

Bo Burnham

"Back Home"

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Back Home Trk 12 Disc 2 2:29

(Ellas McDaniel)

Bo Diddley

Bo Diddley - vocal and guitar, Clifton James - drums

Jerome Green - maracas & unk bass.

Backing vocals (group) unknown.

Originally Checker LP 2980 'Bo Diddley is a Lover'

Bo Diddley Chess Box Set MCA Records Inc. CHD2-19502.

(Ho-ome)

(Crawl home)

You gonna be sorry that you left me alone

(You're going to be sorry)

Packed your bags and now you gone

(You're going to be sorry)

Tried ev'rything to get along with you

(You're going to be sorry)

I tried ev'ry little thing I knew how to do

(You're going to be sorry)

You don't love me, don't love me no mo'

Was that the reason why you wanna go-oooh

Back home?

(Go-oooh) back home

Told you baby that I will roam

(You're going to be sorry)

But all you could say was

You wanted to go home

(You're going to be sorry)

You know baby that I love you so

(You're going to be sorry)

Ain't no way that I can let you go

(You're going to be sorry)

You don't love me, that I know

A-that's the reason why you wanna

Go back ho-ooome (back home)

Yea-ah! (go back crawlin')

(Crawl, back home)

*

Tell her!

Drive off in yo' droptop

She's bout to pack up, your trunk now

She's going to pack all, your clothes up

You better lock up, your droptop

You got to walk back, to yo' bus stop

She got the droptop, you got a bus stop

You got to lock up, your droptop

She's packin' her trunk, in your droptop

Give up, you messed up, she got the droptop

Give up, you messed up, you let it go, so

You pack the trunk up, she's at a bus stop

You pack the trunk up, she got her droptop

*

Tell her!

My own fault, you stole my droptop

You bout to drop by, to my bus stop

You bout to drive by, to my bus stop

You bout to walk back, to the bus stop

You got to walk back to the bus stop

You got to walk back to the bus stop

Too bad you walked out, to the bus stop

Too bad you walked out, with the droptop

You bet you messed up, you better come back

You got to walk back, to that bus stop

She packed your trunks up, she's so fucked up

She packed your trunks up, she's so fucked up

*

Tell her!

You're fucked, so fucked up

You bout to fuck up, she's so fucked up

You going to fuck up, she's so fucked up

You bout to fuck up, with my droptop

You got to walk out, cause you're fucked up

You got to walk now, cause you fucked up

You got to walk out, cause you're fucked up

You bout to mess up, cause you're fucked up

Too bad you messed up, cause you're fucked up

You got the the droptop, cause you're fucked up

Too bad your luck's up, with my droptop

Too bad your luck's up, she's so fucked up

Took ya downtown just the other day
(You're going to be sorry)
People begin to crowd around and say
'You're going to be sorry'
You don't love me, love me, no mo'
(You're going to be sorry)
That the reason why you wanna go
(You're going to be sorry)
You don't love me, love me no mo'
But 'at a reason why you wanna go
Back ho-ome, back home

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

(Craa-awl) back home

(Too-bad-you-fucked-up, she-fucked-up-now)
(Too-bad-you-walked-off, you-re so-fucked-up).

~

*Three different lines sung for each line of the chorus.
By three vocalist or dubbed. These lines are practically
Disguised by the instruments and the shoo-bop do-wop
Sounds, yet amazingly audible with headphone
listening.
Great beat, of course by the master, Mr. Bo Diddley!

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