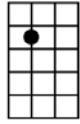


SING A



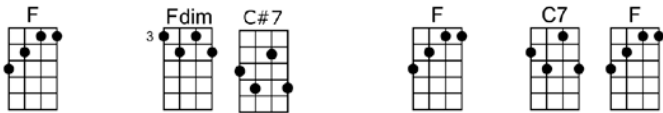
CONEY ISLAND WASHBOARD_(BAR)

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

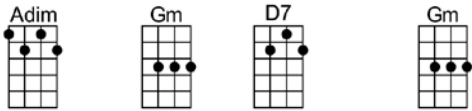
Verse:



Down by the beach lived the sweetest little peach



And I must say she just had the cutest way



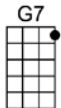
Playing a chord up-on a wash-board



The folks would gather 'round, from everywhere in town, just to hear her play.



Coney Island washboard she would play



You could hear her on the boardwalk every day

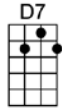
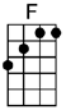


Soap suds all around, little bubbles on the ground

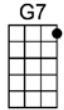


Rub-a-dub-a-dub in her little tub, all those tunes she found

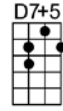
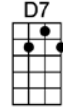
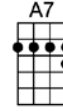
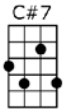
p.2 Coney Island Washboard



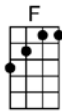
Little thimbles on her fingers made the noise



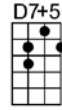
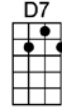
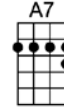
She played "Charleston" on the laundry for the boys



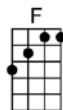
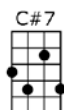
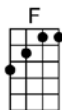
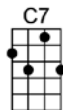
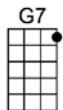
She could rag a tune right through the knees of a brand new pair of blue denim jeans



Oh Coney Island washboard rounde-lay.



She could rag a tune right through the knees of a brand new pair of blue denim jeans



Oh Coney Island washboard rounde-lay.

CONEY ISLAND WASHBOARD

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

Verse:

F Fdim C#7 F C7 F C7
Down by the beach lived the sweetest little peach

F Fdim C#7 F C7 F
And I must say she just had the cutest way

Adim Gm D7 Gm
Playing a chord up-on a wash-board

G7 C7 Gm7 C7
The folks would gather 'round, from everywhere in town, just to hear her play.

F D7
Coney Island washboard she would play

G7
You could hear her on the boardwalk every day

C7 F D7
Soap suds all around, little bubbles on the ground

G7 C7
Rub-a-dub-a-dub in her little tub, all those tunes she found

F D7
Little thimbles on her fingers made the noise

G7
She played "Charleston" on the laundry for the boys

C#7 F A7 D7 D7+
She could rag a tune right through the knees of a brand new pair of blue denim jeans

G7 C7 F
Oh Coney Island washboard rounde-lay.

C#7 F A7 D7 D7+
She could rag a tune right through the knees of a brand new pair of blue denim jeans

G7 C7 F C#7 F
Oh Coney Island washboard rounde-lay.