone just to be at my home back in 'ol St. Lou.

# THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

Words and Music by  
JIMMY DRIFTWOOD

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1. In eight - een and four - teen we took a lit - tle trip A - long with Colo - nel Jack - son down the might - y Mis - sis - sip'. We  
 looked down the river and we seed the Brit - ish come, There must have been a hun - dred of 'em beat - in' on the drums. They  
 3,4. (See additional lyrics)

took a lit - tle bac - on and we took a lit - tle beans, And we met the blood - y Brit - ish near the town of New Or - leans. }  
 stepped so \_ high \_ and they made their bu - gles ring While we stood be - side our cot - ton bales and did - n't say a thing. } We

fired our guns and the Brit - ish kept a com - in' There wuz - n't nigh as man - y as they wuz a while a - go. We fired once more and

they be - gan to run - nin' on down the Mis - sis - sip - pi to the Gulf of Mex - i - co. 2. We Gulf of Mex - i - co.

Additional Lyrics

3. Old Hick'ry said we'd take 'em by surprise if we didn't  
 Fire a musket till we looked 'em in the eyes.  
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well.  
 Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave 'em hell.

Chorus

4. We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down.  
 So we grabbed an alligator and fought another round.  
 We filled his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind.  
 And we touched the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind.

Chorus