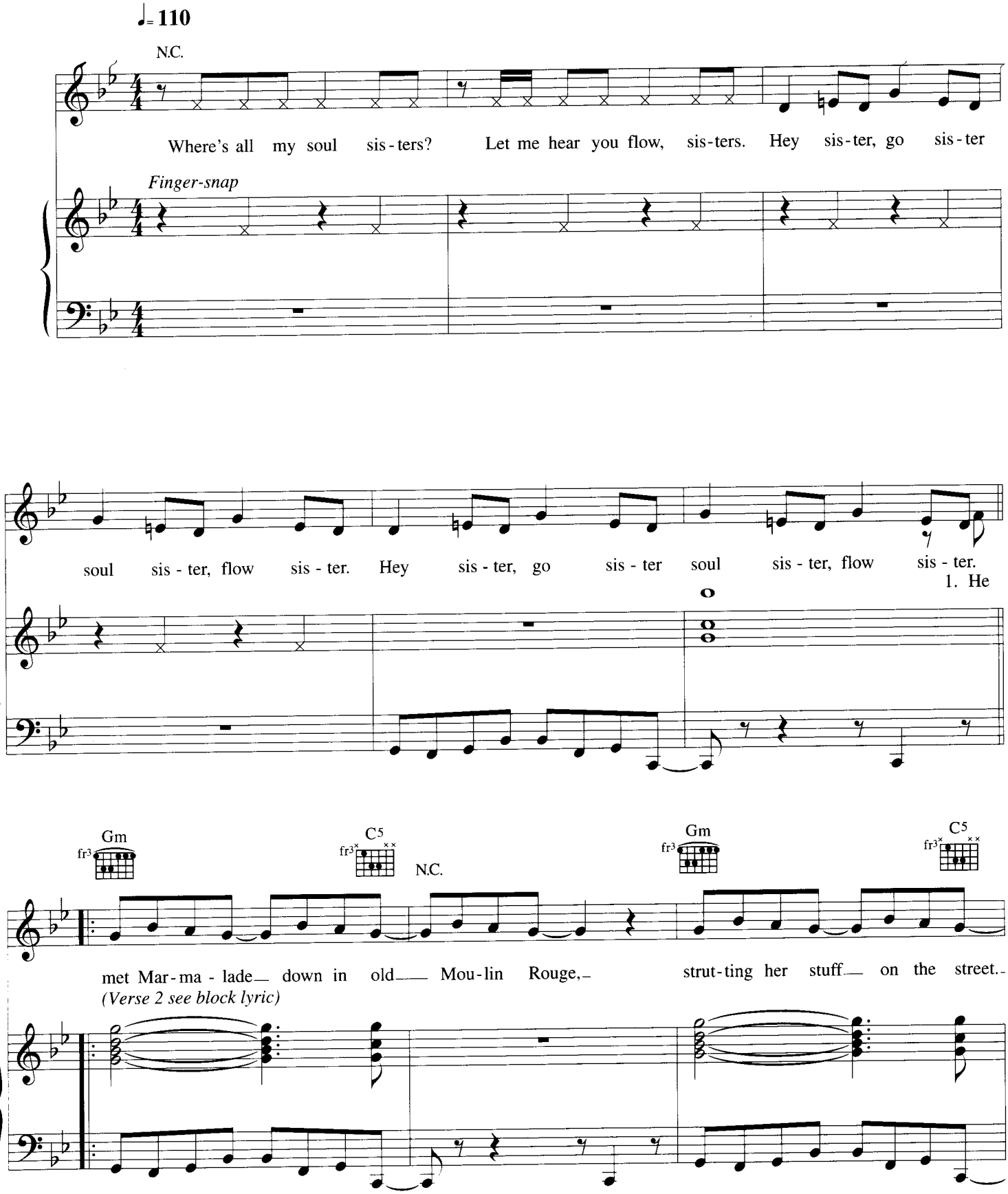
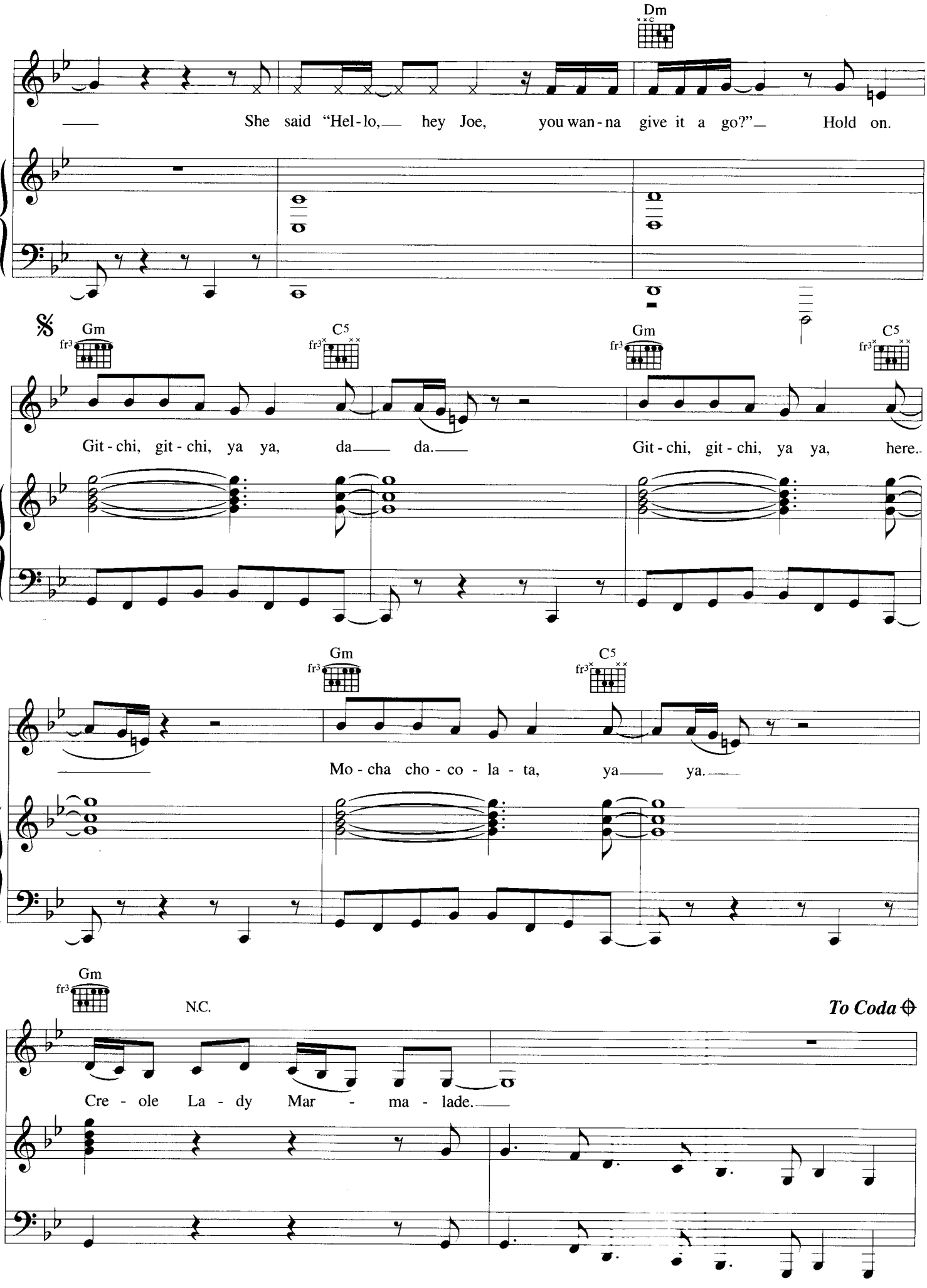
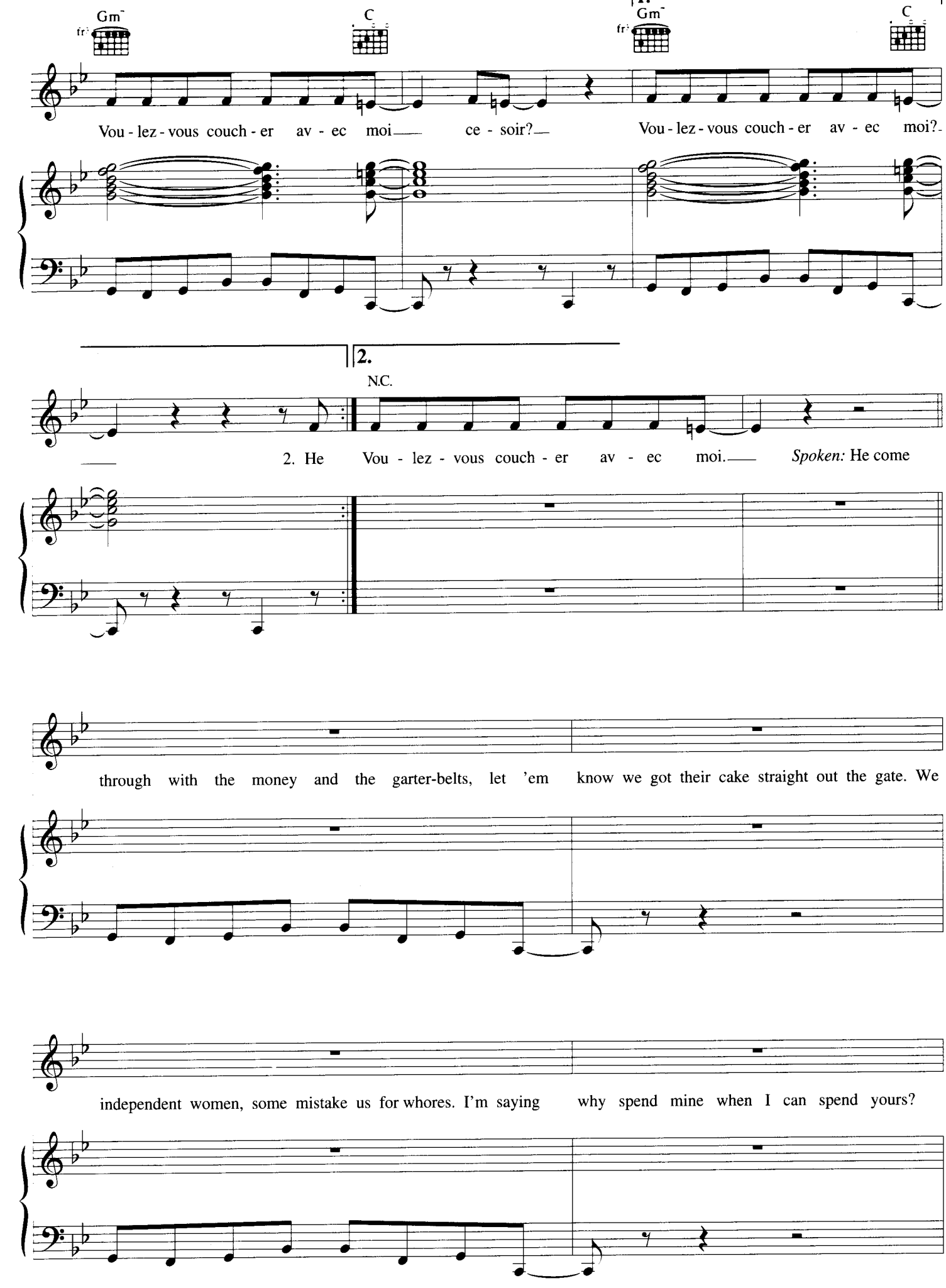
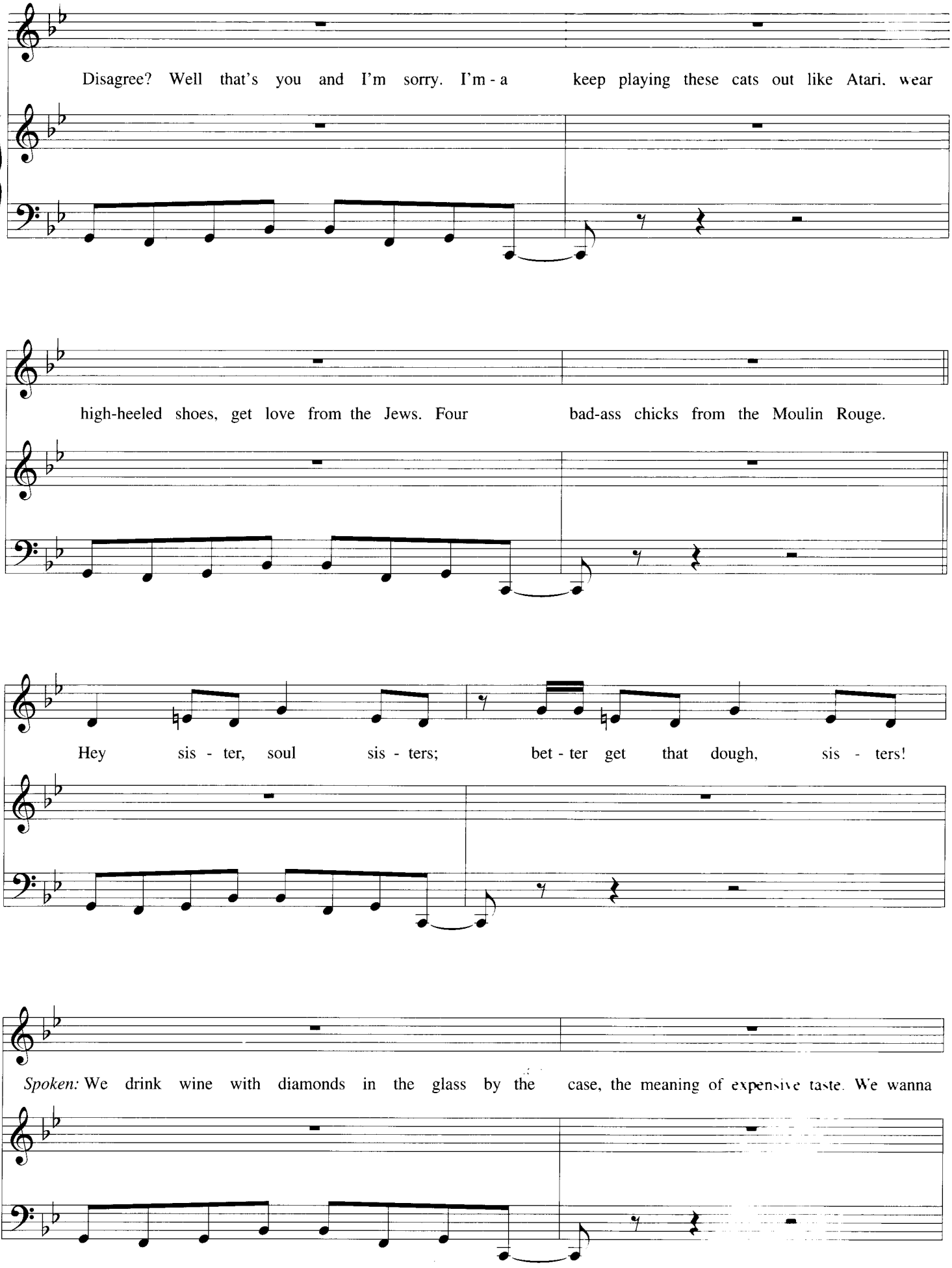
LADY MARMALADE

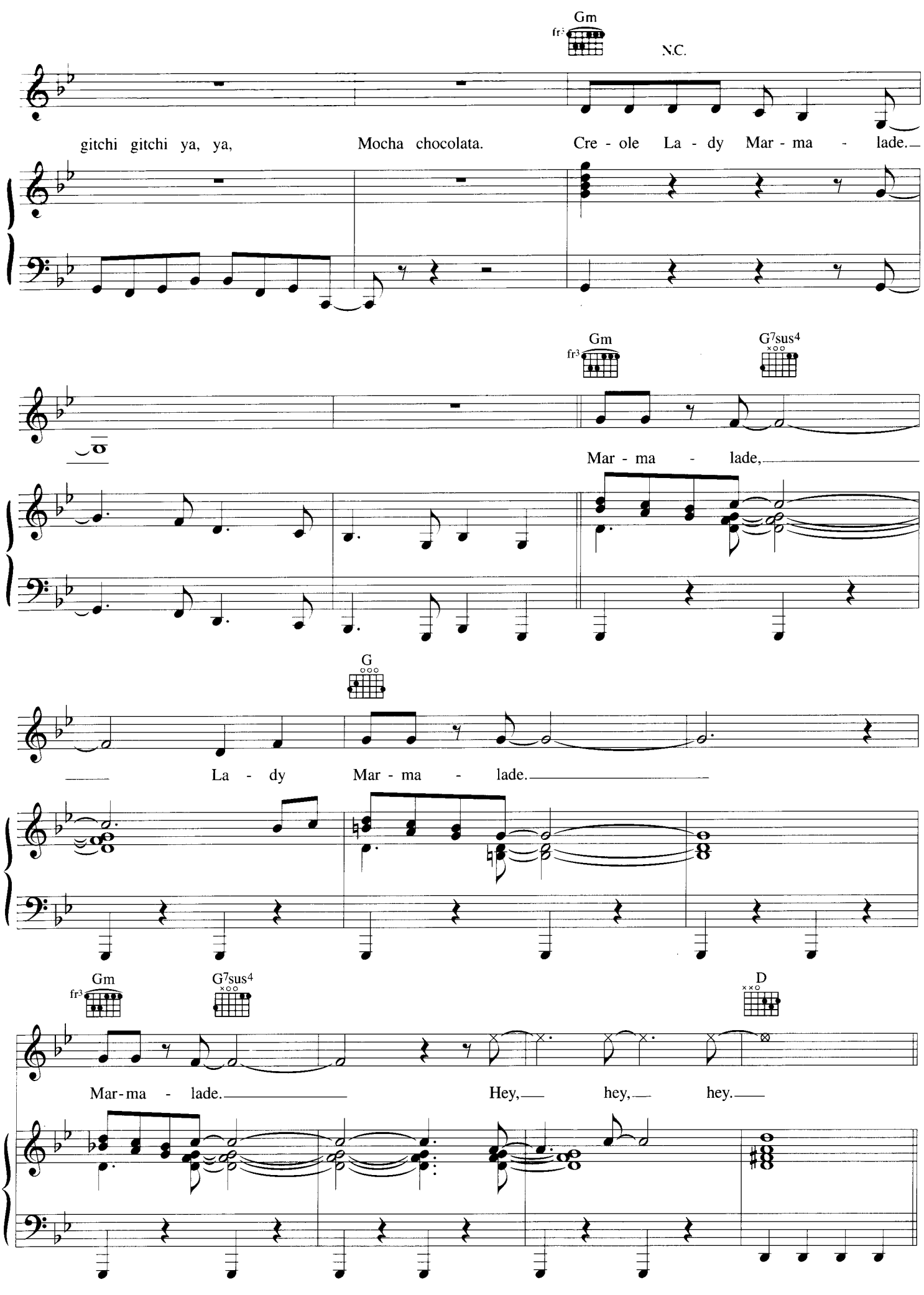
WORDS & MUSIC BY BOB CREWE AND KENNY NOLAN

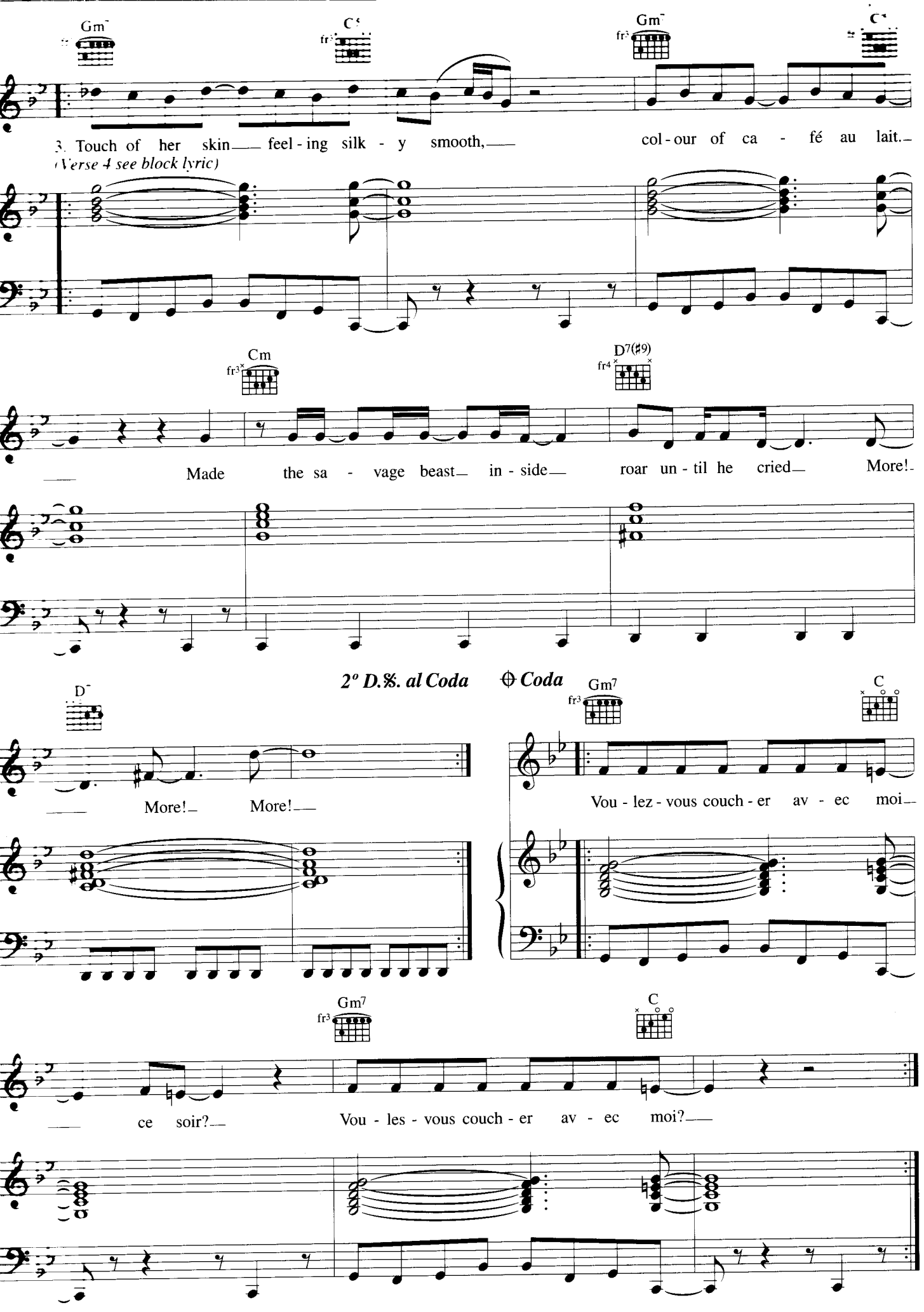


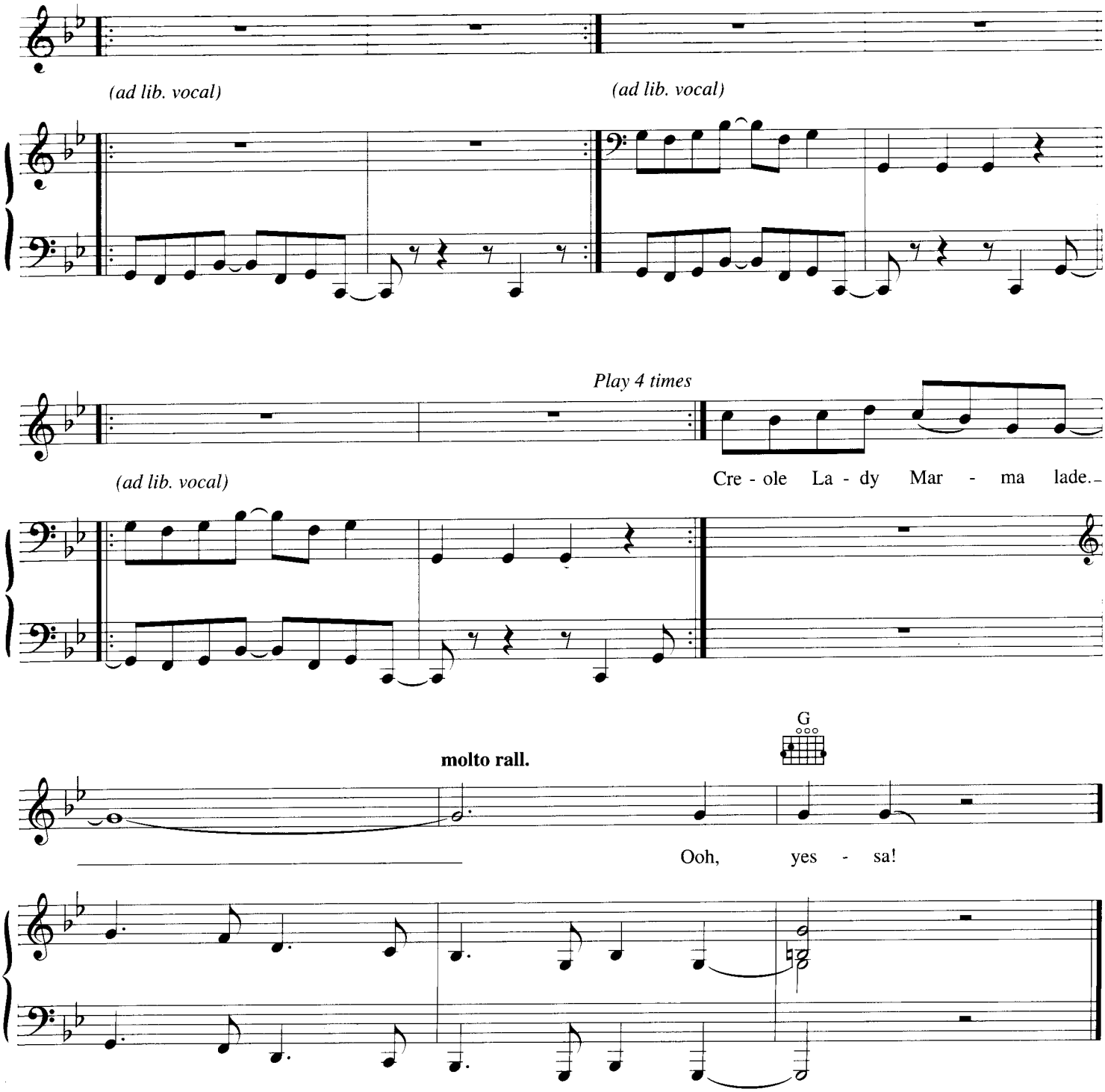

Dm
She said "Hel-lo, hey Joe, you wan-na give it a go?" Hold on.
Gm
C5
Gm
C5
Git-chi, git-chi, ya ya, da da. Git-chi, git-chi, ya ya, here..
Gm
C5
Mo-cha cho-co-la-ta, ya ya.
Gm
N.C.
To Coda
Cre-ole La-dy Mar-ma-lade.


Gm
C
Gm
C
Vou - lez - vous couch - er av - ec moi ce - soir? Vou - lez - vous couch - er av - ec moi?
2.
N.C.
2. He Vou - lez - vous couch - er av - ec moi. *Spoken:* He come
through with the money and the garter-belts, let 'em know we got their cake straight out the gate. We
independent women, some mistake us for whores. I'm saying why spend mine when I can spend yours?


Disagree? Well that's you and I'm sorry. I'm - a keep playing these cats out like Atari. wear
high-heeled shoes, get love from the Jews. Four bad-ass chicks from the Moulin Rouge.
Hey sis - ter, soul sis - ters; bet - ter get that dough, sis - ters!
Spoken: We drink wine with diamonds in the glass by the case, the meaning of expensive taste. We wanna


Gm
fr3
N.C.
gitchi gitchi ya, ya, Mocha chocolata. Cre - ole La - dy Mar - ma - lade.
Gm
fr3
G7sus4
Mar - ma - lade,
G
La - dy Mar - ma - lade.
Gm
fr3
G7sus4
D
Mar-ma - lade. Hey, hey, hey.


Gm
C
Gm
C
3. Touch of her skin feel - ing silk - y smooth, col - our of ca - fé au lait.
(Verse 4 see block lyric)
Cm
D7(♯9)
Made the sa - vage beast in - side roar un - til he cried More!
2º D.𝄋. al Coda
Coda
D
Gm7
C
More! More!
Vou - lez - vous couch - er av - ec moi
Gm7
C
ce soir? Vou - les - vous couch - er av - ec moi?



Verse 2:
He sat in her boudoir while she freshened up
Boy, drank all that magnolia wine
(All) her black satin sheets
Swear he started to freak, yeah.

Verse 4:
Now he's back home doing nine to five
Living a grey-flannel life
But when he turns off to sleep, memories keep…
More! More! More!