

# Rhythm and Blues

## (The Birth of Rock and Roll)

**Background:** Rock and Roll owes its roots to R&B and traditional Blues. This song tries to capture that through the personification of them all. It's meant to be fun.

**Written:** 2023

Arr.	Key	Time	Tuning	Tempo	Style	Capo
1	A	4/4	Standard	150	Rockabilly in A	None

Arrangement	1
Intro	
Verse	A7 A7 A7 A7 D7 D7 A7 A7 E7 D7 A7 A7 E7 D7 A7 A7
Chorus	D7 D7 A7 A7 D7 D7 E7 E7
Bridge	D7 D7 A7 A7 D7 D7 A7 A7 E7 D7 A7 A7 E7 D7 A7 A7
Ending	Chuck Berry riff

### Chords Used in this Song

E7	E	A7	A	D7	D

# Rhythm and Blues

(The Birth of Rock and Roll)

## Verse

**A7**

She came of age in the 40s

**A7**

Naive to the world's slyboots

**D7**

He was much older

**A7**

And much wiser of his roots

**E7**

A match made in Heaven

**D7**

**A7**

A sound with nothing to lose

**E7**

Well they called her Rhythm

**D7**

**A7**

And his name was The Blues

## Verse

**A7**

Rhythm ran with the hip crowd

**A7**

Always looking to make the news

**D7**

Blues been 'round much longer

**A7**

For years he paid his dues

**E7**

Workin' the Chitlin' Circuit

**D7**

**A7**

Joints drenched in smoke & booze

**E7**

He said I can't find rhythm

**D7**

**A7**

But I sure as hell found the blues

### **Bridge**

**D7**

Rhythm had an edge

**A7**

Always looking to seduce

**D7**

Blues had his own edge

**A7**

He was wise to her ruse

**E7**

**D7**

His sound fueled by despair

**A7**

Hers soul-infused

**E7**

Well they called her Rhythm

**D7**

**A7**

And his name was The Blues

### **Chorus**

**D7**

R&B

**D7**

Keepin' the beat

**A7**

Cuttin' the rug

**A7**

Movin' your feet

**D7**

Bustin' a move

**D7**

Keepin' it mean

**E7**

Hittin' the town

**E7**

Makin' the scene

### **Verse**

**A7**

Rhythm walked into The Howard

**A7**

And seemed a bit bemused

**D7**

She said I like your sound boy

**A7**

But I'm looking to move my shoes

**E7**

**D7**

I want a sound that don't cry

**A7**

As much as ooze

**E7**

Well they call me Rhythm

**D7**

**A7**

And I hear they call you The Blues

### **Verse**

**A7**

Blues sat back intrigued

**A7**

And lit up a cigar

**D7**

Spoke in a gravelly voice

**A7**

As the slide scraped his guitar

**E7**

Said what'cha wanna hear

**D7**

**A7**

I can do any song you choose

**E7**

Well I ain't got rhythm

**D7**

**A7**

But I sure as hell got the blues

### **Bridge**

**D7**

Rhythm leaned in and whispered

**A7**

I've got a deal you can't refuse

**D7**

Blues leaned back and smiled

**A7**

Couldn't help but be amused  
E7  
She said I'll mix the magic  
D7 A7  
And you can light the fuse  
E7  
Some'll call us "Race Music"  
D7 A7  
But we'll call it Rhythm and Blues

### **Chorus**

D7  
R&B  
D7  
Keepin' the beat  
A7  
Cuttin' the rug  
A7  
Movin' your feet  
D7  
Bustin' a move  
D7  
Keepin' it mean  
E7  
Hittin' the town  
E7  
Makin' the scene

### **Outro Verse**

A7  
Rhythm ignited Blues' passion  
A7  
Blues smoked Rhythm's soul  
D7  
Gave birth to a child  
A7  
They'd call Rock and Roll  
E7  
Into the cultural bloodstream  
D7 A7

He'd soon flow through

**E7**

A sound for the mainstream

**D7**

**A7**

Borne from Rhythm and Blues

**E7**

Even the white world loved him

**D7**

**A7**

Though he may not be their roots

**E7**

A sound that blurred borders

**D7**

**A7**

Borne from Rhythm and Blues

# Rhythm and Blues

(The Birth of Rock and Roll)

## Verse

She came of age in the 40s  
Naive to the world's slyboots  
He was much older  
And much wiser of his roots  
A match made in Heaven  
A sound with nothing to lose  
Well they called her Rhythm  
And his name was The Blues

