

# SHE'S A LADY

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Words and Music by  
JOHN SEBASTIAN

Moderately  

Well, she's all you'd ev - er want, she's the kind men like to flaunt and take to din - ner. Well, she  
knows what I'm a - bout, she can take what I dish out and that's not eas - y. I can  
Well, she

al - ways knows her place, she's got style, she's got grace, she's a win - ner. }  
leave her on her own, know - ing she's O. K. a - lone and there's no mess - ing. } She's A La - dy,  
knows me thru and thru, she knows what to do and how to please me. }

wo - oh - oh, She's A La - dy, talk - in' a - bout that lit - tle la - dy, and the la - dy is

mine. Well, she's Well, she She's A nev - er asks ver - y much and I don't re - fuse her,

al - ways treat her with re - spect, I nev - er would a - buse her. What she's got is hard to find and I don't want to lose her.

Help me build a moun - tain from a lit - tle pile of clay - ay - ay - ay! She

**CHORUS**

1 2 To next strain 4 Repeat Chorus and Fade    











      

    **D.S. to 4th ending**

# SILHOUETTES

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







Words and Music by  
FRANK C. SLAY JR. & BOB CREWE

Moderately          

Took a walk and passed your house late last night, All the shades were pulled and drawn 'way down tight; From with - in a dim light  
Lost con - trol, and rang your bell. I was sore, "Let me in, or else I'll beat down your door." When two stran - gers, who had

cast two Sil - hou - ettes on the shade, Oh, what a love - ly cou - ple they made. Put <sup>his</sup> arms a - round your  
been two Sil - hou - ettes on the shade said to my shock, "You're on the wrong block." Rushed <sup>her</sup> down to your house with

waist, held you tight, Kiss - es I could al - most taste in the night, Won - derd why I'm not the  
wings on my feet, loved you like I've nev - er loved you my sweet, Vowed that you and I would

Gm C7 F Dm 1 Gm C7 F Dm

{guy} whose sil - hou ette's on the shade I could - n't hide the tears in my eyes. Ah, \_\_\_\_\_  
 {girl} be two sil - hou - ettes on the shade All of our days, two

Gm C7 F D7 Gm C7 F 2 Gm C7 F

Sil - hou - ettes on the shade.

F Dm Gm C7 F D7 1 Gm C7 2 Gm C7 F

Ah \_\_\_\_\_

### SKINNY LEGS AND ALL

Words and Music by  
JOE TEX

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Lively Blues Tempo

G

(Narration Begins)  
mf

Bass line continues to end

To Coda

D.C. al Coda CODA

Repeat four times  
Fade out last time

NARRATION

Say, man; Don't walk ahead of that woman like she don't belong to you. Just 'cause her got them little skinny legs. You know that ain't no way to do. You didn't act like that when you had it at home behind closed doors. All right. Now you act like you ashamed of that woman. Don't even want nobody to know she's yours. That's all right. You just walk on, baby, and don't you worry about a doggone thing at all, because there's some man, somewhere who'll take you, baby, skinny legs and all.

Show you what I'm talkin' about; listen to me. Now, who'll take the woman with the skinny legs? You stand right there, baby. I'm gonna give you away in a minute. Come on somebody, please take the woman with the skinny legs. Now, you all know the lady with the skinny legs has got to have somebody too, now. Will somebody please take the lady with the skinny legs, please?

Hey, Joe! (ans.) Yeah, Bobby. Why don't you take her? (ans.) Shut up fool. I don't want no woman with no skinny legs. Look here. I thought about giving this woman to Clyde. But, no, 'cause I know the kind of woman Clyde likes. So, Leroy'll take her. Say, Leroy, you got her.

Say, Miss lady. Now, why you wanna act like that man ain't yours? Just 'cause he's walkin' with you with them raggedy clothes. The man just forgot to get his suit out of the cleaners, that's all.

All right, all right. You act like that man don't belong to you. Go on over there, and kiss and hold his hand. Say you ain't gonna do what? That's all right. You just walk on, Mister, and don't you worry about a doggone thing at all, 'cause there's some woman, somewhere, who'll take you, Mister, raggedy clothes and all. Just keep on walkin'. Don't be ashamed of what you got. . . (I'm still trying to get rid of the lady with the skinny legs.)