

# Boppin' the Blues

Written in 1956 song by Carl Perkins and Howard "Curley" Griffin

**CHORUS:** <sup>A</sup> Well, all my friends are boppin' the blues, it must be goin' round.  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> All them cats are boppin' the blues, it must be goin' round.  
<sup>E7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E7</sup> I love you, baby, I must be rhythm bound.



<sup>A</sup> Well, the doctor told me, Carl, you don't need no pills.  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> Yeah, that doctor told me, boy, you don't need no pills.  
<sup>E7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E7</sup> Just a handful of nickels and a jukebox will cure your ills.

## CHORUS

<sup>A</sup> <sup>A7</sup> Well, the old cat bug bit me, man, I don't feel no pain.  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> Yeah, that jitterbug caught me, man, I don't feel no pain.  
<sup>E7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E7</sup> I still love you baby, but I'll never be the same.



**Chorus, then an Instrumental (verse chords), then a Chorus again!**

<sup>A</sup> <sup>A7</sup> Well, grandpa done got rhythm, and he threw his crutches down.  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> Oh, the old boy done got rhythm and blues and he threw them crutches down.  
<sup>E7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E7</sup> Grandma, he ain't triflin', well the old boy's rhythm bound.

## CHORUS

## OUTRO:

<sup>A</sup> <sup>A7</sup> A rock bop, rhythm and blues...A rock bop, rhythm and blues.  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> A rock rock, rhythm and blues...A rock rock, rhythm and blues.  
<sup>E7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>A7</sup> Rhythm and blues, it must be goin' round.