## Verse

Rhythm ran with the hip crowd  
Always looking to make the news  
Blues been 'round much longer  
For years he paid his dues  
Workin' the Chitlin' Circuit  
Joints drenched in smoke & booze  
He said I can't find rhythm  
But I sure as hell found the blues

## Bridge

Rhythm had an edge  
Always looking to seduce  
Blues had his own edge  
He was wise to her ruse  
His sound fueled by despair  
Hers soul-infused  
Well they called her Rhythm  
And his name was The Blues

## Chorus

R&B  
Keepin' the beat  
Cuttin' the rug  
Movin' your feet  
Bustin' a move  
Keepin' it mean

Hittin' the town  
Makin' the scene

**Verse**

Rhythm walked into The Howard  
And seemed a bit bemused  
She said I like your sound boy  
But I'm looking to move my shoes  
I want a sound that don't cry  
As much as ooze  
Well they call me Rhythm  
And I hear they call you The Blues

**Verse**

Blues sat back intrigued  
And lit up a cigar  
Spoke in a gravelly voice  
As the slide scraped his guitar  
Said what'cha wanna hear  
I can do any song you choose  
Well I ain't got rhythm  
But I sure as hell got the blues

**Bridge**

Rhythm leaned in and whispered  
I've got a deal you can't refuse  
Blues leaned back and smiled  
Couldn't help but be amused  
She said I'll mix the magic  
And you can light the fuse  
Some'll call us "Race Music"  
But we'll call it Rhythm and Blues

**Chorus**

R&B  
Keepin' the beat  
Cuttin' the rug  
Movin' your feet  
Bustin' a move  
Keepin' it mean

Hittin' the town  
Makin' the scene

**Outro Verse**

Rhythm ignited Blues' passion  
Blues smoked Rhythm's soul  
Gave birth to a child  
They'd call Rock and Roll  
Into the cultural bloodstream  
He'd soon flow through  
A sound for the mainstream  
Borne from Rhythm and Blues  
Even the white world loved him  
Though he may not be their roots  
A sound that blurred borders  
Borne from Rhythm and Blues

# Rhythm and Blues

Upbeat rockabilly blues in A	
<p><b>Verse</b>            She came of age in the 40s            Naive to the world's slyboots            He was much older            And much wiser of his roots            A match made in Heaven            A sound with nothing to lose            Well they called her Rhythm            And his name was The Blues</p>	<p><b>Verse</b>            Rhythm walked into The Howard            And seemed a bit bemused            She said I like your sound boy            But I'm looking to move my shoes            I want a sound that don't cry            As much as ooze            Well they call me Rhythm            And I hear they call you The Blues</p>
<p><b>Verse</b>            Rhythm ran with the hip crowd            Always looking to make the news            Blues been 'round much longer            For years he paid his dues            Workin' the Chitlin' Circuit            Joints drenched in smoke &amp; booze            He said I can't find rhythm            But I sure as hell found the blues</p>	<p><b>Verse</b>            Blues sat back intrigued            And lit up a cigar            Spoke in a gravelly voice            As the slide scraped his guitar            Said what'cha wanna hear            I can do any song you choose            Well I ain't got rhythm            But I sure as hell got the blues</p>
<p><b>Bridge</b>            Rhythm had an edge            Always looking to seduce            Blues had his own edge            He was wise to her ruse            His sound fueled by despair            Hers soul-infused            Well they called her Rhythm            And his name was The Blues</p>	<p><b>Bridge</b>            Rhythm leaned in and whispered            I've got a deal you can't refuse            Blues leaned back and smiled            Couldn't help but be amused            She said I'll mix the magic            And you can light the fuse            Some'll call us "Race Music"            But we'll call it Rhythm and Blues</p>
<p><b>Chorus</b>            R&amp;B            Keepin' the beat            Cuttin' the rug            Movin' your feet            Bustin' a move            Keepin' it mean            Hittin' the town            Makin' the scene</p>	<p><b>Chorus</b></p>
	<p><b>Outro Verse</b>            Rhythm ignited Blues' passion            Blues smoked Rhythm's soul            Gave birth to a child            They'd call Rock and Roll            Into the cultural bloodstream            He'd soon flow through            A sound for the mainstream            Borne from Rhythm and Blues            Even the white world loved him            Though he may not be their roots            A sound that blurred borders            Borne from Rhythm and Blues</p>