

Key: Any

Genre: Soul

Harp Type: Diatonic

Skill: Beginner

Papa Was A Rolling Stone

Tabbed in Db, sounds ok in most keys, I've been playing it in Bb,
sounds cool !

6 -6 6 -6 -6 6 7 -6

It was the third of Sep-tem-ber

6 -6 6 -6 -6 6 -8 7

That day I'll always re-mem-ber

-6 7 -8 8 7

'Cause that was the day

6 -6 7 6 -6

That my dad-dy died

-6 8 7 -8 -6 7 -6 7 -6

I never got a chance to see him

-6 5 6 -6 -6 6

Never heard nothin' but

-6 -6 6 7 -6

Bad things a-bout him

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7 7 -8 7 -8 7 8 7

Ma-ma I'm de-pend-ing on you

7 -8 7 -6 -6

To tell me the truth

(spoken)

Mama just looked at him and said "son"

6 -6 -6 6 -6 6 7

Pa-pa was a rollin' stone~~~~

7 7 -6 7 7 -6 7 7 -6 7

Where ever he laid his hat was his home

5 6 -6 -6

And when he died ~~~~~

-8 -8 7 -6 6 -6 7 -6 6 -6

All he left us was a-lone ~~~~~~

Hey !

6 -6 -6 6 -6 6 7

Pa-pa was a rollin' stone~~~~

7 7 -6 7 7 -6 7 7 -6 7

Where ever he laid his hat was his home

5 6 -6 -6

And when he died ~~~~~

-8 -8 7 -6 6 -6 7 -6 6 -6

All he left us was a-lone ~~~~~~

Other verses (same tune through out)

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Lots of Spoken bits.

Hey Mama, is it true what they say,
that Papa never worked a day in his life?
And Mama, some bad talk going around town
saying that Papa had three outside children and another wife.
And that ain't right.
Hey, talk about Papa doing some store front preaching.
Talked about saving souls and all the time leeching.
Dealing in debt and stealing in the name of the Lord.

Mama just hung her head and said,
"Papa was a rolling stone, my son.
Wherever he laid his hat was his home.
(And when he died) All he left us was alone."
"Hey, Papa was a rolling stone.
Wherever he laid his hat was his home.
(And when he died) All he left us was alone."

Hey Mama, I heard Papa called himself a jack of all trades.
Tell me is that what sent Papa to an early grave?
Folks say Papa would beg, borrow, steal to pay his bills.
Hey Mama, folks say that Papa was never much on thinking.
Spent most of his life chasing women and drinking.
Mama, I'm depending on you to tell me the truth.

And Mama looked up with a tear in her eye and said,
"Son, Papa was a rolling stone. (Well, well, well, well)

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Wherever he laid his hat was his home.

(And when he died) All he left us was alone, lone, lone, lone,
alone."

"Papa was a rolling stone.


Wherever he laid his hat was his home.

(And when he died) All he left us was alone."

"I said, Papa was a rolling stone. Wherever he laid his hat
was his
home.

(And when he died) All he left us was alone."

Lyrics

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