



Excerpts from Lyrics to “Maybellene” and “Ida Red”

“Maybellene,” by Chuck Berry

*Maybelline, why can't you be true?
Maybelline, why can't you be true?
You done started back doing the things you used to do*

*As I was motorvatin' over the hill
I saw Maybelline in a Coupe de Ville
Cadillac rollin' on the open road
Nothin' outrun my V-8 Ford
Cadillac doing about 95
Bumper to bumper rolling side to side*

*Maybelline, why can't you be true?
Maybelline, why can't you be true?
You done started back doing the things you used to do*

*Cadillac pulled up 104
Ford got hot and wouldn't do no more
It done got cloudy and started to rain
I tooted my horn for the passing lane
Rainwater flowing all under the hood
But I knew that was doing my motor good*

“Ida Red,” traditional, arranged by Bob Wills

*Light the pilot, fire in the grate
Clock on the mantle says it's gettin' late
Curtains on the window, snowy white
The parlor's pleasant on Sunday night*

Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm a plumb fool about Ida Red

*Lamp on the table, picture on the wall
There's a pretty soul and that's not all
If I'm not mistaken and I'm sure I'm right
There's somebody else in the parlor tonight*

Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm a plumb fool about Ida Red