



Caller: Mel Wilkerson

# Gimme Back My Blues

CBC-12

## Sides face Grand Square

\*Way down in southern West Virginia lived a  
girl they called Imogene

Her old man died and left her his money he  
was a coal field king (**allemande left and  
weave**)

Now Imogene told me if you'll be my  
husband **I'll dress you in patent leather  
shoes (swing and promenade)**

Well hello good times so long rag times  
goodbye down and out blues

## Sides face Grand Square

\*\*Now mama she told me don't marry for  
money she may act just like a queen  
She may be rich but there's always a hitch  
she can talk sweet and still be mean

**(allemande and weave)**

Now buddy I know don't you marry for  
dough I remember when I didn't have any  
**(swing and promenade)**

I'm telling you son if you marry for mon  
you're gonna earn every penny

## Sides face Grand Square

\*\*\*Now breakfast in bed ain't so bad for your  
head if you're layin' there enjoyin' the snack  
But it ain't so much fun if you're the one  
Servin' while she's propped up in the sack

**(Allemande and weave)**

Now buddy I know don't you marry for  
dough you'd be better off with holes in your  
shoes **(swing and promenade)**

Well I'm gonna run bein' rich ain't no fun hey  
judge won't you gimme back

Judge won't you gimme hey hey judge won't  
you gimme back my blues

<b>Basics</b> Square Thru 4, Dosado, Swing Thru, Boys Trade, Boys Run Right, Bend The Line, Right & Left Thru, Pass Thru, Partner Trade 1 & 1/2, Swing Corner Promenade Now I'm Telling you son, don't you marry for the mon' Hey judge won't you give back my blues	<b>Mainstream</b> Heads Square Thru 4 Touch a Quarter Scoot Back Boys Run, Pass Thru Tag the Line Face In Pass Thru Bend the Line Pass the Ocean Scoot Back Boys Run and promenade Now I'm Telling you son, don't you marry for the mon' Hey judge won't you give back my blues
<b>Plus</b> Heads Lead Right Circle to a Line Forward and Back Touch a Quarter Coordinate Couples Circulate Leads Reverse Wheel Around Pass Thru Chase Right Swing Corner and Promenade Now I'm Telling you son, don't you marry for the mon' Hey judge won't you give back my blues	<b>A1</b> Heads Star Thru Double Pass Thru Leaders 1/4 In, Split Square Chain Thru Trade By Swap Around Dixie Grand Swing Corner and Promenade Now I'm Telling you son, don't you marry for the mon' Hey judge won't you give back my blues

### **Alternate Opener, Break and Ending**

Circle left

\*Well way down here in Southern West Virginia

Lived a girl they call Imogene

Why don't you walk around the corner girl and see saw your own

Left allemande and weave the ring

\*\*Now Imogene told me, you're gonna be my husband

Dosado and promenade

\*\*\*Well I say hello good times, so long to Rag times

Good bye to down and out blues

### **Alternate Lyrics**

\*Mamma she told me don't marry for money

She may just act like a queen

\*\*Well buddy, I know - don't you marry for dough

\*\*\*Well I tell you son, if you marry for mon'

You're gonna earn every penny

\*Now breakfast in bed ain't bad for your head

If you're lying around just having a snack

\*\*Well buddy, I know - don't you marry for dough

\*\*\*Well, I'm gonna run, being rich ain't no fun

Hey judge won't you give back, judge won't you give me back...

judge won't you give me back...

judge won't you give me back... my Blues

Lyrics

Way down in southern West Virginia lived a girl they called Imogene

Her old man died and left her his money he was a coal field king (allemande left and weave)

Now Imogene told me if you'll be my husband I'll dress you in patent leather shoes (swing and promenade)

Well hello good times so long rambling goodbye down and out blues

Now mama she told me don't marry for money she may act just like a queen

She may be rich but there's always a hitch she can talk sweet and still be mean

Now buddy I know don't you marry for dough I remember when I didn't have any

I'm telling you son if you marry for mon you're gonna earn every penny

Oh son

Now Imogene she never took her hair down she just loafed around all day dressed in her slip

I couldn't drink beer or smoke my cigars she was so good at cracking that whip

Now old Imogene half Indian and half bulldog and I'm just a coyote howlin'

Cause she's either on the warpath or sittin' round the house stretched on her tail end a growlin'

Now breakfast in bed ain't so bad for your head if you're layin' there enjoyin' the snack

But it ain't so much fun if you're the one carryin' while she's propped up in the sack

Now buddy I know don't you marry for dough you'd be better off with holes in your shoes

Well I'm gonna run bein' rich ain't no fun hey judge won't you gimme back

Judge won't you gimme hey hey judge won't you gimme back my blues

Well I'm gonna run bein' rich ain't no fun hey judge won't you gimme back my blues