THE BRIAN SETZER ORCHESTRA

10 GREAT SONGS, INCLUDING:
THE DIRTY BOOGIE • JUMP, JIVE AN’ WAIL • ROCK THIS TOWN •
THIS CAT’S ON A HOT TIN ROOF
THE DIRTY BOOGIE

Words and Music by Brian Setzer

Fast Rockabilly Swing \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \text{Gm6} \)

(Drums & Bass)

Riff A (**Gtr. II)

Intro

Rhy. Fig. 1 (**Gtr. I)

f

w/Right dist.

*Horns arr. for gtr.
**Play all gtr. parts w/light variations ad lib on repeats (throughout).

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1st, 2nd & 3rd Verses

1. Well, I got a little boogie but it
2.3. See additional lyrics

N.C.
ain't too clean.
It's real low-down and it's kind
mean. The dirty
(Gm6)

boog- ie

The dirt- y boog- ie

When I

(Gtr. I out)

2nd & 3rd times w/Rhy. Fill 1

(A7)

get low down... it's... the dir-ty boog- ie for me...

Ow.

Chorus

N.C.

What's it called?

Hey... you all...

(The dirt-y boog-ie.)

(The dirt-y boog-ie.)

* Gtr. I

** Play this bar 2nd time only.

** Play 2nd & 3rd times only (next 4 bars).
(The dirty boogie)

How's it go?

Not too slow. When I

vib, w/bar


1.
N.C (A7)

get low down, it's the dirty boogie for me

Ow.

Gtr. II


2.
A7

get low down, it's the dirty boogie for me

(Let it go, let it go, let it go, let it go.)

P.M.

w/Riff A and Rhy. Fig. 1

Gm6

Cm

Gm6

D7

Gm6
Guitar solo

(Gtr. II out)

Chords implied by band till end of solo.

D.S. al Coda

3. Well, they're
Additional Lyrics

2. Well, you rattle and shake and you moan and groan.
   A girl like you I could never bring home.
   The dirty boogie, the dirty boogie.
   When I get low down, it's the dirty boogie for me. *(To Chorus)*

3. Well, they're shakin' their hips and scream and shout,
   And don't things I can't even talk about.
   The dirty boogie. Catch my drift. The dirty boogie.
   When I get low down, it's the dirty boogie for me. *(To Chorus)*
HOODOO VOODOO DOLL

Words and Music by
Brian Setzer

Fast Rockabilly Swing  \( \frac{j}{4} = 252 \) (\( \frac{j}{8} \) : \( \frac{j}{4} \))

Intro
*N C.  **Gtr. I

*Chords are implied till Verse.
**Use neck pickup till otherwise indicated.

1. Well, you say

1st, 2nd, 3rd Verses

2. 3. See additional lyrics

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Chorus
D9

hoo-doo voo-doo doll

(You're my hoo-doo voo-doo doll) You're my

Rhy. Fig. 1

P.M.

A5 A6 A5 A6 A5

hoo-doo voo-doo doll

You're my hoo-doo voo-doo doll

Now, baby,

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

P.M.

N.C. E9

if you keep on sin-nin' I'll just stick anoth-er pin in. You're my

Rhy. Fig. 2

A5 A6 A5 A6 A5 N.C.

hoo-doo voo-doo doll

(end Rhy. Fig. 2)

P.M.

16
*Switch to bridge pickup.*
Chorus
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (1½ times)

D9

hoo-doo voo-doo doll (You're my hoo-doo voo-doo doll)

A5 A6 A5 A6 A5 A6 A5

hoo-doo voo-doo doll (voc. ad lib)

You're my hoo-doo voo-doo doll

D9

hoo-doo voo-doo doll (voc. ad lib)

You're my hoo-doo voo-doo doll

A5 A6 A5

hoo-doo voo-doo doll (voc. ad lib)

Now, baby,

Gtr. 1

P.M.

w/Rhy. Fig. 2

N.C. E9

if you keep on sin-nin' I'll just stick an-oth-er
pin in. You're my hoo-doo voo-doo doll.

