

B7

Away down yonder in the state of Arkansas

E

where my great-grandpa met my great-grandma

A7

they drink apple cider and they get on a jag

D

and they dance all night to the Salty Dog Rag

B7 They play an old fiddle like you never heard before

E They play the only tune that they ever did know

A7 It's a ragtime ditty and the rhythm don't drag

D now here's the way you dance to the Salty Dog Rag

Chorus:

B7 One foot front, drag it back,

E then you start to ball the jack.

A7 You shake and you break and then you sag,

D if your partner zigs you're supposed to zag.

B7 Your heart is light, you tap your feet

E in rhythm with that ragtime beat.

A7 (Just) pack up your troubles in your old kit bag

D and dance all night to the Salty Dog Rag.

B7 Away down South 'neath the old Southern moon

E the possum's up a tree and the hounds treed a coon

A7 They'll hitch up the buggy to a broken down nag

D and go out dancing to the Salty Dog Rag

B7 They tune up the fiddle and they rosin up the bow

E They strike a C chord on the old banjo

A7 and holler hang on 'cause we ain't gonna drag

D 'cause here's the way you dance to the Salty Dog Rag