

Bad, Bad Leroy Brown

Jim Croce, 1972

INTRO: E7 F G7 C
4 4 4 1

Well the South side of Chicago is the baddest part of town
And if you go down there, you better just beware of a man named Leroy Brown.
Now Leroy more than trouble, you see he stand 'bout six foot four,
All the down-town ladies call him "Treetop Lover," all the men just call him "Sir."

Chorus: And he's bad, bad Leroy Brown, baddest man in the whole damn town,
Badder than old King Kong and meaner than a junk-yard dog.

Now Leroy he a gambler, and he like his fancy clothes
And he like to wave his diamond rings under everybody's nose.
He got a custom Con--tin-en-tal, he got an El-dor-ad-o, too.
He got a thirty-two gun in his pocket for fun, he got a ra-zor in his shoe.

Chorus

Well Friday night 'bout a week ago, Leroy shootin' dice
And at the edge of the bar sat a girl named Doris and ooh, that girl looked nice.
Well he cast his eyes upon her and the trouble soon began
And Leroy Brown, he learned a lesson 'bout messin' with the wife of a jealous man.

Chorus

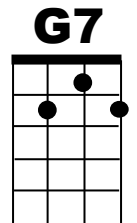
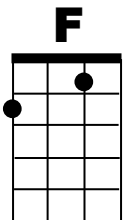
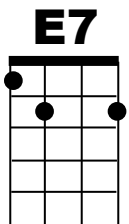
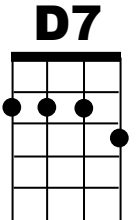
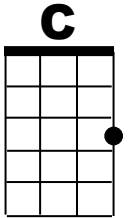
this verse sung softly:

Well the two men took to fightin' and when they pulled them from the floor
Leroy looked like a jig-saw puzzle with a couple of pie-ces gone.

Chorus: And he's bad, bad Leroy Brown, the baddest man in the whole damn town
Badder than old King Kong and meaner than a junkyard dog.

This extra line is sung slower to end the song:

Yes, you were badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junk yard dog.



alternative D7

