

Ab Bb Fm Gm Ab Bb To Coda

On their fac-es they wear a sil-ly smirk, 'Cause they know I'm the King of the Cool Jerk.
On their fac-es they don't wear that sil-ly smirk, 'Cause they know I'm the King of the Cool Jerk.

Repeat as needed Ahead Eb

(Cool Jerk) (Cool Jerk) Can you do it can you do it can you

*Ha, Look at those guys looking at me like I'm a fool
But deep down inside they know I'm cool
But now the moment of truth has finally come
When I'm gonna show you some of that Cool Jerk.
Now give me a little bass with those Eighty-eights
Ah, you're cooking, Uh, you're smoking.
Now I want a hear everybody, Ah. . . .*

Ab9 Eb Ab9 Eb

do it can you do it can you do it can you do it can you do it can you do the Cool Jerk

D.S. al Coda

Bb Ab CODA Eb Repeat and Fade

Come on, peo-ple, Cool Jerk Hey! Hey! Cool Jerk Come on, peo-ple, Cool Jerk, You can do it

COTTON FIELDS (The Cotton Song)

Words and Music by
HUDDIE LEDBETTER

TRO - © Copyright 1962 Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, N.Y.
Used by Permission

Moderately Bright F F7 Bb F F#dim

VERSE

When I was a lit-tle ba-by my moth-er rocked me in the cra-dle. In them old, old cot-ton fields at

C7 F F7 Bb F C7

home. When I was a lit-tle ba-by my moth-er rocked me in the cra-dle. In them

F C7 F F7 Bb

CHORUS

old old cot-ton fields at home. Oh when them cot-ton bolls got rot-ten you could-n't

F C7 F

pick ver-y much cot-ton. In them old cot-ton fields at home. It was down in Lou'-si-

F7 Bb F C7 F C7 F Bb F

an-a just a mile from Tex-ar-ka-na. And them old, old cot-ton fields at home.