She’s A Cornfed Indiana Girl (But She’s Mama To Me)

Fran Frey, Eddie Kilfeather & George Olsen 1926 www.ukesterbrown.com (first note is G)

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    G7
1) I’ve got a girlie, Out in Indiana,
 C                          C7   D7 G
One who means the world to me,
 G7
She’s not a “Hannah” hailin’ from Savannah,
 A7                              D7
She’s as sweet as she can be,
                    G       Gd        D7                  Em G
Just a country lassie, And she may not know a lot,
 Gd        D7                Em                    A7              D7
Doesn’t dress so very classy, But she’s the only girl I’ve got.

Chorus:
           G           E7                          A7
She’s a corn-fed Indiana girl, But she’s mama to me;
               D7
She was a born, bred, raised among the hicks
             G                  G7
But she’s my bride to be.
  C                        Cm
Some folks say- she hasn’t any style,
 G                      A7
But her way- has always made me smile

She’s so bashful, She’s so shy,
 D7                                        Db7  D7
Hides every Tuesday when the train goes by,
               G             E7                          A7
Likes her cornbread Indiana style, When it’s done to a “T”
               D7                                B7                  Em  G7
Paints her barn red, Indiana style, so it won’t be- hard to see
 C                    Cm
She’s no Sheba, I’m no Sheik,
           G                                          E7          D7
But she went and bought a sofa ‘cause the davenport’s weak,
           G           E7                          A7    D7 G
She’s a corn-fed Indiana girl, But She’s mama to me-
                                                    (2 page song)
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    G7
2) She's got some horses, lots of cows and chickens,
 C                          C7 D7  G
And she feeds them every day,
 G7
But in the evening- how we raise the chickens,
 A7                                D7
When her folks have gone away,
                    G        Gd          D7                  Em  G
Ma takes Pa a-callin', When she's got the dishes done,
 Gd          D7                      Em                  A7                D7
So when shades of night are fallin', My girl and I start having fun.

Chorus:
           G           E7                          A7
She's a corn-fed Indiana girl, But she's mama to me;
              D7
She was a born, bred, raised among the hicks
             G                  G7
But she's my bride to be.
  C                        Cm
Some folks say she hasn't any style,
G                      A7
But her way- has always made me smile

She loves nature, all about
 D7                                              Db7 D7
Guess that's the reason why she swims without,
              G            E7                          A7
Likes her cornbread Indiana style, When it's done to a "T"
              D7                                B7                  Em  G7
Paints her barn red, Indiana style, so it won't be- hard to see
C                      Cm
She wears ribbons on her hair,
       G                                          E7         D7
But there's quite a bit of mama showin' here and there,
           G           E7                          A7    D7 G
She's a corn-fed Indiana girl, But She's mama to me-
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