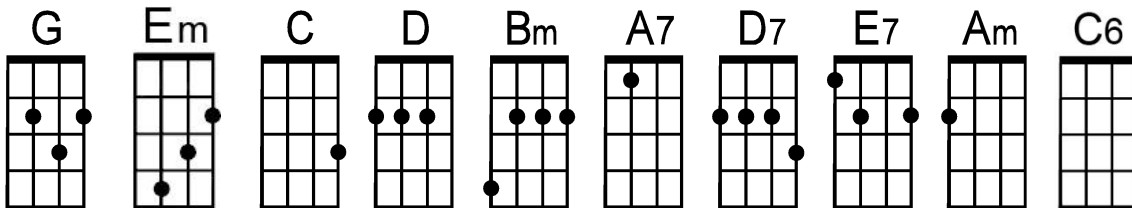


Crocodile Rock

by Elton John and Bernie Taupin (1972)



Intro: G . . . | . . . | Em . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . .

(sing a)

I re-mem-ber when rock was— young— me and Susie had so much— fun—
Holding hands and skimmin' stones— had an old gold Chevy and a place of my own
But the biggest kick I ever— got— was doing' a thing called the Croco-dile rock—
While the other kids were rockin' 'round the clock— we were hoppin' and boppin'
To the Croco-dile Rock, well

Chorus: Em . . . | . . . | A7 . . . | . . . |
Croc Rockin' is some-thin' shockin' when your feet just can't keep still—
D7 . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . |
I never knew me a better— time and I guess I never— will—
E7 . . . | . . . | A7\ -- -- -- | A7\ -- --
Oh, Lawdy momma, those Fri-day nights, when Su-sie wore her dress-es tight
-- | D7 . . . | . . . | Am\ -- C6\ -- | Am\ C6\ Am . |
And the Croc Rockin' was o—o—out of si—i—i—i—i—ight
G . . . | . . . | Em . . . | . . . |
Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la, la-la, laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la, la-la
C . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . |
Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la la-la laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

But the years went by and the rock just— died Susie went and left me for some for-eign guy—
C Long nights cryin' by the record ma-chine— D dreamin' of my Chevy and my old blue— jeans
But they'll never kill the thrills we got— Bm burnin' up to the Croco-dile Rock—
C Learnin' fast till the weeks went past— D we really thought the Croco-dile Rock would last, well

Chorus: Em . . . | . . . | A7 . . . | . . . |
Croc Rockin' is some-thin' shockin' when your feet just can't keep still—
D7 . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . |
I never knew me a better— time and I guess I never— will

E7 . . . | . . . | **A7** -- -- -- | **A7** -- --
 Oh, Lawdy momma, those Fri-day nights, when Su-sie wore her dress-es tight
 -- | **D7** . . . | . . . | **Am** -- **C6** -- | **Am** **C6** **Am** . |
 And the Croc Rockin' was o-o-out of si——i——i——i——i——ight
G . . . | . . . | **Em** . . . | . . . |
 Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la, la-la, laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la, la-la
C . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
 Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la la-la laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

G . . . | . . . | **Bm** . . . | . . . |
 I re-member when rock was— young— me and Susie had so much— fun—
C . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
 Holding hands and skimmin' stones— had an old gold Chevy and a place of my own
G . . . | . . . | **Bm** . . . | . . . |
 But the biggest kick I ever— got— was doing' a thing called the Croco-dile rock—
C . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
 While the other kids were rockin' 'round the clock— we were hoppin' and boppin'
 To the Croco-dile Rock, well

Chorus: **Em** . . . | . . . | **A7** . . . | . . . |
 Croc Rockin' is some-thin' shockin' when your feet just can't keep still—
D7 . . . | . . . | **G** . . . | . . . |
 I never knew me a better— time and I guess I never— will
E7 . . . | . . . | **A7** -- -- -- | **A7** -- --
 Oh, Lawdy momma, those Fri-day nights, when Su-sie wore her dress-es tight
 -- | **D7** . . . | . . . | **Am** -- **C6** -- | **Am** **C6** **Am** . |
 And the Croc Rockin' was o-o-out of si——i——i——i——i——ight
G . . . | . . . | **Em** . . . | . . . |
 Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la, la-la, laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la, la-la
C . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
 Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la la-la laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Outtro: **G** . . . | . . . | **Em** . . . | . . . |
 Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la, la-la, laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la, la-la
C . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
 Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la la-la laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
G . . . | . . . | **Em** . . . | . . . |
 Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la, la-la, laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la, la-la
C . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | . . . | **G**
 Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa la-la la-la laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa