

**WHO PUT THE TURTLE IN MYRTLE'S GIRDLE** (Blackie Crawford & B. Herbert)

SID ERVIN with the Western Melody Makers (Starday 147, 1954)

SID KING AND THE FIVE STRINGS

RIFF

A |-----|-----|-----  
E|--5---7-8--5---|--5---7-8--5---0-2-4|-----

[Chorus]

A D A E7  
Who put the turtle in Myrtle's girdle She'll kill him if she ever gets a chance  
A D  
Cause if she ever catches him I know she'll make a mess of him  
A E7 A  
She'll wind up putting ants in his pants

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A D  
Now, not so very long ago, you never heard such carryin' on  
A E7  
Screamin' and a-holloring 'n fits  
A D  
Now, it went down in history a-bout this great big mystery  
A E7 A  
The mystery I'm talkin' about is this RIFF RIFF

[Chorus] short solo over

A D E7 E7 A  
a aa b c a d dd e f d g#bc#e BarVII A

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A D  
The doggone dog who done it wasn't looking for romance  
A E7  
Well, maybe all he wanted was to see ol' Myrtle dance  
A D  
But if that's what he wanted, he sure did make her go  
A E7 A  
She crossed ten miles of cornfield, fourteen foot of snow

[Chorus] slightly longer solo over

(A) F#m D E7 E7 E7 E7 A  
(e f# g#) F#m Fm F#m e f# g# a d f# g a E7 D7 A E7 A

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A D  
If we lay poor ol' Myrtle a-cross the Rio Grande  
A E7  
With her feet way down in Mexico, head in Texas sand  
A D  
We'd mark a spot with a great big X right where we shouldn't order (oughta)  
A E7 A  
That doggone thing had bit her, right south of the border

[Chorus]

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A D  
It was me who put that turtle in poor ol' Myrtle's girdle  
A E7  
Well, you better keep on running while you can  
A D  
Cause if she ever catches him I know she'll make a mess of him  
A E7 RIFF A  
And he don't want no ants in his. . . . . pants