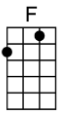
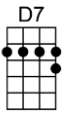
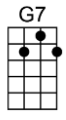
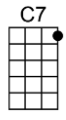
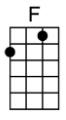
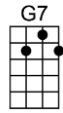
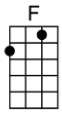


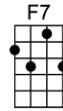
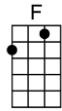
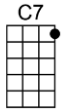
BAREFOOT DAYS - Al Wilson/James A. Brennan

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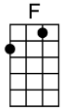
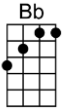
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |



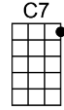
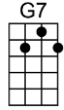
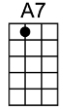
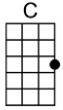
I can remember how proud I used to be,



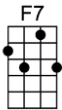
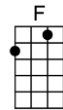
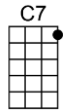
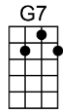
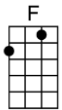
When my Dad and Mother, they bought new shoes for me



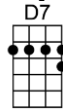
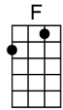
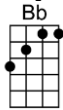
Now, that's the feeling you've all had, how new shoes could make you glad



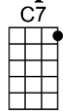
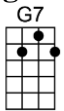
But the time that you re-call, was when you wore no shoes at all



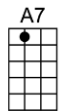
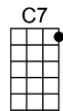
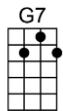
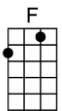
Barefoot days, when I was just a kid, those barefoot days, oh, boy, the things we did



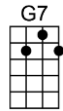
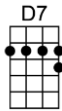
We'd go down to a shady nook with a bent pin for a hook



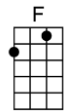
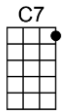
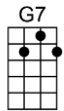
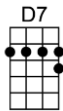
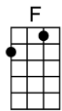
We'd fish all day, fish all night, but the darned ol' fish refused to bite



Then we'd slide down some old cellar door, we'd slide and slide, till our pants got tore



Then we'd have to go home, climb into bed, till mama came along with a needle and thread



O boy, what joy, we had in barefoot days

p.2. Barefoot Days

Interlude:

I'd be so happy if I could only be back in my old hometown, and the days that used to be

Yes, that was where we'd roam all day, down by the brook we used to play

They're the times that I re-call, when I wore no shoes at all

Barefoot days, when I was just a kid, those barefoot days, oh, boy, the things we did

We'd go down to a shady nook with a bent pin for a hook

We'd fish all day, fish all night, but the darned ol' fish refused to bite

Then we'd slide down some old cellar door, we'd slide and slide, till our pants got tore

Then we'd have to go home, climb into bed, till mama came along with a needle and thread

O boy, what joy, we had in barefoot days

O boy, what joy, we had in barefoot days

BAREFOOT DAYS-Al Wilson/James A. Brennan

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | F | D7 | G7 C7 | F |

F G7
I can remember how proud I used to be,
C7 F F7
When my Dad and Mother, they bought new shoes for me
Bb F
Now, that's the feeling you've all had, how new shoes could make you glad
C A7 G7 C7
But the time that you re-call, was when you wore no shoes at all
F G7 C7 F F7
Barefoot days, when I was just a kid, those barefoot days, oh, boy, the things we did
Bb F D7
We'd go down to a shady nook with a bent pin for a hook
G7 C7
We'd fish all day, fish all night, but the darned ol' fish refused to bite
F G7 C7 A7
Then we'd slide down some old cellar door, we'd slide an' slide, till our pants got tore
D7 G7
Then we'd have to go home, climb into bed, till mama came along with a needle and thread
F D7 G7 C7 F
O boy, what joy, we had in barefoot days

Interlude: F D7 G7 C7 F

F G7 C7 F F7
I'd be so happy if I could only be back in my old hometown, and the days that used to be
Bb F
Yes, that was where we'd roam all day, down by the brook we used to play
C A7 G7 C7
They're the times that I re-call, when I wore no shoes at all
F G7 C7 F F7
Barefoot days, when I was just a kid, those barefoot days, oh, boy, the things we did
Bb F D7
We'd go down to a shady nook with a bent pin for a hook
G7 C7
We'd fish all day, fish all night, but the darned ol' fish refused to bite
F G7 C7 A7
Then we'd slide down some old cellar door, we'd slide an' slide, till our pants got tore
D7 G7
Then we'd have to go home, climb into bed, till mama came along with a needle and thread
F D7 G7 C7 F
O boy, what joy, we had in barefoot days
F D7 G7 C7 F
O boy, what joy, we had in barefoot days