

Bad, Bad Leroy Brown

By: Jim Croche



F
Well, the south side of Chicago is
G7
the baddest part of town
A7
And if you go down there you
Bb C7
better just beware of a man named
F
Leroy Brown

Now, Leroy wanted trouble, you
see, he stands about 6 foot 4
All the downtown ladies call him
“Treetop Lover,”
All the men just call him “Sir!”

(CHORUS)

F
Well he’s bad, bad Leroy Brown,
G7
baddest man in that whole damned
town
A7
He was badder than Old King
Bb
Kong,
C7 F
Meaner than a junkyard dog.

Now Leroy, he’s a gambler, and he
likes his fancy clothes
And he likes to wave a dozen
diamond rings,
In front of everybody’s nose.

He’s got a custom Continental
He’s got an Eldorado too
He’s got a 32 gun in his pocket for
fun,
Got a razor in his shoe.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Well Friday, ‘bout a week ago,
Leroy, shootin’ dice
And at the edge of the bar sat a girl
named Doris,
And ooo, that girl looked nice!

Well, he cast his eyes upon her,
Then the trouble soon began
Ol’ Leroy Brown learned his lesson
‘bout messin’ with the wife of a
jealous man.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Well, the two men took to fightin’,
and when they pulled them from
the floor
Ol’ Leroy looked like a jigsaw
puzzle,
With a couple of pieces gone.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

(TAG)

A7 F
Badder than Old King Kong,
C7 F
Meaner than a junkyard dog.

Chord Progression: F - G7 - A7 - Bb - C7 - F