

Smokin' In The Boys Room - Brownsville Station.

Db D

How you doin' out there?

Ya ever seem to have one of those days where it just seems like everybody's
gettin' on your case?

From your teacher all the way down to your best girlfriend?

Well, ya know, I used to have 'em just about all the time..

but I found a way to get out of 'em.

Let me tell you about it.

#1.

D

Sitting in the classroom, thinking it's a drag..

Bb

Listening to the teacher rap..just ain't my bag.

D

The noon bells rings, you know that's my cue..

Bb

I'm gonna meet the boys on floor number two.

CHORUS:

G

D

Smokin' in the boys' room..smokin' in the boys' room.

A

G

Now, teacher, don't you fill me up with your rules..

A

G

A

Db D Db D

but everybody knows that smokin' ain't allowed in school.

#2.

D

Checkin' out the halls, makin' sure the coast is clear.

Bb

Lookin' in the stalls, no, there ain't nobody here!

D

Oh, my buddy, Fang, and me and Paul..

Bb

to get caught would surely be the death of us all.

****CHORUS****

INTERLUDE:HARMONICA: then solo

G D G A

#3.

Db D

Oh, put me to work, in the school book store..

Bb

Check-out counter and I got bored.

Db D

Teacher was lookin' for me all around,

Bb

two hours later, you know where I was found.

Chorus

ONE MORE TIME

Chorus