

That Hand You Tried To Deal Me

Memphis Jug Band (1929)

Now if you ever go down South, go down to Dixieland
Don't forget the Memphis Jugger Band

You better hide, mama better hide from me
I can beat you playing that hand, baby you tried to deal to me

I told my old lady, no longer than the week before last
If I catch you on Beale Street again, mama, things will come to pass

You better hide, mama better hide from me
I can beat you playing that hand, baby you tried to deal to me

Now the preacher will come to your house and want to rest his hat
Next thing he wants to know, lady, where's your husband at
Say, I don't know, I think he's going to jail
Oh well, let's come on, mama, and let me go his bail

You better hide, mama better hide from me
I can beat you playing that hand, baby you tried to deal to me

Harmonica solos w/fiddle chops

Well, I asked that gal, would you give me some
Well, she told me to wait until tomorrow comes
When tomorrow comes, boy, I gave her mine
And I looked around, a man was standing behind

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I can beat you playing that hand, baby you tried to deal to me

I'm going on Main Street and I'm gonna raise my hand
I am looking for a woman that ain't got no man

You better hide, mama better hide from me
I can beat you playing that hand, baby you tried to deal to me

E, E, E, E
A, A, E, E
B7, C7, E, E

G, G, G, G
C, C, G, G
D7, Eb7, G, G