

Walkin' To Missouri
Words & Music by Bob Merrill
Recorded by Sammy Kaye, 1952

Refrain: (Repeat after each verse)

A A7 Bm7 D9 Cdim A
Poor little robin walkin', walkin', walkin' to Missouri --

A F#m E D9 E
He can't afford to fly.

E7 D9 E7 A A7
Got a penny for a poor little robin,

Bm7 D9 Cdim Dm6
Walkin', walkin', walkin' to Missouri --

E7 D9 Dm6 E
Got a teardrop in his eye.

A F#m A6 A7
I hope my story don't make you cry,

D D6 Bm Bm7
But this birdie flew too high;

E7 Dm6 Bm7-5 Cdim A
He flew from his old Missouri home.

E7 A F#m A6 A7 D D6 Bm Bm7
He fell right into the city ways, like dancin' in cabarets,

E7 D9 E7 Dm6 A
From par - ty to party he would roam.

A F#m A6 A7
He met a birdie who looked so nice,

D D6 Bm Bm7
A real bird of par - a - dise,

E7 Dm6 Bm7-5 Cdim A Edim E7
Good look - in' but fickle in the heart.

A F#m A6 A7
She gave him kisses and gave him sighs,

D D6 Bm Bm7
But oh, how she told him lies,

E7 Dm6 Bm7-5 Cdim A D9 A
'Cause she loved another from the start.

A F#m A6 A7
His dreams are battered, his feathers bent,

D D6 Bm Bm7
Now he hasn't got a cent;

E7 Dm6 Bm7-5 Cdim A Edim E7
He feels like his heart is gonna break.

A F#m A6 A7
So if he ever walks up to you,

D D6 Bm Bm7
Please throw him a crumb or two,

E7 Dm6 Bm7-5 Cdim A D9 A7
'Cause you could have made the same mistake.