

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

Copyright © 1967 by Tree Publishing Co., Inc., 8 Music Square West, Nashville, TN 37203

Lively Blues Tempo

G



(Narration Begins)
mf

Bass line continues to end

To Coda

G

D.C. al Coda

CODA

G

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.)