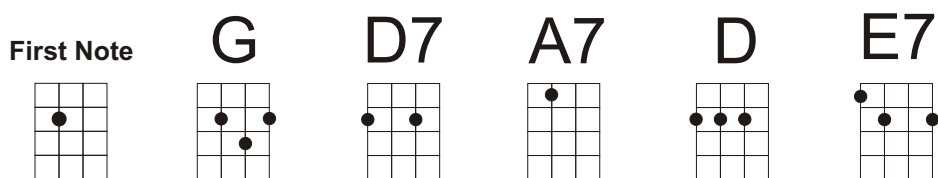


In My Merry Oldsmobile



Young [G] Johnny Steele has an [D7] Oldsmobile
He loves his dear little [G] girl
She is the queen of his [D7] gas machine
She has his heart in a [G] whirl
Now [A7] when they go for a [D] spin, you know,
She [A7] tries to learn the [D] auto, so
He [A7] lets her steer, while he [D7] gets her ear
And [A7] whispers soft and [D7] low...

Chorus:

Come a [G]way with me, Lu[E7]cille
In my [A7] merry Oldsmobile
Down the [D7] road of life we'll fly
Automo[G]bubbling, you and [D7] I
To the [G] church we'll swiftly [E7] steal
Then our [A7] wedding bells will peal
You can [D] go as far as you [G] like with me
In my [A7] merry [D7] Oldsmo[G]bile.

They [G] love to "spark" in the [D7] dark old park
As they go flying a [G]long
She says she knows why the [D7] motor goes
The "sparker" is awfully [G] strong
Each [A7] day they "spoon" to the [D] engine's tune
Their [A7] honeymoon will [D] happen soon
He'll [A7] win Lucille with his [D7] Oldsmobile
And [A7] then he'll fondly [D7] croon...

Chorus