

LADY MARMALADE

WORDS & MUSIC BY BOB CREWE AND KENNY NOLAN

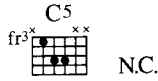
♩ = 110

N.C.

Where's all my soul sis - ters? Let me hear you flow, sis - ters. Hey sis - ter, go sis - ter

Finger-snap

soul sis - ter, flow sis - ter. Hey sis - ter, go sis - ter soul sis - ter, flow sis - ter. 1. He



met Mar - ma - lade — down in old — Mou - lin Rouge, — strut - ting her stuff — on the street. —
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

Dm



She said "Hel-lo, — hey Joe, you wan-na give it a go?" — Hold on.



Git - chi, git - chi, ya ya, da — da. — Git - chi, git - chi, ya ya, here.



Mo - cha cho - co - la - ta, ya — ya. —



NC.

To Coda ⊕

Cre - ole La - dy Mar - ma - lade. —



Vou - lez - vous couch - er av - ec moi — ce - soir? — Vou - lez - vous couch - er av - ec moi? —

2.
NC.

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

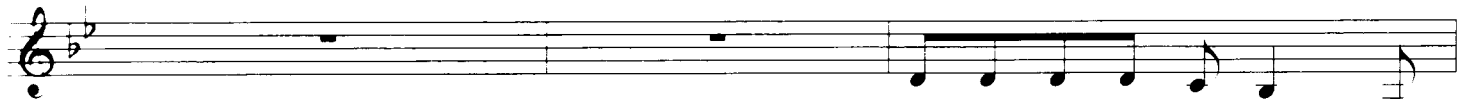
high-heeled shoes, get love from the Jews. Four bad-ass chicks from the Moulin Rouge.

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



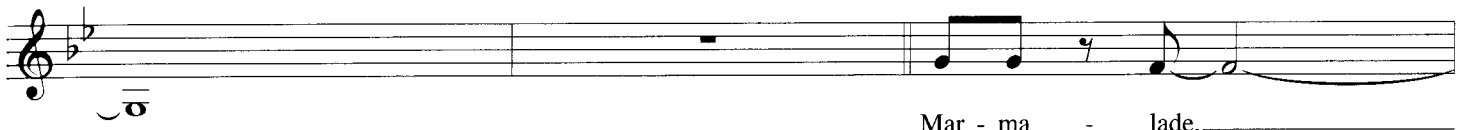
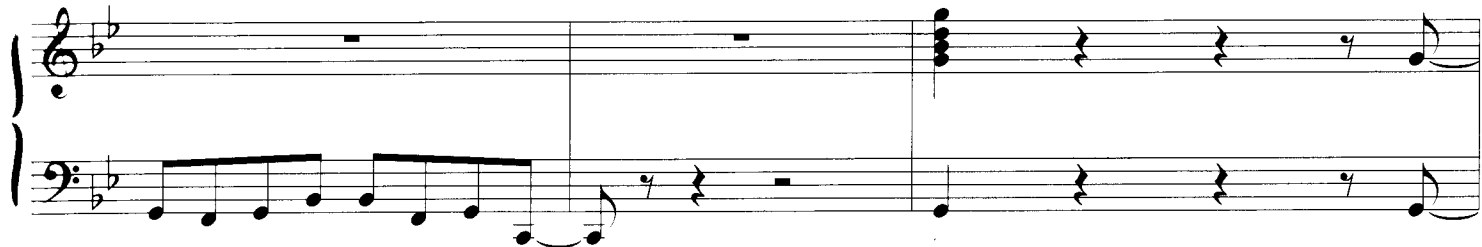
N.C.



gitchi gitchi ya, ya,

Mocha chocolata.

Cre - ole La - dy Mar - ma - lade.



Mar - ma - lade,



La - dy Mar - ma - lade.



Mar - ma - lade.

Hey, — hey, — hey.



3. Touch of her skin — feel - ing silk - y smooth, — col - our of ca - fé au lait. —
 (Verse 4 see block lyric)

Gm⁷ C⁵ Gm⁷ C

Made the sa - vage beast — in - side — roar un - til he cried — More!

Cm D7(#9)

More! — More! —

2° D.%. al Coda ⊕ Coda

D⁷ Gm⁷ C

ce soir? — Vou - les - vous couch - er av - ec moi? —

Gm⁷ C

(ad lib. vocal) (ad lib. vocal)

Play 4 times

(ad lib. vocal) Cre - ole La - dy Mar - ma lade..

molto rall.  Ooh, yes - sa!

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!