Additional Lyrics

2. I asked the fortune teller where my true love might be. She gazed into her crystal ball then looked straight up at me. I told her when your eyes met mine you cast an evil spell. I made a deal with the devil man, my soul to you I’d sell. (To Chorus)

3. Got your gris-gris and your mojo, but it won’t work on me, no. Now you’re mixin’ up some love potion number three. Got my deal signed in blood and there ain’t no turnin’ back. Cost me all of my money and my pink Cadillac. (To Chorus)
JUMP, JIVE AN' WAIL

Words and Music by Louis Prima

Fast Rockabilly Swing \( \frac{1}{16} = 208 \) (\( \sevenths \))

Intro

* Bb7

Gr. I

mf

P.M.
clean tone

1st Verse

Bb7

1. Baby, baby, it looks like it's gonna hail

Rhy. Fig. 1

P.M.

Eb7

Baby, baby, it looks like it's gonna hail

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You better come inside; let me

Oh, you gotta

Chorus
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (1st 8 bars only)

jump, jive and then you wait. You gotta jump, jive and then you wait. You gotta

*Trem. bar

*Depress bar before striking chord.
jump, jive and then you wail away.

P.M.

Sax solo
w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
Bb7
Eb7
Bb7
Cm7

2nd Verse
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (1st 10 bars only)
Bb7
Pa - pa's in the ice - box

lookin' for a can of ale.

Eb7
Pa - pa's in the ice - box

Bb7
lookin' for a can of ale

Cm7
Ma - ma's in the back - yard

F7
D.S. al Coda

learnin' how to jive and wail.

Woh... you gotta
then you wait away.

Guitar Solo

F7

Eb7

Cm7

F7

Bb

N.C.

A
3rd Verse
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (1st 10 bars only)

Bb7

\[ \text{wom-an \ is \ a \ wom-an \ and \ a \ man \ ain't \ noth-in' \ but \ a \ male.} \]

\[ \text{One \ good…} \]

Cm7

\[ \text{thing \ a-bout \ him: \ he \ knows \ how \ to \ jive \ and \ wail…} \]

4th Verse

B7

\[ \text{Gtr. II out} \]

\[ \text{Jack \ and \ Jill \ went \ up \ the \ hill \ to \ get \ a \ pail.} \]

Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1)

\[ \text{P.M.} \]

\[ \text{9 11 9 12 9 11 9 9 11 9 9} \]

\[ \text{end \ Rhy. \ Fig. 2} \]
Jill stayed up; she wants to learn how to jive and wail. Oh, you gotta

Chorus  Tacet

B7

jump, jive and then you wail. You gotta jump, jive and then you wail. You gotta (Gr. I out)

jump, jive and then you wail. You gotta jump, jive and then you wail. You gotta

jump, jive and then you wail away. You gotta

Chorus/Outro
w/Rhy. Fig. 2

B7

jump, jive and then you wail. You gotta jump, jive and then you wail. You gotta

E7

jump, jive and then you wail. You gotta jump, jive and then you wail. You gotta
jump, jive and then you will away...

Oh... you gotta.

[2.

Begin fade

You gotta jump, jive and...

Jump, jive and...

Jump, jive and...

Fade out
1st, 2nd Verses

* Eb7

Around once on this big spinning planet of love.

2. Hang up the cat, put the dog out to dry.

My, my...

Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gr. I)

P.M.

6 8 10 8 11 8 10 8 6 8 10 8 11 8 10 8 6 6 5 6 7 8 4 5

*Chords are implied (next 8 bars only).

So don’t be wasting my time; tell me what you’re dreaming of.

Roll up the bird, let the alligator wave bye-bye...
We'll take a rocket to the moon, and when we get that far,
I'll hang your coat and hat up on a shooting star.

So train to Peru, In a rusty old steamer or a leaky canoe.

Let's live it up! Let's live it up! Let's live it up!

Let's live it up! Let's live it up! Let's live it up!
Bridge

E7 \[\text{Eb7} \quad E7 \quad \text{Eb7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Cm7} \]

round the block in a hot balloon sounds awfully good to me.

P.M.

Bb7 \[\text{A7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Am7b5} \quad \text{D7\#9} \quad \text{N.C.} \quad \text{Cm9} \]

Or a seat on a wing of a jumbo jet fly-

P.M. \quad P.M.

C7 \[\text{F13sus4} \quad \text{F13} \]

ing straight to Mercury.

