

Oh Dem Golden Slippers

Oh, my [G] golden slippers that laid away
'Cause I aint gonna wear them till my [D7] wedding day
I will wear up in the chariot in the [G] morn.
And my long white robe that I bought last June
I'm gonna to get changed 'cause it [D7] fits too soon
And the old grey hoss that I used to drive
I will hitch him to the chariot in the [G] morn.

[G] Oh, dem golden slippers, [C] Oh, dem golden slippers
[D7] Golden slippers I'm gonna to wear
[G] Cause they look so neat.
Oh, dem golden slippers
[C] Oh, dem golden slippers
[D7] Golden slippers I'm gonna to wear
To walk the golden [G] street.

So, it's good-bye, children I will have to go
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
And yer ulster coats, why, you will not need
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn.
But yer golden slippers must be nice and clean
And yer age must be just sweet sixteen
And yer white kid gloves you will have to wear
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn.