

## **The Animals**

# **"The Story Of Bo Diddley"**

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Now let's hear the story of Bo Diddley  
And the rock 'n' roll scene in general  
Bo Diddley was born Ellis McDaniels  
In a place called McCoom

Mississippi about 1926  
He moved to Chicago about 1938  
Where his name was eventually changed  
To Bo Diddley

He practiced the guitar everyday and sometimes into  
the night  
Till his papa's hair began to turn white  
His pa said, "Son, listen hear, I know  
You can stay but that guitar has just gotta go"

So he pulled his hat down over his eyes  
Headed out for them western skies  
I think Bob Dylan said that  
He hit New York City

He began to play at the Apollo in Harlem  
Good scene there, everybody raving  
One day, one night, came a Cadillac with four head  
lights  
Came a man with a big, long, fat, cigar

Said, "C'mere son, I'm gonna make you a star"  
Bo Diddley said, "Uh, what's in it for me?"  
Man said, "Shut your mouth son  
Play the guitar and you just wait and see"

Well, that boy made it, he made it real big  
And so did the rest of the rock 'n' roll scene along with  
him  
And a white guy called Johnny Otis took Bo Diddleys  
rhythm  
He changed it into handjive and it went like this

In a little old country town one day  
A little old country band began to play  
Add two guitars and a beat up saxophone

When the drummer said, "Boy, those cats begin to roam"

Oh, baby oh we oh oh  
Ooh, la la that rock 'n' roll  
Ya, hear me oh we oh oh  
Ooh, la la that rock 'n' roll

Then in the U.S. music scene there was big changes made  
Due to circumstances beyond our control, such as payola  
The rock 'n' roll scene died after two years of solid rock

And you got discs like ah  
"Take good care of my baby,  
Please don't ever make her blue", and so forth

About, ah, one year later in a place called Liverpool in England  
Four young guys with mop haircuts began to sing stuff like, ah  
"It's been a hard days night and I've been workin' like a dog", and so on

In a place called Richmond in Surrey, way down in the deep south  
They got guys with long hair down their back singin'  
"I wanna be your lover baby, I wanna be your man yeah", and all that jazz

Now we've doin' this number, Bo Diddley, for quite some time now  
Bo Diddley visited this country last year  
We were playin' at the club a Gogo in Newcastle, our home town

And the doors opened one night and to our surprise  
Walked in the man himself, Bo Diddley  
Along with him was Jerome Green, his Maraca man  
And the Duchess, his gorgeous sister

And a we were doin', doin' this number  
Along with them came the Rolling Stones, the Mersey Beats  
They're all standin' around diggin' it

And I overheard Bo Diddley talkin'  
He turned around to Jermone Green  
And he said, "Hey, Jerome  
What do you think these guys doin' our, our material?"

Jerome said, "Uh, where's the bar man, please show  
me to the bar"  
He turned around the Duchess  
And he said, "Hey Duchess  
What do you think of these young guys doin' our  
material?"

She said, "I don't know  
I only came across here to see  
The changin' of the guards and all that jazz"  
Well, Bo Diddley looked up at me and he said

With half closed eyes and a smile  
He said, "Man, took off his glasses"  
He said, "Man, that sure is the biggest load of rubbish  
I ever heard in my life"

Hey, Bo Diddley  
Oh, Bo Diddley  
Yeah, Bo Diddley  
Oh, Bo Diddley  
Yeah, Bo Diddley  
Oh, Bo Diddley

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