3.4. What's the

3rd, 4th Verses

w/Rhy. Fig. 1

Bb7 \[\text{Eb7} \quad \text{Bb} \]

matter with me?

Ba-bby, I've been such a fool.

{ We'll
We'll

Eb \[\text{E7} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{F7} \]

hop on a raft and navigate around in the pool.

hop on a raft and sail it all around in the pool.

We'll take a

Bb7 \[\text{A7\#5} \quad \text{Ab13} \quad \text{G7\#5} \]

rock-et to the moon, and when we get that far, I'll hang your coat and hat up on a shooting star.

So
Coda

(w/last bar of Rhy. Fig. 1)

shoot-ing star

Let's live it up! Let's live it up!

Don't

Gtr. I

you ev'er think of, ba-by, giv-in' it up

Let's live it up! Let's live it up!

live it up! Let's live it up!

Free time

Let's live it up!
ROCK THIS TOWN

Words and Music by Brian Setzer

Fast Rockabilly Swing \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 212

Intro

D7#9  N.C.(G)

f  w/light dist.

C7#9  N.C.(F)

Bb maj7  E7#9  A7#5

vib. w/bar

To Coda

A7#9  A7#5  N.C.(D)

Rhy. Fill I  Riff A  \[ \text{(end Riff A) w/Riff A (7 times)} \]

(hand vib.) slight P.M.

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2.

w/Riff A (3 times)

1st Verse

D5 D6 D5
D6 D5
D6 D5
D6 D5
D6 D5
D6 D5

Well, my baby and me went out late Saturday night.

*Rhy. Fig. 1

slight P.M.

D6 D5
D6 D5
D6 D5
D6 D5
D6 D5

I had my hair piled high, my

D6 D5
A6

baby just looked so right.

Well.

(let Rhy. Fig. 1)

pick you up at ten, gonna get you home at two.

Your mama don't know what I

let ring
got in store for you. But, ba - by, that's all right, we're look - in' as cool as can be.

let ring

w/pick slight P.M.

We

2nd Verse

found a lit - tle place that real - ly did - n't look half bad.
I had a whiskey on the rocks and change of a dollar for the slight P.M.

juke-box. Well, I put a quarter right in

w/fingers let ring

w/pick & fingers let ring

D9 G6 E(9)/G#
to that can, but all it played was disco, man. Come on,

D A D7#9 D9

pretty baby, let's get out of here right away.

We're gonna

P.M. let ring

w/pick let ring
trem. bar

*Depress bar before striking notes.
Chorus

D5

rock this town, rock it inside out.

We're gonna

slight P.M.

rock this town, make 'em scream and shout.

C7 C#7 D Eb9 D9 G

Well, let's rock, rock, rock, man, rock.

Rock till we pop, we're gonna

roll till we drop. We're gonna rock this town, rock it inside out.

w/pick & fingers
let rug...

P.M. P.M.

40
Guitar solo

*D

Chords are implied by hand until end of solo.

**Depress bar before striking notes.
3rd Verse

Well, we're havin' a ball—just tearing up the big dance floor.

Well, there's a real square cat. he looks slight P.M.
ninteen sev'nty-four

Well, he

D  Es9  D9  G

looked at me once, he looked at me twice,

Look at me again and there's a

w/pick

7 7 7 3 5 3 3 3

D  A6  N.C. (D5)

gonna be a fight. We're gonna rock this town, rip this place apart.

w/pick & fingers let ring

7 7 7 5 5 7 8

Chorus

D7 9

We're gonna rock this town, rock it inside out

slight P.M.

D5  D6  D5  D6  D5

7 7 6 5 5 3 4
We're gonna rock this town make 'em scream and shout.

Well, let's rock, rock, rock, rock,

Rock till we pop, we're gonna roll till we drop.

Rock this town, rip this place a part.

(end Rhy. Fig. 2)
D.C. al Coda

*Silently tune 6th str. back up to E.

We're gonna rock this town, make 'em scream and shout.

Well, let's rock, rock, rock, Rock till we pop, we're gonna roll till we drop. We're gonna rock this town, rock it inside out.

