CRUISING DOWN THE RIVER
3/4 123 123

Intro: (3 beats each)

Cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon,

With one you love, the sun a-bove waiting for the moon.

The old accordion playing a sentimental tune,

Cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon.

The birds a-bove all sing of love, a gentle sweet re-frain;

The winds a-round all make a sound like softly fall - ing rain.

Just two of us to-gether, we'll plan a honey-moon

Cruising down the river on a Sunday after-noon.
IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE

Come a-way with me, Lu-cille, in my merry Oldsmo-bile

Down the road of life we'll fly, automo-bubbling, you and I

To the church we'll swiftly steal, then our wedding bells will peal,

You can go as far as you like with me, in my merry Oldsmo-bile

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

In the good old summertime, in the good old summer-time

Strolling through the shady lanes with your baby mine.

You hold her hand and she holds yours and that’s a very good sign

That she’s your tootsie-wootsie in the good old summer-time.

That she’s your tootsie-wootsie in the good....old....summer..--time.
CRUISING DOWN THE RIVER
3/4 123 123

Intro: G G#dim D B7 E7 A7 D A7 (3 beats each)

D                             B7              E7
Cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon,
A7                  Em7  A7  D  D#dim  Em7  A7
With one you love, the sun a-bove waiting for the moon.
D                             B7              E7  Fdim
The old accordion playing a sentimental tune,
D                          Em7  D  B7  E7  A7  D
Cruising down the river on a Sunday after-noon.
D7           Am7     D7+     G     GMA7     G6
The birds a-bove all sing of love, a gentle sweet re-frain;
E7           Bm7        E7           Bm7        E7   Bm7   E7   A7   A7+
The winds a-round all make a sound like softly fall - ing rain.
D                             B7              E7  Fdim
Just two of us to-gether, we'll plan a honey-moon
D                          Em7  D  B7  E7  A7  D  A7
Cruising down the river on a Sunday after-noon.

IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE

D                             B7              E7
Come a-way with me, Lu-cille, in my merry Oldsmo-bile
A7                  Em7  A7  D  D#dim  Em7  A7
Down the road of life we'll fly, automo-bubbling, you and I
D                             B7              E7
To the church we'll swiftly steal, then our wedding bells will peal,
A7                  D  B7  E7  A7  D  D7
You can go as far as you like with me, in my merry Oldsmo-bile

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

G                             G7              C  G  D7
In the good old summertime, in the good old summer-time
G                  Em  A7  D7
Strolling through the shady lanes with your baby mine.
G                             G7              C  G  D7
You hold her hand and she holds yours and that's a very good sign
G                  Em  A7  D7  G
That she's your tootsie-wootsie in the good old summer-time.
G                  Em  A7  D7  G  Cm  G
That she's your tootsie-wootsie in the good....old....summer...-time.