

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Intro: G Em C D (2)  
Em G D Em G D G (MERRILY KISS THE QUAKER)

G Am C D  
One bright and sunny mornin' down on dear old Avenue B  
G Em Am D  
As I was returnin' home from a night of debauchery  
Em C A D  
I met me landlord, Boris, a rascal, and says he  
E7  
Would you ever go over to Czechoslovakia  
C D  
And marry me daughter for me

G Am C D  
He waved a pistol and 5000 dollars in me face  
G Ddim Am D  
She better be a virgin when you bring her back he said  
C D  
I told him I had some business with the Pope in Rome  
G Em C D  
So he threw in a ticket to Italy on me way back home

C D  
Would you ever go over to Czechoslovakia and marry me daughter E F#  
for me ~~G~~ ~~F#~~ ~~D~~  
G B7 C

D  
She's the finest girl in dear old Prague that you're ever likely  
D  
to see

C D E F#  
Her name is Citizen Gerty, a communist is she  
G E7 ~~G~~ C D  
But she wants to come to America and be a capitalist just like me

INTRO

G Am C D  
When I landed in 'Slovakia, I drank a couple of pints  
G Em Am D  
But when I caught a glimpse of Gerty, I nearly died of fright  
BM C A  
She was 6 feet to me five foot eight, and she viewed me with Bcc# D  
D  
dismay

E7 C D  
"Is this the best they can do for me in the dear old USA"

G Am C D  
 But despite me splittin' headache, I wooed her like a man  
 G Ddim Am D  
 And very soon thereafter we were married in dear old Prague  
 C D  
 I remembered Boris' pistol and me vow of chastity  
 G Em C D  
 But when she pinned me to the bed that night I gave up instantly

Chorus (FULL MERRILY) G Em G D (2)  
 Em G D Em G D G

Em G D  
 Bright and early next mornin' I went to see the Pope in Rome  
 Em G D G  
 And Gerty left for Americay to make New York her home  
 Em G D  
 She landed on sweet Avenue B lookin' for a mansion grand  
 Em G D  
 But Boris was drunk, the building stunk, the city was mad  
 G D  
 and she'd been had,  
 Em Am C  
 this was the height of depravity - not what she'd seen  
 D  
 On MPV

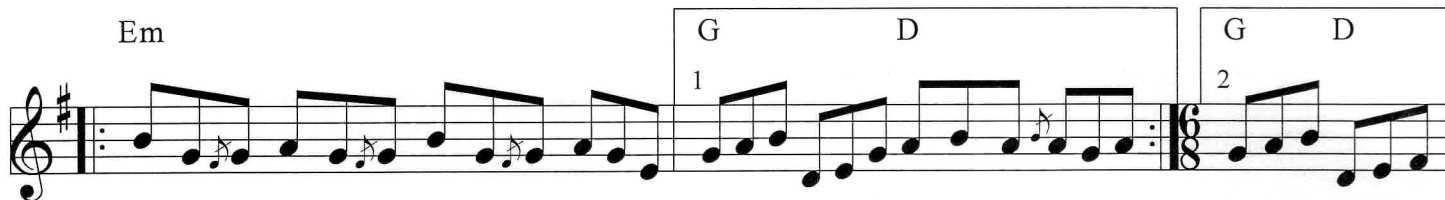
I wasn't farin' much better with the Holy Father in Rome  
 Some Turkish wise guy had whacked him and he wasn't even at home  
 So I arrived back in New York town dejected and so sad  
 And stared down the barrel of Boris's gun, Jeez was he ever mad

G Am C D  
 He accused me of buggerin' his daughter but that wasn't the worst  
 G Ddim Am D  
 She'd spent 20 grand on finery in Macy's and in Sak's  
 C D  
 She sat there in her lingerie and gave me a dirty wink  
 G Em C D  
 But when I thought about her credit cards me love began to shrink

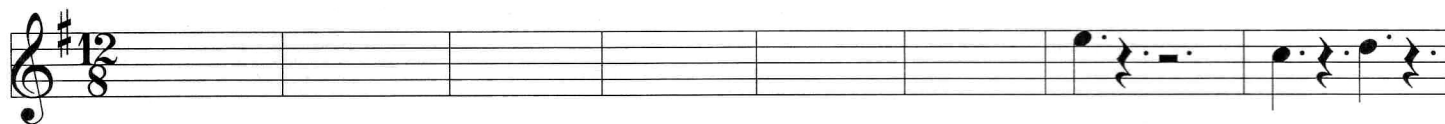
G Am C D  
 So we drove her out to Kennedy 14 trunks and all  
 G Em Am D  
 And we said a prayer for the recovery of the Holy Father in Rome  
 Em C A D  
 But as we watched her plane take to the skies Boris he said to me  
 C D  
 Would you ever go over to Czechoslovakia and marry me daughter  
 for me.....

# Czechoslovakia

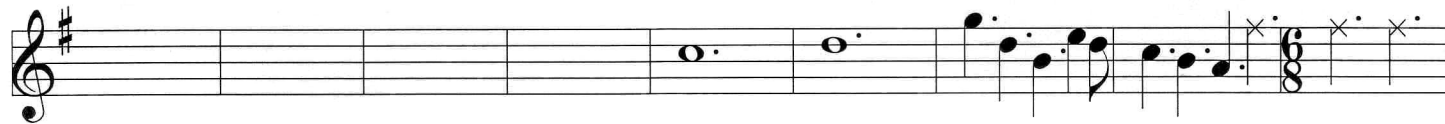
Intro G Em C D G Em C D



Verse A G Am C D G Em Am D Bm C A D E7 C D



Verse B G Am C D G D° Am D C D G Em C D



Chorus C D G B7 C D C D



G E7 C D G Em



G D G Em G D G



Em G D

Em G D G G 1st x go to mea. 45

D G F# E D G D G

Vocal Em G D

G D G G D G Em

G D G D Em Am C D Bridge Break Verse B

Verse A A D E7 Chorus D

Would you