Coda w/Rhy Fill 1
w/Rhy. Fig. 1

We're gonna rock this town, rock it inside out.

w/Rhy. Fig. 2

We're gonna rock this town, rock it inside out.

w/Riff A
N.C.(D)

We're gonna rock this town, rock it inside out.

w/Riff A
N.C.(D)

We're gonna rock this town, rock it inside...
1. Well, there's the rock-a-billy cats with their pomps real high, wear-in' a man left stand-in', so let's

black drape coats, all real gone guys I said, "No team is a win-
rolled-up jeans We're gonna look in' real tough and might - y mean There's a Well, there's a

rumble in Brighton to - night ring - side seats for the neighbor - hood fight There

slight P.M. slight P.M. slight P.M. slight P.M.

To Coda

ain't a damn thing that the cops can do There's a rumble in Brighton to - night

53
2nd Verse
Em

fish hooks under their collars, they got razors in their shoes, I said, "Go..."
cat, go,” their battle cry. World war three is start-in’ to brew.

Now the skin-heads all use black jacks and they’re lookin’ mighty mean.

They got chains wrapped around their fingers and their heads are all shaven clean.

Well, there’s a rumble in Brighton tonight.

ring-side seats for the
3. Well, there
cops can do. There’s a rumble in Brighton tonight. Rumble in Brighton tonight.

Depress bar before striking note.
Rumble in Brighton tonight

Em

Well, man, there ain't a damn thing that the cops can do.

Bm

Rumble on the beach tonight.

Am

Line

Bm

right up for a sideline view.

Am

Ring-side seats for the neighborhood fight.

Bm

There's a

Am

D5

Freely

Em6/9

rumble in Brighton tonight

rii.

trem. pick

vib. w/bar
SINCE I DON'T HAVE YOU

Words and Music by James Beaumont, Janet Vogel, Joseph Verscharen, Walter Lester, Lennie Martin, Joseph Rock and John Taylor

Slowly \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \frac{4}{4} \)

Intro

\[ \text{Gm7}\quad \text{Abm7}\quad \text{Gm7}\quad \text{C7}\quad \text{F}\quad \text{B7}\quad \text{Bbm6}\quad \text{Eb7}\quad \text{F}\quad \text{Dm7} \]

* Throughout song, chord names reflect guitar and band and are occasionally implied.

\[ \text{Am7}\quad \text{D7}\quad \text{Gm7}\quad \text{Dbm9}\quad \text{C13}\quad \text{F}\quad \text{Dm7} \]

1st Verse

Oh... I don't have...

... plans and schemes.

And... I don't have...

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since... I don't have you... I don't have you.

let ring... sl.

Bridge
2nd time substitute Fill 1
Bbmaj7
Bbm7

I don't have happiness... and I guess... I never will... ever a-

let ring... let ring... sim.

Frmaj7 Cm7 B7b5 Bbmaj7

When you walked out on me... in walked old misery...

slightly P.M.

Fill 1
and he's been here since then. I don't have slight P.M.

love to share. And I don't have one who cares.

Baby, I just don't have anything since I don't have

you. I don't have you. Oh!

let ring let ring slight P.M. cresc.
SLEEPWALK

By Santo Farina, John Farina and Ann Farina

Slowly \( \times = 72 \)

* C

Gtr. I

Am7

Fm7

G7

P.M. – w/light dist. & slapback echo
let ring throughout

8 10 10 8 7 5 5 3 1 3 1 3 3

* Chord names reflect gtr. and band (throughout).

C

Am7

Fm7

G

P.M.

P.M.

P.M.

P.M.

8 10 10 8 7 5 5 3 1 3 1 3 3

C

Am7

Fm7

G7\(^{b9}\)

C

1/4

1/4

1/4

1/4

1/4

3 3

3 1

3 1

3 1

1/4

1/4

1/4

1/4

* Throughout song, depress bar before striking notes when dotted line is indicated.

Fm7

G7\(^{b9}\)

C\(^9\)

Am7

Fm7

G6

1/4

3 4

1/4

1/4

1/4

1/4

1/4

1/4

1/4

1/4

1/4

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66
SWITCHBLADE 327

Words and Music by Brian Setzer

A7#9  D7#9  B7  E5  E7#9

Fast Rockabilly Swing \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 240 (\( \frac{3}{4} \) \( \frac{3}{4} \) \( \frac{3}{4} \) \( \frac{3}{4} \))

Intro 888

N.C.

