

Chaw Bacee

In the morning when I get up
I rub my eyes and then I sit up
I reach for my pouch and I get some
Hwok! Put! Ding! Chaw bacee.
Chaw bacee, chaw bacee, Lord I love my chaw bacee.

When my breakfast's done been eatin'
And I'm thru with chores and feedin'
I reach for my pouch and I get me
Hwok! Put! Ding! Chaw Bacee.
Chaw bacee, chaw bacee, Lord I love my chaw bacee.

There's some who say there's nothin' worser than a juicy chew
They tried it once when they was young
And gagged until they's blue.
Though I recall when I was young that happened to me to.
Today without my chaw bacee
Don't know what I'd do.

In the sunny afternoon
My cheek sticks out like a baloon
I take an aim for my spitoon
And Hwok! Put! Ding! Chaw Bacee.
Chaw bacee, chaw bacee, Lord I love my chaw bacee.

You can smoke your cigars and your filter cigarettes
Pack your pipe and spend the day
Keepin' the dang thing lit.
Play your cards & gulp your beer & place your two buck bets.
Gimme chaw bacee
It's the best vice yet.

In the evenin' watchin' the tube
I shovel in a juicy big chew
Turn my my head 'twards the spitton
And Hwok! Put! Splat! Dang!
Hwok! Put! Splat! Dang!
Hwok! Put! Ding! Chaw bacee.
Chaw bacee, chaw bacee, Lord I love my chaw bacee.

Opus 65 (1973)

CHAW TOBACCE

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J. MARK II

(OPUS 67)

CM7 BM7 Bbm7 AM7 CM7 BM7 Bbm7 ARPESIO AM7

VERY SLOW

AM7 BM7

(VERY SLOW)

IN THE MORNING WHEN I GET UP, I RUB MY EYES & THEN I SIT UP...
WHEN MY BREAKFASTS DONE BEEN EATEN AND I'M THRU WITH CHORES & FEEDIN', I
IN THE SUNNY AFTERNOON MY CHEEK STICKS OUT LIKE A BALLOON, I
IN THE EV'NING WATCHING THE TUBET SHOVEL IN A JUICY BIG CHEW

AM7 TO CODA B7 E E7

REACH BY MY BED AND I GIT SOME
REACH FOR MY POUCH AND I GIT ME
TAKE AN AIM FOR MY SPITTOON AND
TURN MY HEAD 'TWARD THE SPITTOON

(UPBEAT)
"HWOK" "PUT" (DING) CHAW TOBACCE

A E B E

CHAW TOBACCE CHAW TOBACCE LORD I LOVE MY CHAW TOBACCE

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A E

SOME WHO SAY THAT NOTHIN'S WORSE THAN A JUICY CHEW THEY
YOU CAN SMOKE YOUR CIGARS AND YOUR FILTER CIGARETTES

B7 E

TRIED IT ONCE WHEN THEY WAS YOUNG AND GAGGED UNTIL THEY'S BLUE THOUGH
PACK YOUR PIPE AND SPEND THE DAY KEEPING THE DAMN THING LIT

I RECALL WHEN I WAS YOUNG THAT IT HAPPENED TO ME TOO TO-
 PLAY YOUR CARDS AND GULP YOUR BEER & PLACE YOUR SAWBUCK BETS

- DAY WITHOUT MY CHAW TOBACEE DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO
 GIVE ME CHAW TOBACEE, IT'S THE BEST VICE YET

"HWOK" "PUT" DAMN "HWOK" "PUT" DAMN "HWOK" "PUT" "DING" CHAW TOBACEE

CHAW TOBACEE CHAW TOBACEE LORD I LOVE MY CHAW TOBACEE