

Your Mamma Don't Dance

Loggins and Messina

C7 C7 G7 G7
Your mama don't dance and your daddy don't rock n' roll
C7 C7 G7 G7
Your mama don't dance and your daddy don't rock n' roll
D7 C7
When evenin' rolls around and it's time to go to town
G7 G7
Where'd you go to rock and roll

C7 C7 G7 G7
The old folks say that you gotta end your day by ten
C7 C7 G7 G7
If you're out on a date and you bring her home late it's a sin
D7 C7 G7
There just ain't no excuse and you know you're gonna lose and never win,
G7
I'll say it again, and it's all because

<chorus>

For Bb→C, strum the Bb and slide up to the C.

Bb→C Bb→C
You pull into a drive-in and find a place to part
Bb→C Bb→C
You hop into the back seat where you know it's nice and dark
Bb→C Bb→C
You're just about to move and you're thinkin' it's a breeze
Bb→C C
There's a light in your eye and then a guys says, "Outta the car, long hair"
D7 C7 G G
Oooweee, you're comin' with me, the local police. And it's all because

<chorus>

G G G7 G7
Where'd you go, to rock and roll, where'd you go, to rock and roll...