Riff A (Gtr. 1)

D5 (end Riff A)

2.

Rhy. Fill 1

N.C.

Riff B

 slut.

E

N.C.

(end Riff B)

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1st, 2nd & 3rd Verses

Oh!
1. Switch-blade
2. See additional lyrics

three-twenty-seven, lit cigarette in his hand.

Steel-toed boots on the accelerator, oil leakin' out to the pan.

Switch-blade, three two-barrels, gettin' there as fast as he can.

All juiced up like a hot carburetor spittin' gas on to the fan.
Black top burn-out, Saturday night
Try and catch him if you can.

To Coda II

Chorus

A5

G7#9

G#7#9

A7#9

A5

(Switch-blade...)

Rhy. Fig. 1

D7#9

D5

B7#9

(Switch-blade.)

Seventeen come eleven.

(Switch-blade.)

Aw.

To Coda I

E7#9

he's all right.

When he gets drunk he fights all night.

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)
w/Riff A (134 times)

N.C. D5 N.C. 3 w/Rhy. Fill 1 w/Riff B E N.C. 3 D

N.C.

Gr. I

Coda I

Guitar solo

E7

When he gets drunk he fights all night.

*Chords are implied by bass (next 16 bars only).
w/Rhy. Fig. 1
A7#9
A5
d D7#9
D5

(Switch - blade...)
...three - twen - ty - sev - en.

(Switch - blade.)
Seven come ele - ven.

B7#9

(Switch - blade.)
Aw, he's all right...

When he gets drunk he fights...

__ all night__

When he gets drunk he fights__ all night__

( cont. in notation )

E7#9

When he gets drunk he fights__ all night__

Outro
A5
Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. I)

P.M.-----------------

3 4 3 0

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (4 times)
*Grtr. II

P

7 6 7 8 7 6 7 8

*Horns arr. for grtr.
Additional Lyrics

2. Switchblade 327,
Pullin' way ahead of the pack.
Chop-top deuce, Saturday night,
Flames shootin' outta the back.
Switchblade, don't cut him off;
He won't cut you no slack.
He'll cut you to ribbons if you come to town.
He'll carve out his name in your back.
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night.
Try and catch him if you can. (To Chorus)

3. Switchblade 327,
Someone was callin' his name.
All he could hear was his engine
And the sound of the pouring-down rain.
Switchblade 327
Ran 125 down the lane.
But someone had cut both his fuel lines
And the '32 burst into flames.
Blacktop burnout, Saturday night.
Try and catch him if you can. (To Chorus)
THIS CAT'S ON A HOT TIN ROOF

Fast Rockabilly Swing \( \text{Tempo} = 204 \) (\( \text{N.C.} \) (C)

Intro

(f) \( \text{w/light dist.} \)

H | H | H | H | H | H |
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(Bb) | Ab9 | G7#9 |
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w/pick & fingers

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1/2

C

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C7

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<td>hold bend</td>
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Full

1st, 2nd, 3rd Verses

G7 | C5 | C6 | C5 |
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1. Well, this cat's
on a hot tin roof, drink -

P.M.
w/pick

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in that whiskey ninety-six proof. Don't need a doctor,

N.C.
don't feel no pain. My legs are just two steps ahead of my brain. This

P.M.
cat's on a hot tin roof. This cat's gonna

P.M.

*Play Chorus w/slight variations ad lib on repeats.

To Coda

shake it loose. This cat don't get the blues, 'cause

let ring

let ring

80
this cat's shakin' on a hot tin roof.

2. Well, this hot tin roof.

Guitar Solo
N.C.(C)
Well, there ain't no point in hold-

in' me down; I'll kick and I'll scratch and I'll howl.

Hey, hound dog, get outta my way, 'cause this cat is on the prowl.

3. Well, this cat's shakin' on a hot tin roof. This cat's on a
Additional Lyrics

2. Well, this cat's been out on the town,
   I'm the cat's meow, I'm the king with a crown.
   My head is spinnin', I got the shakes.
   I can't stop now 'cause I got no brakes. (To Chorus)

3. Well, this cat is on a hot tin roof,
   Jumpin' up and down like a long-neck goose.
   Shimmy and shake, baby, you can't fail.
   Rockin' so hard that it's off the scale. (To Chorus)